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## ART A NATIONAL ASSET BY HANNA TACHAU

THE aftermath of war has helped to emphasize a long recognized need for art production and art stimulation in this country. No longer is it merely a far cry for keener æsthetic appreciation or a plea for the finer artistic conceptions, but we have now come to realize that much of the nation's progress will depend upon the development of the industrial arts for commercial purposes, which is but the utilization of æsthetic ideas expressed in the most practical form.

The American purchaser in the past went, as a matter of course, to Europe and the Far East in search of original designs and for hand-made stuffs, laces, carvings, embroideries—indeed, all those delightful things bearing the individual and distinctive stamp of the artist, while here in America no concerted attempt was made to create other than machine-made products. We, as a nation, had not yet attained the discriminating taste that demands the patient fruits of artistic endeavour. We had been all these years too immersed in the gigantic task of conquering, and then building up a huge continent that required all the splendid resourcefulness and energy of its people. But now that all this concentrated effort has terminated in an amazing accumulation of material success, we must occupy ourselves ever increasingly with the question of national development. One of our great opportunities lies in fostering the art life of the country and in awakening a love and understanding of the beautiful. The commer-

cial supremacy of the United States has largely been due to the disposal of a huge bulk of raw materials. While our natural resources are vast, they are not limitless, and if we would make the best of the advantages and opportunities afforded by our great productiveness, we must, through industrial art training, raise our commerce from a quantity to a quality basis.

Skill that is able to fashion a finished product adds a high per cent. to the value of the raw substance, for a trained artisan or craftsman needing but a few dollars' worth of supplies, is able to create objects worth hundreds of times the value of the material in the raw. And so we must seek within our own gates, crowded with so vast a mixture of races, for those craftsmen who are to furnish our own artistic development. Every kind of talent can be found here which is only awaiting the golden opportunity to reveal itself.

The Art Alliance of America in one of its recent exhibitions displayed the handicraft of many foreigners who are now making their home in America. No field was left untouched and much interest was aroused by revealing the particular characteristics embodied in the work of many different nationalities. The exhibition was arranged to emphasize nationality but without any thought to sequence or geographical significance. One merely felt that the bond that held them together was a certain sympathy of expression, a fearless portrayal of colour that seemed especially suited to fit their own particular designs. From the subtle, persuasive notes of China and Japan, one was carried to the dominating colour and naïve patterns of Czecho-



## *Art--A National Asset*

Slovakia. The rather barbaric splendour of Russian gold embroideries, hammered brasses and decorated woods had their place beside the tasteful, finely woven tapestries and needle-point of France.

Italy, India and Armenia betrayed their partiality for dainty laces, carved woods and beautifully worked linens, and not far away, one was charmed by the restrained, intricate patterns of Persian textiles and pottery.

All this interesting array was produced by craftsmen of real ability who typify the forces and ideals of which their art is the visible expression. They came here with hope and ardour all aflame, only to find themselves forced to seek their livelihood in uncongenial channels far removed from those fields which were to bring them inspiration and success. They could find no market for their wares and did not know how to convert their knowledge into a commercial value. Among them are men and women of middle age; others are long past the years when they can compete with the active struggle of a younger generation, but they are only too willing and anxious to pursue the beautiful craft for which they were trained in their own land.

Here then lies a great opportunity to receive and encourage the home art industries throughout the country, and a splendid chance for our own development. The skill of these workmen acquired abroad would inevitably be affected by a new environment and would soon assume an air distinctly American, without losing its own beauty and originality in the transition. Indirectly, it would also be a great force in the Americanization of the foreign population, a piece of reconstruction work worthy of support, for in giving to us that which it would perhaps take years to get unaided, they, in turn, would all unconsciously receive much from us, and so the benefit derived from the exchange of ideas would be mutual.

But this foreign element is but a relatively small number that is needed to help towards shaping our art standards and towards building up our industries. We must provide the means for educating our own American-born craftsmen who are the hope of the future. The talent for invention is undoubtedly here,

but it must be fostered and encouraged so that there will be developed here in this country a creative type of work that will become characteristically American.

The war brought a realization of our inadequacy to meet the question of supply in many different directions when production was curtailed abroad. We were not ready to meet the emergency. The prospect of keen trade rivalries in industrial design is certain and we must compete in developing new foreign markets. The ranks of European designers have been sadly depleted, and there is small prospect of any immigration, nor is it practical to introduce foreign designs in new markets.

We see clearly then that new ideas and original designs which have real artistic merit can only be developed by careful and thorough training and that there must be awakened in art students a sincere enthusiasm and love for the work itself. Not until something of the happy spirit of the Renaissance can be reclaimed, will there be a true art revival. In those days, the artist was willing to begin as an apprentice acquiring his craft step by step, gaining technical knowledge by learning to apply its principles. He became a workman—actually performing the work himself and thus gained definite skill which enabled him ultimately—if his talent was great enough—to reach the high goal of a creative artist.

On the other hand, the future must hold for those men and women who are to devote themselves to beautifying life and to enhancing the charm of the every-day things of utility—a definite prospect for steady employment, a good livelihood and an appreciative public who is capable of recognizing and demanding work of a high standard.

The recognition of the far-reaching influence of art, and the immediate need to provide adequate training may start with individuals, but they must fire public opinion until it becomes a civic problem, spreading to that of the state, and becoming in time a national movement. It is America's opportunity now, to open wide her doors to art and artists, so that all may enter, for art is no longer an exclusive property, but is the equal heritage of both the rich and the humble.

## *Hart House, University of Toronto*



HART HOUSE

**H**ART HOUSE, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.  
BY GUY C. EGLINGTON.

I had heard of Hart House. It was a gift of Mr. Vincent Massey of the Massey-Harris Company to the University of Toronto: a recreation building, combining athletics with study. I determined to see it. So when business matters, combined with some little pleasure, took me to Niagara I considered that the fates were auspicious and lengthened an already long week-end.

I expected great things. My friends in New York had called Hart House the most beautiful building in modern times. The British Chamber of Commerce, members of which I met at Niagara, had lunched there daily and were equally enthusiastic. I began to grow sceptical. If everyone praised it. . . .

Toronto in itself is not beautiful. Bloor has an meagre appearance, but round the

University one forgets all that. There is an air of age and composure infinitely restful after the noise of New York. The streets turn corners. I passed several oldish buildings set in a park, and then—before me lay Hart House.

I was surprised. I had expected something much more obviously ornate, with towers, pinnacles and gargoyles, and here was this long plain building with four straight chimney-stacks and a snub-nose. Yet I was not disappointed. This had a dignity of its own, this was no mere harking back to past models. I liked the balance between the Sunday solemnity of the great Hall on the right and the week-day vigour of the main building. The little arcade which joins them pleased me with its scholastic air. I was prepared to enjoy myself.

When I go to Hart House again I shall not make the mistake of entering by the



## *Hart House, University of Toronto*



QUADRANGLE

HART HOUSE

door at the left end of the picture, but shall go on right off the picture, past the Snub-nose and enter the West. Then I shall see right through into the quadrangle and get an immediate impression of the whole building.

I wish that the camera could give a tenth of the beauty of the quadrangle, but the camera is colour-blind. It gives merely the shell, our imagination must supply the rest. Imagine that dead picture come to life, the stones drinking the



WEST DOORWAY

sunlight, the windows tossing it to and fro and the shadows deepening it to purple. Then walk round and see the play of the lines, the touch of severity on the North wall that houses the athletes, the mediaeval grace of the East wall with its Gothic windows, and the friendly lines of the South wall, broken to reflect the spirit of the activities which it harbours. On this side of the building are the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and below them, behind the four gothic

## *Hart House, University of Toronto*



LOWER GALLERY

HART HOUSE

windows on the ground floor, the tiny chapel.

Passing the Chapel windows the ideal tour takes us up the steps S. E. of the quadrangle through the door into a lobby. We then turn sharply left twice to find ourselves looking down the beautiful lower gallery. How long we stay there will depend on our taste. I am inclined to think that the best people stay there forever and are carried away on stretchers, protesting. Certainly, if there are such things as privileges in a democratic uni-



STONE STAIR

versity, to promenade in this gallery should be one reserved for the cultured few. There should be a stiff examination on appreciation of beauty, before the privilege is granted. But since we are of the cultured few and since we cannot stay forever, let us only take one long look at the beautiful stone stair and pass into the great hall on our right.

Over the page is the view which meets the eye. There is little to be said, it seems at first sight.





GREAT HALL

HART HOUSE

## *Hart House, University of Toronto*

A Baronial Hall, with raftered roof, a dais for their Lordships and benches for the commoners (aristocratic benches in democratic Canada!) The first thing that attracts attention is the stone stairway in the right hand corner. It stands out. Beautiful as it is in itself, it seems hardly to harmonize with the comparative austerity of the Hall. I imagine the architect to have argued thus: "I need a stairway here. If I put it outside, it will spoil the perspective of the Lower Gallery, besides using valuable space in the Faculty Union Dining Room above. Let us therefore make a virtue of necessity." So there it stands, and it is very beautiful. But to me it is too elaborate for its setting. If boldness is the watchword, why not be bolder still? I have been picturing a plain wooden loft stair with platform at top. . . .

Still, time is a great magician. The white stone will yellow with age and sink back into the wall. Meanwhile there is a perfect essay in design.

With this one exception, the great Hall is a fine example of Temptation resisted. When I think of the severely practical problems which faced the architect, the knowledge that at every step he must restrain himself, so that the perfect balance between scholasticism and athleticism might be held. I can imagine the relief with which he started to work on this, his show-piece. I can imagine the temptations which beset him. Here he might let himself go. Then I look at his work and marvel at his restraint.

Passing up the spiral stairway we now come to the Faculty Union Dining Room which is directly above the Lower Gallery. Here cuts become scarce. Short of devoting the whole number to Hart House I cannot hope to do more than give pictures of the most striking features in the building, choosing such as lend themselves to an imaginary reconstruction of the whole.

The Faculty Union Dining Room runs parallel with the great Hall. Its windows on the one side are those high Gothic windows that we noticed in the south wall of the quadrangle; on the other side it gives on to the great Hall (one of the windows is just visible in the illustration opposite).

With two such prospects the room could not help having charm. A single row of tables runs down the centre. The roof is rounded, but so cut away over the windows that it has the appearance of being vaulted. With the exception of the lighting, which is from pendants hung from the angle made in the ceiling by the window recesses, there is no vestige of decoration in the room. It is a fitting companion to the Lower Gallery.

From the Faculty Union Dining Room we pass into the Faculty Common Room and here the first recognizably modern note strikes us. The Faculty like upholstered chairs. The fireplace in this room is one of the most elaborate in the building, being of carved stone. It is one of the delights of the Hart House that no design is absolutely duplicated, though an idea runs through the whole. Every detail is a delight in itself and was designed with an eye to the particular needs of its situation. Thus no two fireplaces are exactly the same. In the Reading Room severity is the note, in the Billiard Room a certain heavy comfort, while that in the Music Room is wide and delicately constructed. The fireplace in the Faculty Common Room is perhaps the most successful of all, for it combines grace and lightness, while retaining a certain air of pleasant dignity appropriate, I hope, to its frequenters.

We are now directly above the small arcade which, as we noticed in the first picture, joins the Dignified Hall to the rest of the building, and pass now along the corridor to the Lecture Room which extends along the front of the building between the two main doors. An interesting comparison might be made between the Lecture Room and the Music Room, which occupies similar position on the West Hall above the door through which we entered on page LXXXIX. The two rooms have the same size and shape, almost the only difference being that the Lecture Room has one, the Music Room two bays. Yet in character they are quite dissimilar. The Lecture Room is formal and severe. A good room for studying the exact sciences, one would say. The Music Room on the other hand has an old-world charm.



## *Hart House, University of Toronto*



LECTURE ROOM

HART HOUSE

One might call it a Mozart Room.

The architect has achieved this distinction by very simple means. A lower roof, a gentler curve in the line of his rafters, windows in group of three as against the twos and fours of the Lecture Room were all he needed.

Returning to our point of vantage in the Quad, we have now to convince ourselves that we have seen only one half of Hart House, that behind that stern wall on the left lie gymnasium, boxing, fencing and wrestling rooms, that in the corner, a few yards only from the great Hall, is a swimming pool. It seems incredible, yet as we pass into the long arched brick passage way we experience no shock. The transition is excellent. Here are no Gothic windows, no carved stone cornices and arching raftered roof, but brick and steel structure and a maze of hanging ropes, rings and trapezes. Above and around goes a running track.

To enter the swimming pool is again to change worlds. Here a cloistral design is employed, the rounded white plaster roof

being supported by white pillars beyond which runs on three sides a gallery. It is a pity that Hart House is reserved for men. Such a pool should mirror beauty.

The theatre, which lies beneath the Quad, I am reserving for a further article, which Mr. Roy Mitchell, the director, will write. Our last impression shall be of the chapel, the most delicate pearl of the building. Wonderfully simple in design, almost the only piece of decoration is the carved oak screen under which we pass as we enter. The roof is rounded, the curve being broken by the window recesses. Back of the altar is plain oak panelling. No candles burn on the altar. As the secretary told me, all religions are represented in a great university, and since they cannot be combined, one must grasp at essentials. The Chapel is a shrine to an intimate God.

And so we leave Hart House, the perfect product of the modern Gothic mind. For Gothic is not a mode but a spirit, the spirit of balance. Toronto has every reason to be proud of its architect.



SOUTH WALL

HART HOUSE





## Vincent Van Gogh



OLD SHOES

### VINCENT VAN GOGH.

BY WALTER PAUL.

By degrees, America is coming to know the great men of the modern period. At the International Exhibition of 1913 all of them were represented and, whether the public liked them or not, it at least found out that things had been happening in Europe of which it had been left in ignorance. Since then numerous group exhibitions have been held, beside such important one-man showings as those of Matisse in 1915, Cézanne in 1916 and 1917, Redon, Derain and Picasso at various times and Gauguin in the small but choice collection of works we saw earlier this year. Now we have a collection of paintings, drawings, water-colours and lithographs by van Gogh, at the Montross Gallery; and so, aside from Seurat whose marvelous art is but little known here, we have rounded out fairly well the circle of great men who have been the initiators of the art of to-day. The pity is that we have

no gallery ready to build up a permanent collection of this work, which our public and artists need more than any other. It takes repeated viewings of so epitomized an art as van Gogh's to arrive at a judgment of its value and even when such a judgment has been reached—tentatively, for about men of his stature one can never say the final word—we shall all want a number of visits to the pictures for pure enjoyment, and to fix them in our memory.

Van Gogh is one whose art is so responsive to the inner and outer events of his career that if we trace the main currents of his mental life, we shall have gone far toward accounting for his extraordinary production. In the last analysis, the value of his art is that which his personality gives to it. For despite the influence of his predecessors and his contemporaries, van Gogh was himself from the beginning to the end, and so it is for himself that we want to study him to-day.

The first characteristic to note in him is his power of concentration. Once his swift

## Vincent Van Gogh

mind has fixed on an idea, he works at it with a passionate intensity until he has not only exhausted the knowledge which others can give him on the subject, but until he has completely defined his own thought about it. And though he engaged in many activities during his lifetime, it must not be imagined that the fierce intellectual experience he had of each one was forgotten or remained isolated in his mind. Thus, as a boy, he made eager researches in natural history. Twenty years later we find him painting studies—astoundingly close, despite their free technique—of plants, butterflies and birds. The early impressions had left their ineffaceable trace.

Van Gogh's symbol might well be the flame—consuming what it feeds on to give it back in terms of force and light. His letters, of which four volumes have been published, are themselves luminous, one of the great documents we possess on the mentality and the mission of the artist. And always they are van Gogh's letters—it is *his* idea of life and art that is there. Emile Bernard, to whom many of the letters are addressed and who did so much to make known the talent of his friend, chooses a line of Vincent's to represent the man in his approach to his writing and his painting. "Is it not rather the intensity of the thought than the calm of the touch that we seek?" Yes, truly; but what we shall come to see, as we follow out this art to its final expressions is that the intensity of the thought brings him not indeed to calm of touch, but to that equilibrium of the elements of his picture which we call mastery.

At the moments when his relations with external circumstances were most complicated by sufferings of body and mind, his thoughts on art were constantly clarifying and deepening. See the pictures painted at Auvers in the last months of his life. They show him in the most complete control of the science of colour which the Nineteenth Century had developed, and to which he had added. One thinks of the other great Dutchman of modern times, also an adoptive member of the French school, also a

pioneer, a forerunner in modern art. I quote from an article that appeared in *THE STUDIO* twelve years ago: "Jongkind was mad; Jongkind, in his art so deliberate, so precise, lost his reason the moment he quitted his easel. 'But,' says M. de Fourcaud, who visited him frequently about this period, 'directly he began to speak about his art his lucidity returned intact.' " In van Gogh's case the madness—if it is indeed to be called that—was not a settled thing, but one of sudden accesses of nervous derangement in which he only followed out to an exaggerated extreme the pitiless logic of his mental struggle.

His powerful bent toward religion first shows itself in his boyhood, it claims him entirely for a time in his young manhood, and in the last years of his career we find him still studying and expounding passages in his Bible. Nothing seems stranger, nothing, however, is more natural, than those letters in which his touching and deep explanations of the words of Christ are followed by the rough slang of the Paris studios in which he discusses art theories and the Bohemian disorder in which he and his companions lived. He did not give up his religious vocation when he turned exclusively to painting. He only expressed his convictions, as one of his biographers has said, in a fuller and more apt medium. It is not simply the marvelous colour that makes a van Gogh still-life precious, it is the profound mind of a man alive to the religious idea of the world he finds in the great thinkers and artists of his time, and so he was as well prepared to express his idea when painting a flower, a book or a chair as when his subject was a man, a woman or a theme from the Bible. "Speaking of Christ at Gethsemane," he writes to Emile Bernard, "I am painting the olive-trees myself." The allusion shows his attitude of mind while at work. From his letters we also learn that the "Sower" of a number of his pictures is also a symbol for Christ. "He had always drawn and modelled," as we learn from an early Dutch admirer of his; he had seen much of pic-

## Vincent Van Gogh



CORN SHEAVES

tures, had thought deeply about them. So he was ready for his real work when he reached his decision to produce pictures that should embody his idea of life. This was at the age of about twenty-six years. And here we may pause for a brief history of his career.

Vincent van Gogh was born in 1853, the son of a clergyman, at Groot Zundert in Brabant, Holland. After receiving a good education he entered the employ of a firm of art-dealers. His work took him to the Hague, to Brussels, Paris and London for various lengths of time, until in London he finally realized his incapacity for commercial pursuits. Various other occupations engaged him in the following years, until, in what Théodore Duret calls a "veritable crisis of mysticism", he entered upon theological studies (1877-78). He went as a lay-preacher to the Belgian Black Country, devoting himself as much to the physical as to the spiritual needs of the miners. A serious collapse of his health resulted from his self-forgetful exertions, and his father had to bring him back to Holland. There, from 1881 to 1885 he makes drawings and paintings which constitute the work of his Dutch period. For a time he studies with Anton Mauve, who had married his cousin; he spent a few months at the art academy

of Antwerp; in reality he was self-taught.

In March 1886, (we must begin to reckon his life by months from now on, and they show more effect than years in the lives of most men) he goes to Paris. His younger brother Theodore was there, having taken Vincent's former position in the picture business. As much of an idealist as the painter, Theodore was to be the support of his brother until the latter's death. It was only through severe self-denial that the young employee could save enough to supply the painter's needs. He did it gladly, through affection and through confidence in the quality of Vincent's work. The painter, on the other hand, had none of that kind of self-esteem which has let some artists accept every sacrifice as their due, and it was perhaps most of all the constant turning over in his mind of the burden he was to his brother that made him put an end to his life.

In 1886 Theodore's firm was handling the work of the Impressionists, then just beginning to find buyers, and so Vincent had the best opportunity to absorb the enormous lesson of Monet, Sisley and Pissarro. Probably the last named master taught him most of all, for the extremely fine division of the tones that Pissarro was practising just at this time brought him nearest to



## *Vincent Van Gogh*



SOWER

Seurat and Signac, the artists of van Gogh's own generation who were to give the last great expression to the Impressionist theory. Apparently he knew the latter men personally; he was certainly intimate with Toulouse-Lautrec and then came the friendship with Gauguin—that strange association of two natures as different as could be imagined, but attracted each by the genius of the other. Van Gogh never met Cézanne but his letters tell his admiration for the art which made him “involuntarily” think of that master when he is before the landscape of the South of France. He thinks of him, he learns from him, but there is not even a superficial resemblance between the work of the two men. Neither can we trace an influence from Gauguin, who came to live with him at Arles for some months of his first year (1888) in the Midi. Impressionism, a principle, could be absorbed by him, an abstract idea of art—like

the Japanese aesthetic—could affect him, but not a personality; for while remaining humble, even toward younger men, his mind was so bent on delivering its own message that we can find scarcely a trace in his painting of another individuality acting upon his own. He had gone from Paris to Arles to see more of the clear French sunlight that had enchanted him after leaving the mists of his own country. In the Midi, overwork, the fierce, truceless activity of his brain which must needs hurl itself at every sort of problem and theory in the few hours when he was not painting or drawing, that terrific concentration which we have remarked before in van Gogh brought on an attack of cerebral trouble, and his brother had him remove to Saint-Rémy, nearby, where he had better living-conditions and care. A year passed there, incredibly rich in results, and then in the spring of 1890

## Vincent Van Gogh



SOWER (WITH SUN)

he goes back to Paris, and then to Auvers-sur-Oise, not far away. A few months more of painting remain to him, the vertiginous rapidity of development which has been going on in his art since his arrival in France will continue to the end—which comes by his own hand, on July 29, 1890.

In the thirty years that have passed since then, everyone interested in the evolution of the latter-day schools, has learned what technical matters engaged van Gogh in his education. Quite obviously, the first thing to impress us is his ascent from the pitchy, almost monochromatic painting of his early days to the full blaze of colour with which he ends. The medium of his progression is the division of tones, the exciting or restraining of colours by juxtaposing related hues. Then we note that as the colour assumes the burden of expressing form which had before been left to the modelling by

black and white, his drawing becomes freer to follow the exact nuances of character and the growing beauty of his design. To this special combination of decorative design and colour, through which van Gogh found his expression, the name of Post-Impressionism has been given. Gauguin is the other great initiator of the movement, which has as one characteristic, a willingness to sacrifice what seems to its protagonists minor aspects of the appearance of nature in order to present their thought without the alloy of matters which have not interested them.

But long ago Goya said that sacrifices are a part of every art. Where then is the difference here? It is, I think, in the fact that with this generation, the passing over of realistic qualities previously thought indispensable is the result of conscious decision. At the moment when he was pushing the Impressionist theory of painting





OLD MAN NEAR THE FIRE

LITHOGRAPH



## Vincent Van Gogh



YOUNG GIRL

light to the farthest reach it can attain (in representing the sun itself for example), van Gogh was arriving at the classical ideal of colour as a thing deriving its beauty from inner laws of its own. What makes the magic of the "Hospital at Arles" is not the fact that the substance and space and light are rendered by differences of hue, whereas at the moment when he painted "Old Shoes" he had no other resource than the gradation from black to white; it is that in the later canvas the colours sing to each other in harmony; and it is with the high ethereal harmony of notes to which the unique candor, the lifetime of effort compressed into a few years have given a purity and an intensity unsurpassed in the history of painting. The essential change in his art is perhaps even better seen if we oppose a pair

of works like the early "Old Man" and the "Young Girl" of his last years; on the one hand there is observation of the accidents of appearances—powerful as the mind is that registers its notation; in the later work notation has been enriched by synthesis; the look of nature has been seized indeed and with far fuller means of recording it, but beyond this, there is the control of the means that makes each part work with all the rest of the canvass to produce those over-tones which, for lack of a term less vague, we call beauty. If conviction has at first been lacking in the visitor to the exhibition, surely it must seize upon him as he turns to such a drawing as the "Village of Saintes-Maries". I have spoken of van Gogh's mastery, of the equilibrium of his art, and before works like this one it seems that the words must come spontaneously to

## Vincent Van Gogh

the lips of every beholder. Where is there a stroke too many? Where is there a stroke too few? Where does the tone or the compensation of line falter and allow the spectator to wander from the unity, to find a flaw in the radiance? There is none. The laws of colour have become so innate with the artist that we feel their unshakable support when his reed pen touches the paper with black lines as surely as when his brush floods canvas with the most brilliant pigment.

And the contrast suggested in the last lines is perhaps of value, for it brings us back to the differences between the later and the earlier works. Place van Gogh for a moment beside other artists and straightway the differences among his works disappear, and we see only the great man to whom they all belong. The "Painter's House at Arles" is a prodigious thing, "The Plow" is a masterpiece whose greatness will be unsuspected by many even, who have seen hundreds of van Gogh's pictures; the "Postman" startles us with his "Socratic

visage" as the painter called it, the colours in the background are like the great miracles of the old enamellers, the line has the vitality of van Gogh's symbol—the fire; and this man of fire, this painter of old kettles and old shoes transports us to the realms of Fra Angelico as he gives us the celestial polyphony of the blues and yellows in the pure image of the "Young Girl".

And then one turns to the great drawing of the Church at Nuenen, a work of the earliest period, and one would be happy if that alone could always be here for us to see. It is as perfect in spirit, as much an emanation from the mind we have been trying to know as any of the later works. Indeed in its gentle glow, it holds us with a mysterious spell it could scarcely have exercised had we seen it when it was first produced. Then—if we had beheld it with open eyes—it would have seemed such a perfection as might be the consummate end of a career,—now we know that, in all its beauty, it is only a pause, a gathering of forces for a mightier surge into the light.



THE VILLAGE OF SAINTES-MARIES

## *The Armour Gardens at Melody's Farm*



### **T**HE ARMOUR GARDENS AT MELODY'S FARM BY DELIA AUSTRIAN

A NEW note has come into western landscape gardening that places much of American landscape gardening in a class by itself. Several of our best landscape gardeners have essayed to make use of both formal and informal gardening on the same estate, and with unusual effects.

Their work stands out in sharp contrast with that of the early gardeners which was either so formal as to appear heavy, or so informal as to seem ridiculous in its results.

Even in this more recent work in landscape gardening, the Armour estate at Libertyville, a few miles from Chicago, is unique. Both Mr. and Mrs. Armour are fond of things rural, suggesting an American note in design. They were determined that this should not be lost sight of on Melody's Farm. As one approaches this large estate the eye is greeted by

swaying fields of grain and gently flowing streams.

But since this home is almost a replica of Villa Gamberaia it has been necessary to keep to the formal gardening about the house. As one nears this lovely Italian villa the swaying grain is lost sight of in the velvety grass about the house. On the parterre Italian landscape gardening of a formal type predominates. The front garden is ornamented with antique vases brought from Villa Longhe. These huge vases are simple in their contour and decoration, but they are imposing because of their size. On the parterre is a white summer-house, supported by heavy pillars and left open to the sky. The floor is of black and white marble. In the center of this summer rest-house is a black marble table supported by fanciful creatures fashioned of white marble.

This table is used to support a bronze figure of a wrestler about to lunge forward with arms outstretched.



## *The Armour Gardens at Melody's Farm*



Close by is a marble fountain that plays into an artificial lake. The border of the small lake is ornamented with tubs of hardy flowering plants, foremost of these are the baskets and tubs of pink and red geraniums.

The small lake is edged with cone-shaped evergreens. The basins filled with water are separated by a smooth carpet of velvety grass, edged with tall grasses. These basins are treated more formally by marble coping, and tall carved marble basins. The formal idea is kept and yet the monotony broken by box hedges worked into conventional designs. Dark in the background are maples and oaks.

Close to the house are antique marble tubs beautifully carved and filled with tall evergreen. The front of the building has an abundance of green to give warmth to the white tone of the house. This consists of heavy growing ivy, and a low hedge running the length of the house.

A delightful walk, bordered by a low hedge on both sides, leads to the summer-house,

which is a copy of the Pope's summer-house at Rome. On the way up one passes a small but exquisite garden of roses of many varieties. The delicate pink and red rambler roses are grown on stands and arranged into umbrella shapes. The approach to this villa is kept clear to show the exquisite architecture of this beautifully designed summer home. The low hedge borders the wide walk, and a few firebushes and tall cypress grow near the house. In the center is a marble fountain, ornamented on either side with marble tubs filled with hardy plants. The orchard with its apple trees and pear trees forms a brilliant sight on the other side of the wall.

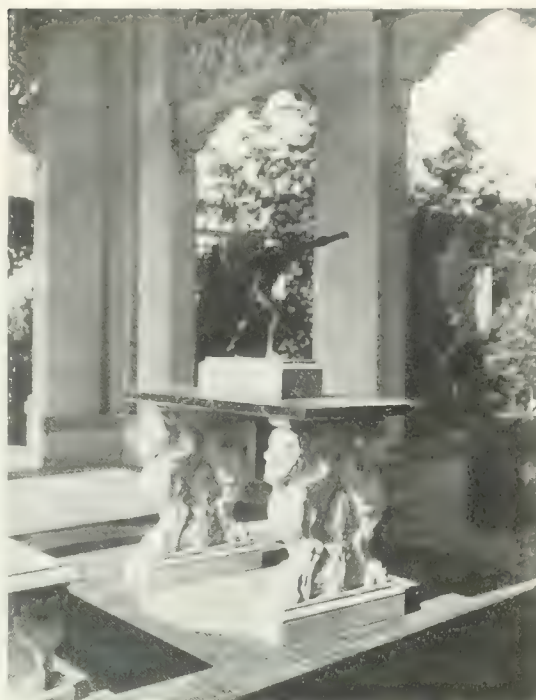
It is right at this point that the best methods of English and Italian gardening are used and blended with faultless skill.

The rose garden with its Dorothy Perkins, the William Egan, and the Débutante roses clustered into arches and umbrellas is, in the main, late Italian. But part of this same garden is English, as is seen in the stone vases

## *The Armour Gardens at Melody's Farm*

in which grow hardy plants.

Surrounding the gardener's cottage is a picking garden of flowers and a large truck garden. The screen service has a rich border of greyish arundinarias and eulalia. In the vegetable garden grows everything in season, from marrow squash to the finest hot house grapes. This is where Mr. Armour spends his leisure moments, for he is fond of nature and loves to while away pleasant hours working with his flowers in the picking gar-



den or in the truck garden.

But even in this informal part the Italian note in landscape design is maintained, for hidden among the trees and heavy grown ivy is an antique stone bench, ornamented with an antique marble dolphin that spurts water into the basin below.

Beyond is the stone bridge, under which flows a winding, swift-flowing stream, which carries the visitor to the farm and woodland, acres of which are kept growing in their rural beauty.







THE DEPARTURE FOR SCHOOL  
AND THE RETURN

RED AND WHITE



## The Romance of Old Chintzes



OASIS

RED, BLUE AND PURPLE  
AGAINST TAN

### THE ROMANCE OF OLD CHINTZES BY MARY HARROD NORTHEND

(Continued from May number.)

THE early hand-blocked designs were crude in a measure, indistinct or blurry and were used principally for hangings and curtains, the textiles being of a coarse rough finish. During the last quarter of the eighteenth century important strides were made toward better finished, finer materials and more delicately executed and artistic designs.

The invention of the spinning machine by the Englishman, Sir Richard Arkwright, made available home produced calicoes of the fineness of the imported Indian cottons at much lower cost.

Then the cylinder printing and the discoveries of new dyes giving a more extensive range of colours of full rich tones opened up a much broader market for the wares of the calico printer. The heyday of prosperity came

with the closing years of the eighteenth century and lasted through the first quarter of the nineteenth. At this time the vogue for printed cottons ranged all the way from palace draperies to cottage bed quilts and from the peasant woman's petticoat to Milady's garden-party frock.

As De Foe, in his "Tour," wrote of the century earlier English vogue, they "crept into our houses, our closets, and bed chambers: curtains, cushions, chairs and at last beds themselves were nothing but calicoes." And in this, the early part of the twentieth century, we might easily subscribe to Defoe's delightful exaggeration.

A fitting close to the chapter on the history of the French development of the printed textiles is perhaps a list of some of the more important pieces extant. From Jouy there came first "The Fables of La Fontaine," after designs of J. B. Oudry. "The Village Festival" and "The Doves," "The Occupations of the Manufacture," "The Balloon Ascension," in

## *The Romance of Old Chintzes*

1783, and "The Federation" in 1790, are among the earlier productions. Among the later designs taken from historical and literary subjects, "The Four Quarters of the World," "The Farm," "Paul and Virginia," are best known.

The English fabricators copied largely from the French designs so that it is difficult to say precisely from the design itself of which origin a piece is derived. The texture is a better test because the French in their early efforts used the imported materials which were finer, and when they began to manufacture their own textiles they used an admixture of linen with the cotton. The French specimens are more rare as the period of production was shorter than in England, nor was it ever so commercially developed.

Of the companioning illustrations and those reproduced in the former article, five are obviously French designs but only one—the camels—answers the expert test of actual French origination. It is of the Egyptian period in design, but judged by the colourings employed it is of a somewhat later period, actually. The richly caparisoned animals stand by the well on the oasis while the driver fills his water bottles in preparation for the next lap of the journey.

Appearances indicate that the camels, too, have filled their water bottles, and are impatient to be on the way. The floral surround is in rich reds, blues, and purples, and creates the floating island effect generally employed in scenic designs. The faintly outlined pyramid gives a suggestion of perspective astonishingly real, and showing that the designer was truly an artist.

The next probable French piece is the family quarrel and reconciliation in the customary four-panel sectors with the captions in French.

In the soft purple and white tones of the original lies a charm which rests the eye, while the depictions arouse the imagination. There is in these four detached scenes a whole story to be unravelled—if one cares for picture puzzles—and the interpretation is entirely open to the student.

The panel, reproduced in the first article, depicting scenes from the historic romance of Jeanne d'Arc, also in purple and white, seems

to answer most of the tests of French origin.

The fragment shows only two complete scenes, but the fourth is more than suggested by the kindled pyre and part of the white-robed figure. There is no apparent clue to the third; and to the enthusiast what more potent lure than the missing link—somewhere he feels he will find that other fragment with which to complete this pictorial tale.

What was France's loss, occasioned by the prohibitory laws affecting weavers and printers, proved to be England's gain. With the advent of William of Orange and Mary to the English throne, the French and Dutch refugees swarmed into the country bringing with them a craftsmanship superior to any there existing at the time.

A goodly number were printers and silk weavers and they settled down around London and quietly established themselves in their respective trades, the silk weavers at Spitalfields and the calico printers at Richmond, Bow and Old Ford. The competition of the imported Oriental "chints" was an incentive which soon caused the very close imitation and eventually the anglicizing of even the name "chint" into chints, or chintz. Up to the end of the seventeenth century the printed stuffs were dear in price—an old diary of 1690 records thusly, "Gave thirty-three pounds (\$165) for one parcel of Atlass, etc. I gave to dear wife," and "thirty-eight pounds (\$190) for one India quilt for bed." In 1631 the East India Company was allowed by Royal Proclamation to import amongst other things printed "calicoes" under which heading were included several kinds of Indian cottons, and these were used for the most part in the better class of work. The home woven materials of this early period of hand printing were like coarse canvas, and were doubtless either destroyed by subsequent owners or covered up by a newer material; in some cases old horsehair-covered walnut chairs, apparently Victorian, have been found to reveal underneath the horsehair, successive coverings. It is in this way that most of the very few surviving fragments of the earlier crude type have been preserved.

It was not until the last quarter of the eighteenth century that home produced fabrics were generally used. But the new and im-



## *The Romance of Old Chintzes*



QUARREL AND RECONCILIATION

PURPLE AND WHITE

proved processes of printing in the mid-century, brought the printed cottons into such high favour that the silk-weavers, feeling the effect upon their market, were forced to protest. This they did with increasing vigour and venom. A very amusing effort on the part of the silk weavers to defame the callico printers is worth quoting.

### THE SPITTFIELD BALADS, OR THE

#### WEAVERS' COMPLAINT AGAINST THE CALLICO MADAMS

Our trade is so bad  
That the weavers run mad  
Through the want of both work and provisions,  
That some hungry poor rogues  
Feed on grains like our hogs,  
They're reduced to such wretched conditions.  
Then well may they tayre  
What our lady's now wear  
And as foes to our country upbraid 'em,  
Till none shall be thought  
A more scandalous slut  
Than a tawdry callico Madam.  
When our trade was in wealth  
Our women had health,  
We silks, rich embroideries and satins,  
Fine stuffs and good crapes  
For each ord'nary trapes  
That is destin'd to hobble in pattins;  
For the wife of a Prince

*Illegible*

And a butterfly gown for a gay dame,  
Thin painted old sheets

For each trull in the streets  
To appear like a callico Madam.  
In the last stanza the poet waxeth wroth at the male friends of the fair wearers of chintzes—

It's no matter at all  
If the Prince of Iniquity had 'em,  
Or that each for a bride  
Should be cursedly tied  
To some damn'd Callico Madam!

This ill-feeling vented itself in riots and street demonstrations—trade-unions were ever the life of the English labour classes. Weavers of silks and woollens marched to Westminster in a body—a popular present-day recreation—and asked for a ban on the production of chintzes; and they tore the gowns from the backs of women on the return route. Eventually Parliament temporized, and actually passed an act forbidding “printed cottons” to be bought or sold after first imposing heavy taxes. But the taxes were evaded and foreign stuffs smuggled in, and in a short time the Act had to be repealed, and again the trade flourished apace.

The ‘golden age of chintz printing by hand-work was the decade or more enveloping the year 1760—or by comparison, corresponding with the Chippendale epoch in furniture—it is in fact the Chippendale influence which makes the printers’ product of this period the





FARMING  
SCENE

BROWN  
AND YELLOW

## *The Romance of Old Chintzes*



PASTORAL

PURPLE AND WHITE

elite of all time. The change from the Queen Anne design of intertwining spirals and delicately balanced floral combinations is marked in the introduction of the Chinese atmosphere so prevalent in all art of that time. The exotic bird patterns are the finest of all, but the flowers and foliage, the vases and porcelains depicted are all similarly Oriental. Pinks, blues and greens and more brilliant orange and reds are the predominating colours. This parallelism of furniture and textile art is borne out by the transition from the Chippendale through the Gothic or architectural school—the Spode plates bear the same quaint mixture of ruined churches and rococo floral ornamentation—to the Hepplewhite and Sheraton periods. These latter designs are distinguished by vertical stripes within lace-like ribands with the elimination of architectural detail and reversion to flowers as subject material. The cornflower and carnation, prunus flowers and palm trees are suggestions of the Chinese influence, while roses and bachelor's buttons mark the weaning away from the East to the more English taste in art. It may almost be said that this departure from the old lines, due to the cheapening of the market and commercialism in general, put the seal on chintz printing as an art. Real craftsmanship has been defined as the work "of one individual or a small group of workers who are so closely associated in the bonds of craftsmanship that the work may bear the impress of a definite personality."

While block-printing all but died out, there was left the spark which William Morris and his fellow-workers in England blew into quickened life, and slowly but surely the revived art has returned into its own in England and America.

The canons governing this craft differ radically from those of other decorative textile works. The weaver of silks and woollens is confined to solid patterns which will appear in his transverse threads; but the printer of cloths is like a painter of pictures—he is fancy free and can stamp on his cotton the most delicately intricate and colourful subjects. This will be demonstrated by scrutinizing the varied illustrations. In the farmyard panel, which is in tones of old yellow and brown with buff background, every inch is crowded with the details of everyday life in rural England, and a positive conglomeration of vegetation violates all nature's laws,—three different branches of trees apparently spring from a "hydra"-plant behind the load of hay. Then compare the fragile delicacy with which another workman has elaborated the same subject—the grace of the figures, the perspective of the river and bridge, and the house with its infinite detail equal the charm of an old etching. The animals have life, the figures are animate, and the little scene stands out in clear relief, the lavender-purple ink on the age-yellow white background suiting the subject to perfection.



## *The Romance of Old Chintzes*



THE CROWNING  
OF SHAKESPEARE

RED AND  
WHITE

The crowning of Shakespeare with a wreath of stars is a more symbolic and perhaps less artistic effort of the early nineteenth century. It is executed in red on white. The medallion insets are portrayals of famous actors and actresses who have created immortal interpretations of Shakespearian characters.

In soft brown and white is the fine portraiture, reproduced in the May article, of King Charles II and Henrietta, his Queen, in riding attire with their roan and white steeds champing at the bit and pawing with impatient hoof at the door. What relationship there is in dimension between the grand Royalties and the tiny dogs on the carpeted ground leaves the writer guessing. It may have been necessary even then to create impressions of grandeur by false comparison—at any rate the distant equipage and mountain view bear out the theory that the artist knew whereof he painted and quite probably he was rewarded for his loyalty in perversion. The upper portion presents the other side of the picture.

King Charles I is hiding in the thick branches of the tree while Cromwell and his men with bloodhounds are tricked off the trail to the apparent amusement of the smiling monarch.

The technically exquisite rendering of the English family scenes in the double-panelled picture is an adaptation from Morland's painting—the departure from home of the eldest offspring and his subsequent return home from school, events which count in the life of an English family. The colour scheme is red and white, indicating an early period.

The choice tit-bit of the lot is the Chinese Chippendale in rose-red and white. The fine shading of the scene and expressive pose of the figures is art par excellence. The beautiful pheasant poised gracefully on the slender curving branch of an exotic flowering vine is lacking his head—the fragment has been so denuded—but the effect of the whole is the embodiment of grace and typifies the best in the art of the printer of chintzes in the Chippendale period—the Golden Age of Art.





## Three Editorial Bows

### THREE EDITORIAL BOWS

BOWING is much the most difficult thing in the world. It is almost a lost art. People do not bow nowadays. They nod, or just contract the eyebrows. But in an age of nods and winks and minor impertinences, I, the Editor, must still bow.

First, I bow to the past. For eight years the late Mr. W. H. de B. Nelson was Editor of this paper. They were not easy years. The war came and it grew increasingly difficult to keep the clear flame of art burning. Standards changed. The whole world of 1914 crumbled and there was little to help the critic to distinguish false from true among the welter of new formlessnesses which raised their heads from the chaos. With rising prices space had to be curtailed and economies affected. Then, as the tide began to turn, Mr. Nelson died.

It was not my privilege to know Mr. Nelson well, and I have preferred to allow others to offer the homage that is his due. But I should be doing ill if I did not record the expressions of sorrow it has been my hourly duty to receive.

I bow then to the past. It is my hope that nothing of value may be lost.

I bow to the present. Even in a country dedicated to progress men are afraid of change. The new man is regarded with suspicion. Editorship especially is such a personal matter that to the friends of a past regime it seems hardly conceivable that change will not mean loss. To such as doubt, this number is dedicated, with the reminder that to co-operation two parties are necessary.

I bow to the future. The lowest bow of all.

It is perhaps inevitable, since no two men have precisely similar ideas, that change of Editorship should bring with it change of policy.

In the present case the tendency will be towards a broadening of our conception of Art. The custom has always been rather to restrict the term Art to the Fine Arts,

and regard it as a luxury for the few. The American Business Man of the past scoffed at Art as an affectation. Upper Fifth Avenue is his legacy to the Nation. Now things are changing for the better. There is a growing realization that the field of Art is not restricted to the pictures and sculptures of the rich, but embraces every activity of mankind.

There is a growing demand in America for hand-made products, but a great dearth of craftsmen. Formerly these came from abroad, but now the high wages paid to unskilled labour discourage the young man from undertaking the long and arduous training necessary. This means a great loss to American Industry, for the quality of the machine-made product depends more closely than is usually imagined on the quality of the craftsmen, as witness the long period in the last century when craftsmanship was dead.

With this idea in mind, I am planning a series of articles on Industrial Art, which, taking architecture as the prime factor, will build out of this the ideal twentieth century home.

For the rest, good resolutions by the score might be mentioned, but of these more when they are put into action.

One thing only. There are many men doing good work, who yet offer little scope to the interpreter. For such men these Editorial pages are designed. Here outstanding work will be discussed, and such discussion coming fresh upon achievement will be of value to the artist, giving him both encouragement and publicity. Criticism, too, will be unsparing, though friendly. In these columns exhibitions also will be noticed, and significant work reproduced.

Enough of resolutions. It is not the form that counts, it is the spirit which gives the form life. So that this magazine is kept a live magazine, with eyes to pry out where art is being achieved and a tongue to give it voice, little else matters. Above all don't let us be too serious. For every hit we shall probably miss a dozen times. It is the hits that count, luckily. Art is stronger than we and chooses her own apostles.

## Book Reviews



### BOOK REVIEW.

JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS. By Basil Stewart, (Dodd, Mead & Company).

THE writer of art books, like the opera composer, works in a dual form. Himself both artist in paints and artist in words, he must hold a delicate balance between the two. It is thus no serious condemnation to say that "Japanese Colour Prints" is not *the* book on Japanese Colour Prints for which we are all looking.

The most successful chapters are those on "How Colour Prints are produced," "Actor Prints," "Japanese Plays," "Figure Subjects; Courtesans and Geisha." It is interesting to note that in Japan as in Eur-

ope acting was regarded for centuries as an immoral profession, so that actors were treated as outcasts, and artists who associated with them ran the risk of like treatment. However, playgoing must have been an essential to the people, for, as many plays took as long as twelve hours to perform, they must have spent the day there. It is curious that this passion for playgoing, and the high place which posture took as against diction, did not influence artists to paint the human body as God made it. It is on these points that Mr. Stewart is least helpful. However we are grateful for the account of the Drama of "The Chushingara," on which John Masefield based his play, "The Faithful." The book is lavishly illustrated.





*Exhibited at the Gallery on the Moors, Gloucester*

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## WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS AT THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE

BY FITZROY CARRINGTON

WHEN a telegram from the Editor of the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO was handed to me, asking for an article on the "newly-discovered Whistlers," at a couple of days' notice, I must admit that I was somewhat taken aback. "Newly-discovered Whistlers?" Where? Could there be any new and hitherto undescribed plates? An interchange of telegrams soon cleared up the mystery, and the notes which accompany these illustrations are the result.

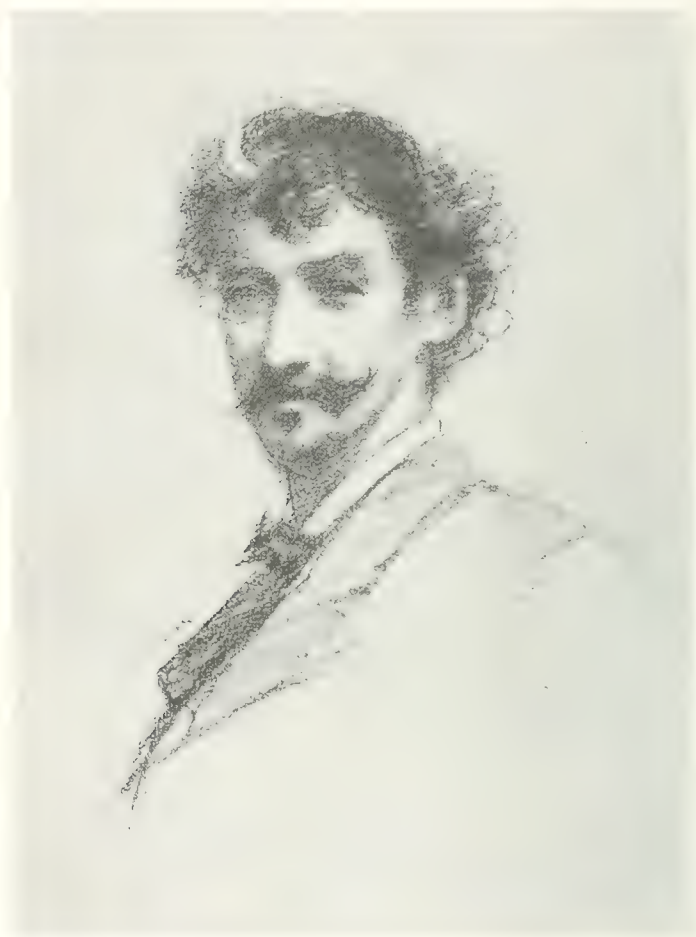
I was sure that all I had to do was to refer to "The Life of James McNeill Whistler," by my dear and valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, and I should at once "find out all about it." Strangely enough, Mr. Lucas is barely mentioned in their entertaining Biography. "There were times, however, when everyone failed, even Mr. Lucas, George Whistler's friend, who was living in Paris and often came to his rescue," (page 59); this in Whistler's student days in the Latin Quarter (1855-1858). Then (page 200), M. Duret borrows from Mr. Lucas a photograph which Whistler had given him of the unfinished portrait of *Irving as Philip II*; and a third, but significant, note (page 140): "Whistler's name was hardly known in America, and M. Duret writes that, probably, Mr. George Lucas spoke of Whistler to Mr. Avery, the Art Commissioner for the United States at the Exhibition (French International Exhibition, 1867). The result was that a number of his etchings

and four pictures were hung: *The White Girl, Wapping or On the Thames, Old Battersca Bridge, Twilight on the Ocean*, the title then of the Graham Robertson *Valparaiso*"—And that is all!

There are eighty-two subjects, in one hundred and twelve impressions (including duplicates and various "States"), and fifteen lithographs—two being duplicates. One would expect to find the "French Set" complete, but there are six plates only: *Liverdun, La Rétaumense, Little Arthur, La Vieille aux Loques, Fumette, The Kitchen*, together with the etched Title dedicated *A Mon Vieille Ami, Seymour Haden*, showing Whistler, seated, making a drawing, for which Ernest Delannoy, putting on Whistler's big hat, sat. Perhaps Mr. Lucas gave away the six other subjects. One misses *Annie (Haden)*—"wonderful little Annie" of *At the Piano* and *The Music Room*—a record of Whistler's visits to his brother-in-law, Seymour Haden; *Street at Saverne* and *The Unsafe Tenement*, both etched on that most wonderful adventure of all, in his student days, the journey to Alsace in company with Ernest Delannoy; and *La Mère Gérard*, of whom Whistler would tell such delightful stories. But we have *Fumette*—"Eloise, a little modiste, who knew Musset by heart and would recite his verses to Whistler, and who one day in a rage, tore up, not his etchings, as Mr. Wedmore says, but the Gavarni-like drawings." Mr. Luke Ionides writes: "She sat to him (Whistler) several times, with her curly hair down her back. She had a good voice, and I often thought she had suggested Trilby to Du Maurier." *The Kitchen* (Wedmore's



## *Whistler's Etchings at the Maryland Institute*



PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER

P. A. RAJON

First State), and *La Vieille aux Loques* are there, both fine; and *La Rétameuse* is in the excessively rare First State—"one or two proofs only"—so rare that it could not be reproduced for the Kennedy-Grolier Club Catalogue. To about this same period belong the other plates not less interesting: *The Rag Gatherers*, *A Little Boy* (Seymour Haden, Jr.), First State, "two or three only"—signed with Whistler's butterfly and his name; *Soupe à Trois Sous*, done at midnight in a low tavern, which was raided by gendarmes while he was at work; *Bibi Valentin*, *Bibi Lalouette*—one of his loveliest portraits of children. "His draughtsmanship is never truer," writes Royal Cortissoz, "never more bewitching, than when it follows with a kind of tender sympathy the lines of some small figure, furbelowed or ragged. Hans Andersen himself

was no more at home with the spirit of childhood than was Whistler"—which may be news to some persons who see in Whistler's art mainly "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies!"

"The Thames Set"—"Sixteen etchings of scenes on the Thames, and other subjects," to give it full title—lacks one plate only, *Westminster Bridge*, of being complete. Any comment on this series of masterpieces is, at this late day, a needless impertinence. Had Whistler etched nothing else these plates would assure his place among the Immortals. It is interesting, therefore, to note that Mr. Lucas was, from the very beginning, well aware of their rare quality. On *Limehouse* is a note, in Mr. Lucas' autograph: "Proof exposed in Paris Salon by Whistler"; *Eagle Wharf* is signed by Whistler with his name and butterfly, and "To George Lucas" is added. *The*



LA VILLE AUX LOQUES

J. McN. WHISTLER



DELUGE, RUE ST. JACQUES.

J. McN. WHISTLER



ROTHERHITHE

J. McN. WHISTLER.



## Whistler's Etchings at the Maryland Institute



EAGLE WHARF

J. MC N. WHISTLER

*Pool* (between First and Second States, seemingly; with a full sky) is also signed by Whistler, and is the impression shown at the Salon. There is a second impression, of the same subject, with changes in the sky. *The Limeburner*, signed with Whistler's name and butterfly, is noted "To George Lucas"; *Rotherhithe* (Second State) is marked, in Mr. Lucas' handwriting, "Proof exposed by Whistler in Paris Salon. No. 2756," and there is a fine impression of the same plate in the Third State. But to record them all would occupy too much space. *The Miser*—a rare plate at any time—is in a state seemingly undescribed, before the signature (between IV and V?) but otherwise finished. *A Child on a Couch No. 2* (W. 112. K. 125 M. 122) in the Second State, is signed with the butterfly and Whistler's name, J. A. McN. Whistler. Then there is *Amsterdam, etched from the Tolhuis* (1863), signed with the butterfly, marked "To George Lucas," done when "Whistler was in Amsterdam with Legros, looking at the Rembrandts with pleasure, at the Van der Helsts with disappointment . . . no doubt hunting for old paper, and adding to his collection of blue and white porcelain, when the news came

that he had been awarded a gold medal for his Thames plates at an exhibition at the Hague." A noble, wild, sky; a splendid plate, full of dash and fire and freedom—a delight always. And so, through various other subjects, to *The Large Pool*, signed with the butterfly, marked "To George Lucas," and *Adam and Eve Tavern, Old Chelsea*, which, more than any other plate of the period, marks the transition from his earlier method into the freer, more elliptic, more suggestive style of the Venetian plates.

Whether Mr. Lucas ever had a set of *Venicc; a Series of Twelve Etchings*, I do not know. Most probably. It is not, alas, in his collection at the Maryland Institute. The "Twenty-six Etchings" is there—complete—together with nine additional impressions showing variations in "states." It was to accompany this set (issued in 1886; 22 Venetian subjects, etched in 1880, the remaining five, of English subjects, etched a little later. Thirty sets only. Fifty Guineas the set), that Whistler put forth his *Propositions*, now a Whistler Classic.

Yes, I *must* say it sometime, and this is an excellent opportunity! A "Classic," but one

## Whistler's Etchings at the Maryland Institute



RIVA NO. II.

J. M. W. WHISTLER

of the most irritating of Whistler's performances. He damns the "Remarque" and for that we thank him—but, commencing with the Venice plates, he gives us in its stead a most diabolical substitute—the tab upon which he draws his butterfly. It is always in the way, always a distraction, always a mistake, so far as I can see, after thirty years and more of "cussing" it!

It is related of Whistler that when asked by an injudicious, though enthusiastic, admirer which of his etchings he considered the best, replied ALL. We will confine ourselves, therefore, mainly to recording, rather than commenting upon these plates. All are signed with the butterfly—and the set is complete, as stated above. Those who know the subtlety, the beauty, the infinite variety and personal quality of Whistler's printing will realize that only by seeing the individual proof can its full beauty be judged. No one, except Whistler himself, in some of the Amsterdam plates and the choicest of the Belgian series, has ever surpassed them. *San Biagio* is in the First State, of nine states. *Turkeys*, also is in

the First State—so rare that it is not reproduced in Kennedy-Grolier Club Catalogue. *Bead-Stringers* in the Fourth State, of eight; *Long Lagoon* is represented by two fine impressions of the First State—one of them very early, before the plate was cleaned. *Nocturne: Palaces* is quite beautiful; it seems to be a Sixth State, or variant thereof. *The Bridge*, an unsurpassed masterpiece, is in two impressions; the Second State, signed with Whistler's name and butterfly, marked "To George A. Lucas," and in the Eighth State. "The most perfect etching of the sort ever made," writes Joseph Pennell, "not a line could be dispensed with—not a line too many. A canal near San Giacomo in the very heart of Venice." There are two impressions of *Upright Venice* in the Second State, one of them early before the plate was cleaned. *The Balcony*, sixth of the eleven States, and *The Garden*, both of them noteworthy for their entrancing freedom and inexhaustible suggestiveness. *The Rialto* (Second State) and that most elusive *Nocturne: Furnace*, somewhere around the Fourth State—my very hasty notes may be at



NOCTURNE  
PALACES

J. McN.  
WHISTLER



## *Whistler's Etchings at the Maryland Institute*



AMSTERDAM FROM THE TOLHUIS

J. MC N. WHISTLER

fault here—*La Salute: Daren*, in two impressions, and *Lagoon: Noon* brings the "Twenty-six Etchings" to an end.

The Editor, in his letter, referred to a Whistler "find" in Baltimore; I cannot claim to have "found" anything. The George A. Lucas collection has been at the Maryland Institute for years. In addition to the Whistlers it contains about fourteen thousand prints, for the most part the work of mid-nineteenth century French etchers and lithographers, and

is, probably, with the exception of the S. P. Avery Collection, in the New York Public Library, the most comprehensive group of prints, covering that period, in America. It is, at once, an honour and a very keen pleasure to be Honorary Curator of such a collection, and if, in due course, I can make its treasures better known and to a wider public, I shall be happy. Hitherto, Baltimore has, modestly, refrained from telling of her possessions. As a visitor, I have no such scruples!



LONG VENICE

J. MC N. WHISTLER

## *Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa*



GLASS MOSAIC

SANCHI OGAWA

### **S**TAINED GLASS IN JAPAN: SANCHI OGAWA BY EDITH BROWER.

*"This is the priesthood of art, not to bestow upon the universe a new aspect, but upon the beholder a new enthusiasm."*

*Anonymous.*

In earlier days, when the European or American went to Japan, or the Japanese travelled westward, to find out about a new art, it was in either case like going to Mars. But gradually, from observing each other sympathetically, the East and the West began to learn of each other. And whether the influence of European standards has helped or hindered the Japanese artists, undoubtedly Europe has an enormous artistic debt to pay to the Land of the Rising Sun.

In no art do we find so perfect a fusion of form and spirit. This is because for ages the

racial striving has been towards a realization of the "Impersonal-Universal," the inevitable final outcome of which would be—just what we find it to be in the art of the Japanese: An astonishing sense of Right Valuations, an absolute genius for "leaving out." For the æsthetic value of suggestion has by none been so magnificently illustrated as by this exuberant yet highly restrained people. The European artists' tendency to detail—"space composition" with them generally meaning the crowding of every least corner of paper, panel or canvas—could be safe only in the hands of the very greatest—an Albrecht Dürer for example. To counterbalance such a tendency there was needed the influence of a people who could carry synthesis to the extreme, yet retain both clarity and grace. And thus have we come together, with much gained on both sides.

In the middle of the last century opened the



STAIR WINDOW

SANCHI OGAWA



## *Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa*

modern period for Japan—a genuine Renaissance period. The spiritual life of the nation at the accession of the late emperor was thrilling with energy and aspiration. How this new birth would have worked its way out if the national solitude of ages had remained unbroken, we shall never know, for it had been at this time already broken in upon by a strange and unrelated people—a large-nosed people, aggressive though not war-like, bringing with them an altogether exotic atmosphere whose single element was spelled: Progress. And Progress for this race meant things undreamed-of by the Japanese.

The visit of John Lafarge must have come as a very great event in the art history of Nippon. Undoubtedly he brought back more than he left behind him; and yet his name is at this day one for the Eastern *cognoscenti* to juggle with.

It cannot have been many years before Lafarge's sojourn there that Sanchi Ogawa was born, for the latter may still be called a young man. As an infant he looked out unknowingly into the very thick of the mighty conflict between "the two dragons"—Asiatic Ideals and European Science. Out of the conflict emerged for Japan a brand-new ideal, and it came furnished with a motto put into English by Okakura thus: "Life true to Self"—the key-note, he calls it, of the modern movement, which, while striving towards an ever deeper realization of the ancient soul of beauty, also seeks after a loving knowledge of the highest in Western art creations. Self, here, is capitalized by Okakura himself, and points to the larger consciousness whose fullness arrives only after it has touched sympathetically many other selves and been responsively touched by them.

Ogawa, who as a pupil in the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, Tokio, had come under the immediate influence of Okakura, must have felt this great fresh longing for the larger consciousness very strongly, for, after being graduated in 1896 from the Academy, where he studied water-colour painting in the Japanese style, and after teaching drawing in a Normal school in Kobe for a few years, he set forth in 1900 for the United States. He writes of himself: "I started my life in

America just as an adventurer because I had money scarcely enough to support my life only a few months, except travelling expenses from Yokohama to Chicago." Nevertheless he entered at once the Art Institute of Chicago, gaining his necessary living and tuition in ways undivulged, though easily guessed by anyone acquainted with the splendid mettle—made up of fortitude, "leg-over-leg" energy, first-class intelligence and utter lack of false pride—which enables so many of his friendless and penniless countrymen to keep at least the tops of their heads above water while working towards some high object. In the annals of commonplace valour—the more admirable because without glitter—nothing rings more cheerily than certain tales of Japanese immigrants that will never get written out.

Ogawa took a year in the Chicago Art School, attending the full course. At the end of this twelvemonth he was appointed to an important position under the Japanese government in the department of Agriculture and Commerce. As "official experimenter"—to use his own term—his duties consisted in observing the trade conditions of various industries, also their productions, and reporting thereon periodically to the government at home. For three years he held this post, meanwhile continuing his full art studies as during the previous year, taking but three afternoons a week the second year, and the evening classes alone the third. The entire course was in decorative design. A certain evening during his last year in Chicago, 1904, suddenly stands out as a very important—perhaps the most important—in Ogawa's life. His teacher assigned him a quite new task; to go to the Tiffany room in the Marshall Field Establishment and study the stained glass there in preparation for making a sketch for a window. He may have seen stained-glass before this; if so, none had ever attracted his attention strongly. What he now saw came as a flash of revelation—revelment of the possibilities of such an art when expressed in Japanese imagery, and of his own fitness to express it. This latter feeling was probably sub-conscious, since Ogawa is the very abstract of his race's modesty. But the incontinence with which he plunged headlong into the pursuit of his fresh

## *Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa*



DOOR PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

ideal shows how powerful must have been his self-faith. "My ambition became," he says, "to learn this sort of work at any cost." Something over a decade before, one of the students sent over to Europe by the government had brought back from Germany a knowledge of stained-glass manufacture. But the Japanese people were not ready for stained-glass, it being, Ogawa says, "out of their taste" at that time. With the change in social conditions consequent upon the Russo-Japanese war, Western architecture began to have vogue. Then was Unosawa remembered by the architects and interior decorators as the only man in the country who understood the—to them—new art, but too late for him, alas! He died shortly after. Ogawa natu-

rally bethought him of the clear field at home for such an artist as he intended to make of himself. Seven years and a half did he spend going about the United States, beginning with the St. Louis Fair, whose fine display of glass strengthened the already sprouting wings of his ambition; wherever he travelled, visiting every church or public building accessible, seeking worthy examples of illuminated windows. These he copied in water-colour with the closest care and with marvellous skill. It was in Cincinnati a year later, that he first realized his dream, getting a position as apprentice in the Artistic Glass Painting Company. The following year sees him in Dayton, Ohio, glazing, cementing, cutting, making sketches in the art-works there, in short,

## *Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa*



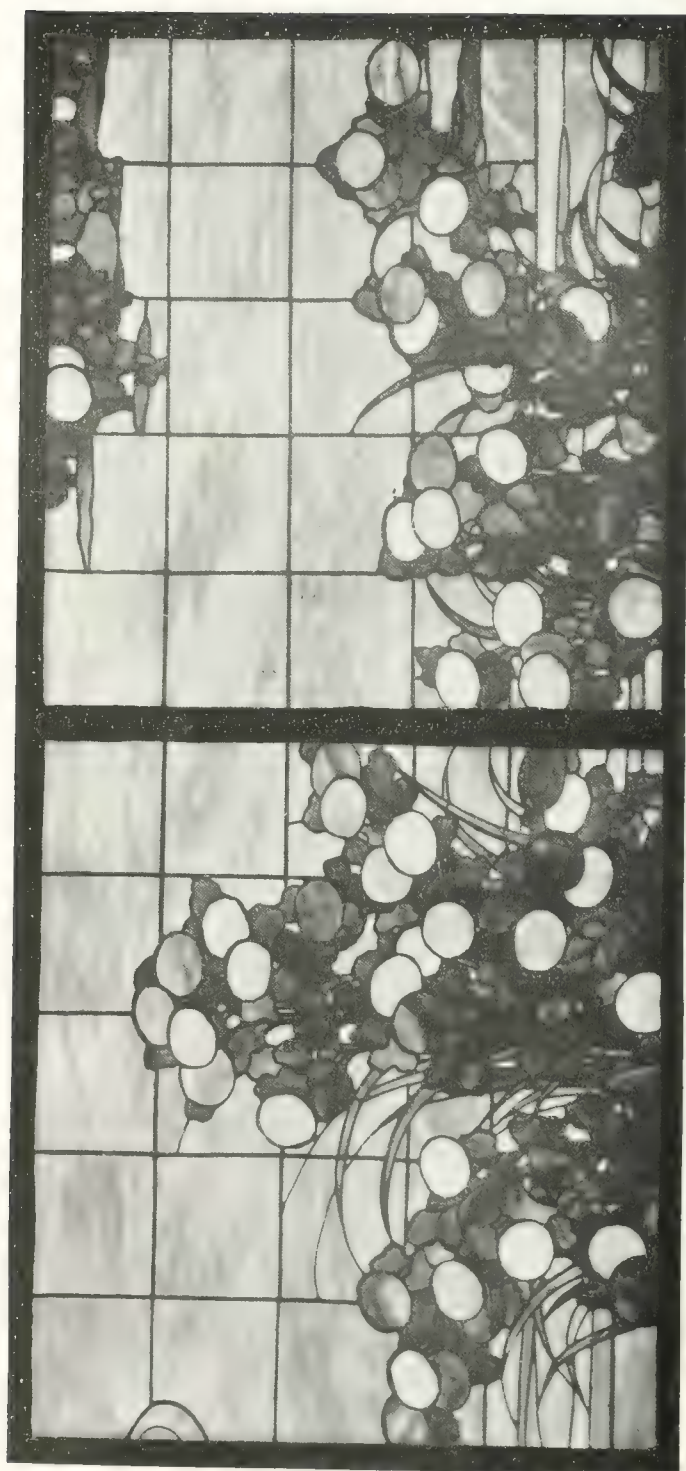
DOOR PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

learning the beautiful trade from the bottom up. Then, in 1907, more apprenticeship in Columbus, Ohio, in Pittsburgh, and last, in New York City. This covers the next two years, including a few months in Philadelphia. His work is very varied in all these places. At times we find him doing the lowest apprentice jobs in small shops, where, at least, he can pick up readiness of hand and all manner of practical ideas; again—as in the Gorham Manufacturing Company in New York—he does high-class cutting, colour-selection or glass-painting. Back to Pittsburgh he flies in 1909 and 1910, to practice glass-painting; returning to the Van Gerichten Art Glass Works in Columbus to do glazing and cutting “just for a living.” Last of all, he has drifted again

to St. Louis, where for eight months he is “practicing generally.” Presumably, the seven years and more have satisfied him; for he had vowed not to return home until he had learned all there was to learn if it took him a decade; and now, on the 14th of October, 1911, he sails for Yokohama, carrying in his portfolio copies and original sketches, and in himself undisclosed treasures of technical knowledge and skill and inspiration. This portfolio of his is worth preservation. Ogawa has a very clever touch with water-colour, using it in his copies of windows so as to reproduce the effect of the gorgeous hues, translucency and iridescence of the glass. His own original attempts at design made in this country are wholly individual; the few in which he frankly

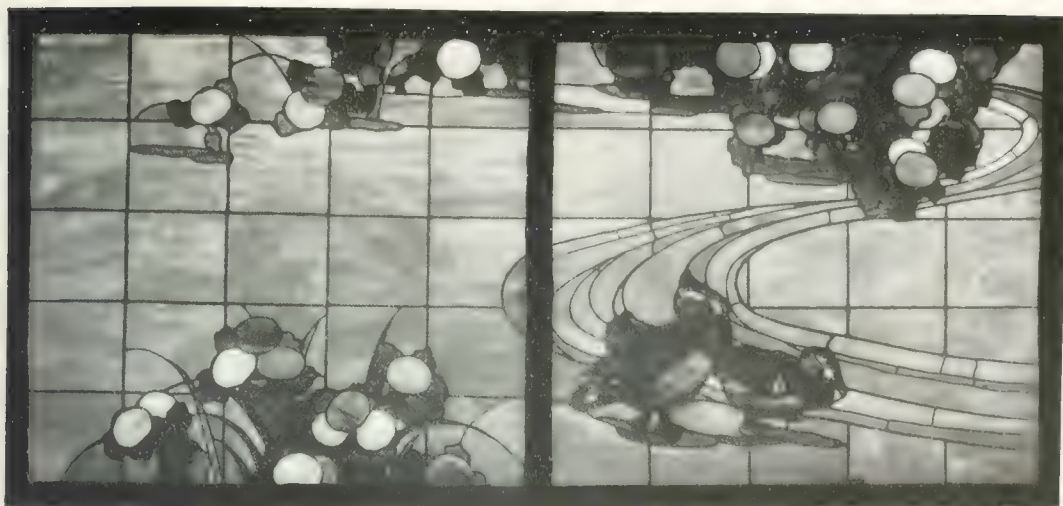




PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

## *Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa*



PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

imitated he has so suffused with racial and personal traits as to remind one of Coppée's lovely paradox: "*Qui pourrais-je imiter pour être original?*" In one of these latter instances he confessed to having "*thought of Rudisuhle.*" But without thought he has left the mark of Ogawa.

It is difficult for us of the West, to whom stained-glass has been always a familiar form of art, to appreciate the quality of the "new enthusiasm" aroused by a first acquaintance with it in the mind of this æsthetically sensitive and already highly trained Oriental. To attempt to introduce it into his own country would appear to have been somewhat of a risk. Its first introduction there was not, as before intimated, a success. And yet, unfamiliar and exotic—the ancient sort at least—the art of stained-glass has certain affinities, even on its most idiosyncratic side, with the native, unmodified art-works of Japan. Burne-Jones, writing of it, said: "It is a very limited art, and its limitations are its strength and compel simplicity; but one needs to forget that there are such things as pictures in considering a coloured window, whose excellency is more that of architecture to which it may be faithfully subservient."

"Its limitations are its strength and compel simplicity"—might not this have been written of the work of Hokkei, Hashimoto, Gaho, Hiroshige? It matters little that the European

window-makers suffered compulsion from the mechanical requirements of the architecture of the age-mediæval simplicity being a very ornate and gorgeous thing; whereas the simplicity of Japan is almost wholly the result of a national taste compelling the limitations which make the strength of her artists. In Hiroshige, or in that "Post Impressionist" of the seventeenth century—Korin—we find colour, line-composition, all reduced to the lowest terms—"A dream of suggestion, nothing more fixed,—but a suggestion of the Spirit, no'h-ing less noble." (Okakura.) Here we get at the core! Surely it does not matter; the differences count not here; the same spirit works in either case.

But Japan once could be gorgeous and ornate—in the old feudal days. Read Lafcadio Hearn's description of the military trappings of the old Samurai, in his paper on "Jiu-jutsu"; of Matsudaira Busen-no-Kami, the "War-beetle, all horns and Mandibles and menace despite its dazzlings of jewel-colour."

When we come to observe the stained-glass of Ogawa, we feel at the start a keen curiosity. Here a trained Oriental has with both deliberation and gusto chosen a distinctively Occidental form into which to pour his "criticism" of the World Beautiful. It is, we know in advance, a much more serious thing than any attempt on the part of his countrymen to substitute oil and canvas for water-

## *Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa*



SIDEBOARD PANELS

SANCHI OGAWA

colour and rice paper or silk. There were as many mechanical as artistic problems for him to solve, and on both the artistic and the mechanical sides he would meet with utter newness. Whom shall he "imitate," indeed, in order to be "original"? And will he be found to retain his native, idiomatic originality, while of necessity driven into imitation by the very demands of the form of art he has elected to employ? We should not be fair to Mr. Ogawa did we hesitate to admit that the hall-mark on his stained-glass designs, even though we have here to judge of them without the colour which must add unspeakably to the window effect, is that of Nippon and the Nipponese. This would be less remarkable were we not dealing with an artist who, as indicated above, is pouring very old wine into an entirely new bottle. Almost every technical tradition of the art in which he had been suckled and reared had to be ignored, forgotten, before he could execute, by wholly alien methods, work that can stand with the best of its kind in countries where this particular form of art is indigenous. That it can do so will be acknowledged by any one familiar with unmodified Japanese work, even in the little billiard-room window, where the actual house and

trees, the perspective and the composition, are all decidedly un-Japanese. One may strive long to analyse it in order to lay a pencil-point upon the thing which—I may be allowed the word—orientalizes the tiny landscape. Perhaps only expert critics could do this and perhaps they could not do it. It is nevertheless there, attested by a sign invisible yet plainly sensed. Again, in the exquisite sideboard panel we have only a grapevine with grapes—a universal subject, but in its unaffected treatment we perceive a curious blending of the universal with a special racial touch.

The peacock window, a "glass mosaic," is almost beyond praise or even comment; its beauty is overwhelming, even in black-and-white reproduction; its mere suggestions of colour and colour-harmonies are breath-taking. While marvelling at the singular foreground composition, one asks what the colour of those wonderful roses may be to blend with the peacock hues.

The two staircase windows were designed and executed under the supervision of Ogawa in his studio, where he is training artists in his beloved handicraft. Those who know Ogawa's work well, feel his touch in these beautiful windows, and are impressed with the





STAIR WINDOW

SANCHI OGAWA

## *Stained Glass in Japan: Sanchi Ogawa*



DOOR PANEL

SANCHI OGAWA

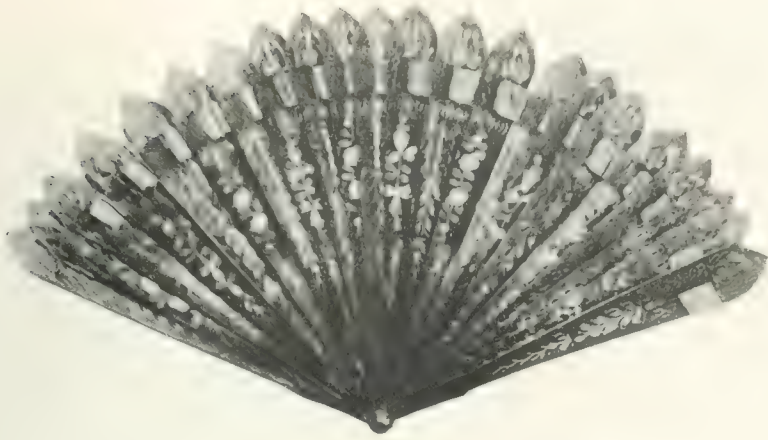
fine artistic stuff he has succeeded in drawing to him. The doors in a Japanese steamship, though executed in the Ogawa studio, were designed by a man in the dockyards at Nagasaki; the sliding-doors for a bathroom of the Imperial Palace, executed by Ogawa himself, were designed by an officer in the Architect's Bureau of the Department of the Imperial Household. A very large window—9 feet wide by 20 high—in the Library of Keio University is the work of Ogawa alone.

It has been said that few artists, however skilled in the technical demands of painting or drawing, know enough about glass-work to make successful designs for windows. Ogawa, already highly trained in the "bones and brush work," not to mention his gifts of the "spirit," had the wisdom and the patience to perfect himself in all, to the least detail, that goes

to the manufacture of such art-productions. It is quite evident from these specimens of the output of his studio that he is requiring the same thoroughness from his pupils.

This new art for Japan naturally allies itself with the introduction and adaptation of Western Architecture. Born of European mediævalism, and uttering its first lovely messages in terms of religious faith and theological superstition; transplanted to the "New World" and here modified to other than ecclesiastical uses, yet never quite successfully departing from the original formal standard; it is now, in an old world but recently made new and still thrilling with the wonderful renaissance, putting forth fresh fruits from the ancient root. Whatever manner of tree shall result, it is certain to be a growth of unparalleled freedom and beauty.

## *In a Mexican Pawn Shop*



No. 1

### **I**N A MEXICAN PAWN SHOP BY MARY WORRALL HUDSON

IN Mexico it is no disgrace to pawn one's dearest possessions: your watch, your lace handkerchief or your flat-iron. In Monte de Piedad, the National Pawn Shop, in the City of Mexico, one may find anything from jewels to tombstones. There are treasures of art and art monstrosities, embroidered priests' robes, drawn-work altar cloths, fine old goldsmiths' work and silver filagree, rare Chinese vases, Dresden shepherdesses, bronze and marble statuettes and brass candlesticks.

The long glass-covered case that interested me most when I visited Monte de Piedad was filled with antique fans. Mexican Senores and Senoritas, like the women of all Latin countries, are devoted to the fan. It is almost an essential article of miladi's toilette, and she is adept at manipulating it for graceful effect. She does not fan herself so much as she fans her fan, looks over it, blushes behind it, and emphasizes with it the many movements of her shapely hands and arms. She has learned that it is much easier to dispose of these members if they are occupied, especially with so beautiful an object as a fan.

I was strolling along the street in the romantic town of Cuernavaca one day when I saw an elderly woman, with a black lace mantilla over her head, come out of a church near by. My attention was particularly attracted to her

because she carried a fan and I had caught a glint of its rich colour as she folded it and tucked it beneath her lace. I determined to accost her and ask the privilege of examining her fan. "Ah! Madre de Dios!" she exclaimed. "Now I am caught! I know it is wicked to be comfortable in church, but it is so warm today. I took this little fan, and now I meet a stranger! It was the devil that tempted me."

Perhaps it was also the devil that tempted her to accept the price I offered, after she had made several amazing descents in its estimated value to herself. But if the senora of the lace mantilla started out with the express intention of selling her fan to an *extranjero* she accomplished her purpose to the stranger's entire satisfaction. Her fan is shown in No. 1.

It is made of horn, nine and a half inches in length, about the size that was much in vogue during the Empire, in France, but that was much later than the period of the horn fan. Fan lore says that horn as a material for sticks was used in the time of Henry the Eighth, and that horn fans were carried in that monarch's court. The specimen pictured looks as if it might have been borne by a fair lady even so long ago as that. Every other stick is perforated in its entire length, while the alternate ones have an unbroken space on which to paint the flowers. It is decorated on both sides, as were all antique fans. On one side the flowers are blue and on the other





Nos. 2 and 4



Nos. 3 and 5

## *In a Mexican Pawn Shop*

pink. I asked the lady of the lace mantilla if it were an heirloom, and she said: "O, dear no! I picked it up in the Thieves Market one day when I was in Mexico." "Mexico" always means in Mexico, the City of Mexico.

It has been my ambition to add as many rare fans to my collection as Queen Elizabeth left in her "Inventory," which was twenty-seven. In one of her portraits she is painted with a round feather fan in her hand. The feather fan seems to have been a favourite with portrait painters because of the skill required in showing the texture. But the folding fan, originally introduced from Japan, was the great favourite with ladies, then as now. Its changing form adds to its attractiveness, and the various materials used for the mounts medium upon which artists may display their skill.

A discriminating judge of fans once called attention to the fact that fans decorated with figures, landscapes, flowers and vines were more graceful than those that bore architectural designs, and I have never since wielded, or even looked at, a fan on whose delicate frame were pictured castles and cathedrals without thinking of the remark. Yet some of the rare old fans belonging to the famous collections of Europe show glimpses of massive architecture. Certainly, a fan artist would indicate by a suggestion only such features as towers and turrets. It was the graceful drawing of the Watteau and Le Brun designs that made those artists and others of the same schools so popular.

Nos. 2 and 3 represent the two sides of the same fan, both elaborately ornamented in the style of the best of old Spanish fans.

On the obverse, No. 2, the ivory sticks are almost covered with gold-leaf inlay, in a pattern of baskets of flowers, scrolls and medallions. Connecting these figures is a very delicate vine, perforated in the ivory and remaining white, forming a beautiful contrast to the surrounding gold. The guard-sticks are also inlaid with gold, with designs in small round settings of faceted crystal. The mount is of silk, and the obverse bears three medallions painted in oil. The central one contains three female figures, and the others one each. The spaces between the medallions are cov-

ered with a design worked out in cut steel sequins which have a most brilliant effect when in motion in artificial light. On the reverse, No. 2, the sticks are less elaborately inlaid with gold, and the silk mount is more elaborately painted. Seven figures are gracefully grouped in a garden in the centre, and there are landscape and waterscape glimpses, foliage and flowers. I indulged a hope at the time of purchasing the fan that this painting was signed, but a magnifying glass revealed only a twisted blade of grass.

No. 4 represents a fan made wholly of mother-of-pearl sticks ribboned together. The obverse is beautifully inlaid with gold that is as perfect and as bright as the day it was applied. I can only guess at the date of its manufacture, but it was probably a very old fan when it came into my possession twenty years ago. The sticks of this fan are translucent white pearl, different from the pearl sticks of the lace-mounted fan.

No. 5 is a fan that would be valued in any collection because of the delicacy of the carving of its old ivory sticks. The guard-sticks each show a Grecian figure, one a man and one a woman, in classic costume, gracefully posed against a perforated, vine-like background. The short sticks when slipped near together show a group of two Grecian figures, also a man and a woman, the latter bearing a flag. I have never been able to determine whether the mount is the famous "chicken skin" or not, as I have never seen a specimen of that material to know it, but it is different from all others in my collection. The painting shows a house with surrounding towers and walls and gateways, a stream of water, with hills in the distance, groups of trees, and a man and a dog in the foreground driving two cows, a goat and a sheep. The entire surface of the obverse is covered with the design of this landscape and its framing decorations of flowers and bands. The reverse has a narrow border and a central spray of flowers in gilt. This fan is eight and one-half inches in length and as light as a feather fan because of the thinness of the sticks.

The would-be collector of an article that is at once unique, beautiful, valuable and historically interesting may safely choose the fan.



## *Ghosts: The Exhibition of the New Society*



ELEANOR, JEAN AND ANNA

GEORGE BELLOW'S

### **G**HOSTS: THE EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY BY JAMES N. ROSENBERG

CRITICISM, by an unimportant painter, of the work of the important ones, is a task so delicate as almost to become indelicate. It may be excused only if the critic begins by pointing out that what he says is lacking wholly in authority and is probably prompted by a Freudian subconscious envy. What I have to say will be merely an expression of my personal reactions. If my comments get a number of very able painters angry enough to examine their own work with a fresh, inquiring eye, it may be of some use to have spoken—even if I am cut dead for the indiscretion of frankness.

To begin with, the Exhibition of the New Society of Artists is a significant affair in the world of art. For the exhibitors, if yesterday's rebels, are today's professional leaders. What, then, in the large, is the essence of this representative show? Ghosts are speaking, it seems to me. Ghosts of France. Shades of Manet, Mcneé, Cézanne, Renoir and a dozen lesser men lurk cynically on these American walls.

Take Bellows, fairly a leader in American art—a man, in potentiality, at least, great. How about his important canvas? To me it seems to say: "Look at me; admit what a damned able picture I am—fully the equal of Manet." That is the way it hit me; and what a pity, if, as I hope is not the case, I am right. The younger Bellows did a picture called



WINGED VICTORY

GARI MELCHERS

## *Ghosts: The Exhibition of the New Society*

*Forty-three Kids*, or something of the sort. Boys on the beach. Rollicking. A vital young painter's response to surging American boyhood. A little too close to illustration, maybe. But immensely living. When I see the Bellows of the present show, I long for the Bellows who can achieve the enormous capabilities within him of being a great American artist instead of being an almost great French artist. But ghosts hover around him.

I turn to McFee. What power in his brush. Yet is he, I ask, to be congratulated for submerging McFee in the ghost of Cézanne.

Then there is Sterner with his facile brush. But is this an authentic Sterner? I wish he would forget Puvis de Chauvane.

Speicher? What a disappointment. Speicher knows I mean it when I say that I consider him the biggest portrait painter in this country. Speicher painted the biggest man I have ever known—and painted a portrait commensurate with the man, a portrait not only superb in colour, arrangement, drawing, handling of masses, distinction, earnestness, but a painting that reveals the inner man he painted. But the Speicher of this exhibition is preoccupied, not in the substance and spirit, but in fourth dimensions, technique, Renoir's palette. Blind though I may be, I cannot but feel convinced that Speicher is off the track. His uncompromising sincerity, his balance will bring him through. But today, somehow, he is shooting at a wrong mark. He is not solely Speicher. Ghosts are meddling with his brush.

I started to say that in Sloan, the illustrator defeats the artist. I was wrong. A second view showed a sort of fine, honest, humble attitude in Sloan's contributions. They smack of nature, not of the studio. They are worth while.

Kroll's large picture is marred by a vision which reaches the edge of the canvas. Nothing is left to the spectator but to marvel at his technique. Kroll has done things of value. What wouldn't I give to be able to paint like Kroll just so that I might never paint so skilful, Renoirish and uninteresting a picture.

Luks strikes a refreshing note. His *Flapper* is one of Fitzgerald's flappers. Luks had his tongue in his cheek when he painted this acute, ironic canvas. But can't a big man like Luks

do something better than obvious satire? Still, I ought not to complain. The picture is a Luks. It's not anybody else.

Melcher's idyllic pictures of maternity—sensitive poetic things—are superseded by a large canvas which evoked the enthusiasm of my unsophisticated companion. When I inquired for the reason of his rapture, I learned that it was the wallpaper. It was painted so that it looked absolutely like real wallpaper, he declared with gusto. It is cruel to mention this. I apologize. But why not try to re-invoke Melcher, the poet?

Frieseke is pallid; he has nothing new to say; a man has got to sing new songs, you know.

I paused at Hassam's shy little early canvas of years ago. What a relief. No trumpets here. No assertion of importance. That is its significance in this forest of terribly important pictures.

Henri's two canvases are irresistibly clever. But he has reduced the thing to a recipe. He says it all immensely well, but what is it that he has to say?

I looked at the water-colours. Those of MacKnight and Lever are a gay, fresh, spontaneous note. Buoyant, alive. MacKnight indeed is one of the vital moments in this show. And I must mention Lever's two oils. Here is a man going his own way. He has taken from France and England what he chose. But he is not a slave of tradition or technique. There is a real personality in his canvases. When he experiments, it is Lever, not Renoir, who mixes the paints.

Separated from all the rest of the painters, quite alone, stands Rockwell Kent. Here is a really large vision, a stripping of things to the bone of the essential. The work of a man who is alive and sensitive, as every painter must be, to the methods of others, but who, none the less, is simply and only and nothing but Rockwell Kent. This insistence on the inviolability of self is, I believe, the final measure of enduring value in all art. Without it, the rest is nothing.

But I have forgotten to mention the sculpture. *Woman*, by LaChaise, though stylized to the nth degree, is a thriller, a superb and great piece of work. Sterne's *Portrait Bust* is a dignified, fine, big thing.



## *The American Exhibition*

And now, how about this exhibition in its totality?

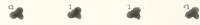
It is always safe for the critic to lug in old Aristotle. So I do not apologize for quoting his declaration that, "Art is the expression of the general through the particular." There is much meat in all that Aristotle says; no finer kernel, though, than this familiar axiom.

The artist must generalize somehow from the life that surrounds him. Apply this to the Renaissance. The Church; the Holy Virgin, Christ, the crucifixion, were a vital glow, and it was from that permeating influence that the artist drew his material and inspiration. On what have the American artists drawn? Upon the Interchurch report of the Steel Corporation or the tragic grandeur of the strife it depicts? I hear the exhibitors scoffing at me. What has art to do with such matters? Nothing, perhaps. Yet it seems to me that American art shrinks from contact with American life. And I wonder whether such an art can be vital. I do not minimize the creative imagination, the pastoral or the lyrical note, the value of fancy or poetic vision. I do not forget that sheer abstraction may be

beautiful; that art is far more than a mere thing of subject matter.

But, none the less, art is not an escape from, but an approach to, life. And this gigantic life of capitalism, of the machine that has become a Frankenstein, has it nothing for art? Vast furnaces with plumes of saffron smoke; naked men sweating at the forge; turbines, motors, engines, power, water-falls, vessels in the harbour, dock-hands, sweat shops, cabarets, midnight follies, politicians, towering buildings lost in steam, crowds on city streets; grain elevators, wharves, battle ships—is there no food in these for art? Yet the American painter turns his back on stuff of such a sort, seeks refuge at Woodstock or Gloucester and buries himself in Cézanne. He is aping, not making tradition. He is in leading strings. He lives in a house of bondage. With what contempt he looks upon the old Hudson River school men who painted every leaf on every tree. Yet they played their own game, it seems to me, and no other game counts.

And where—where is Davies?



### THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION BY EVELYN MARIE STUART

THE present exhibition at the Art Institute is, without doubt, one of the most beautifully arranged shows which Chicago has ever witnessed. But granting that it is well chosen and wonderfully presented, is it an exhibition of American Art? We incline to think otherwise.

One feels that the jury of selection must have been swayed unduly by the rising generation and its inclination toward the new, the smart, and the radical; for while this is a lovely, graceful, vivacious showing, one carries away from it little impression of great thought or intense feeling.

The major prize awards are indicative of the spirit of the occasion, for they have been bestowed upon well constructed but some-

what petty or pretty performances. George Luks's portrait of Otis Skinner, in his costume from "The Honour of the Family," which was awarded the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan medal and purse of \$1,500, though faultless technically, cannot be regarded as a serious work of art. It is even a bit illustrative and would make a most excellent lobby display or poster.

As to the Frieske which won the Potter Palmer prize of \$1,000 and the William R. French Medal of the Art Institute Alumni, it, too, inclines toward the trivial, though exceedingly lovely and scientifically handled.

Other notable portraits and figure pieces, which might have merited consideration, are Louis Betts' portrait of James B. Forgan; Oliver Dennett Grover's portrait of John C. Johansen; Louise Lyon Heustis' canvas entitled *A Peaceful Old Age*, and Charles Hopkins' portrait of Dr. Watson.



OTIS SKINNER IN  
THE HONOUR OF THE FAMILY

G. B.  
LUKS



NIGHT—AN  
ABSTRACTION

C. R. W.  
NEVINSON



## Words



CORNISH LANDSCAPE

C. R. W. NEVINSON

## WORDS . . . WORDS AN EDITORIAL

OF the innumerable exhibitions which I visited this month, the one which made most impression was that of C. R. W. Nevinson at the Bourgeois Galleries. Having seen Nevinson's exhibition in London last winter, and knowing that the finest paintings there shown have been sold, I entered the Bourgeois Galleries with some misgivings. I was afraid that, like so many European painters, he was bringing over only the sweepings for American consumption. Happily, my fears were unfounded. Many indeed of the pictures which had given me most pleasure a year ago are here missing, but others have taken their place and the addition of earlier works makes the exhibition even more representative of Nevinson's development.

Like most modern artists, Nevinson started out with a great many beliefs and disbeliefs. His Chronology, which appears, helpfully, in

the first pages of his catalogue, tells us that his first picture to be shown (at the Friday Club in 1911) was painted while under the spell of Monet. In the same year he appears in Paris as a Neo-Primitive. A year later he sees life through the eyes of Cézanne. In 1913 he is a Futurist. In 1914 a soldier. And in 1916, I am tempted to say, an artist. For, as Nevinson himself preaches in these days of comparative wisdom, art commences where labels, and all the self-consciousness that labels imply, end. What then is Nevinson's creed today? That too is printed in the catalogue. It begins: "I wish to be dis-associated from every possible clique, school, ist, ism. . . . I aim at creating paintings which shall be a vital magnetic force, in which "Beauty" or "Ugliness" is subordinated. . . . Technique, accomplishment, and again accomplishment, I aim at, so that they may become second nature. . . ."

Sane, almost trite, but what follows is startling in the mouth of a young, fire-eating modern, at once Impressionist, Neo-Primitive, Futurist, and none of the three.



NEW YORK

C. R. W. NEVINSON

"Originality is and always has been unknown in art. So-called originality is a result of the influences of contemporary art and a tradition of the past, plus individual shortcomings, tastes, selections and reactions."

Of course I have quoted the mild, explanatory passages; there are others drafted with intent to alarm. That is Nevinson's way. It is typical of him that he has chosen to crown his exhibition with the portrait of a madman, so that, as he explained to me, he can point it out to any more than usually tiresome visitor as his masterpiece. Yet there is history back of that horrible *Madman*. For months during the War Nevinson was in charge of a ward of lunatics, of whom that hideous dribbling head was the leading light. So with

Nevinson's other contortions. It is his delight to hide his essential sanity under a mask of madness.

Nevinson's exhibition is interesting not only for itself, but also for the answer which it gives to those doubters who ask: "But is there any meaning in Futurism?" Futurism and all the other isms are merely the stressing of some formal element that has been in the great art of all time, but had come temporarily to be neglected. In Nevinson's work is depicted the passage through the isms to art. In the three illustrations traces of the old influences may be noticed, but in each the influence is subordinated to design, is merged in treatment. There are futuristic influences in *Night* and *New York*, but the subject is no longer treated

## Words

as an essay in futurist design. They are New York. Still less can *Hampstead Heath* be attributed to any one influence. It is "'Appy 'Ampstead," the cockney lovers' Paradise.

This pagan picture was the outstanding feature of the last London exhibition and was there sold. I had wished to reproduce it here, both for its own intrinsic excellence and because it provides the key to that extremely unpleasant canvas, *The Lovers*, but my stenographer was shocked. *The Lovers* was the first to be painted, and represents the couple in the foreground of "Hampstead Heath" almost life-size, with the wooded background almost shut out. Nevinson was dissatisfied with this, and so came to paint *Hampstead Heath*. *Hampstead Heath* is a pagan idyll. The intentional brutality in the painting of the loving couples is justified in the treatment of the landscape. A tinge of brutality was necessary to save it from over-sweetness. But in *The Lovers* the brutality is unrelieved, indeed the horrible doubt crosses one's mind whether it is really brutal. The figures are too limp.

This tinge of brutality is in many ways one of Nevinson's most valuable characteristics. It lends firmness to his line. His pictures never lack form. Look at the road in *Cornish Landscape*, or the Elevated track in *New York*. Quite dissimilar, there is in each the same brutal strength which lends to the former its significance, and to the later that feeling of terror which many of Nevinson's pictures inspire. Yet for all his brutality Nevinson is seldom cruel. If he laughs somewhat loudly in the *Portrait of a Modern Actress*, it is only in *Success*, that extraordinary picture of the couple in their opera box, that his cruelty really hurts.

In *Pan and Night* it is interesting to notice how, without softening the hard contours, he can by a balance of lights achieve an almost lyrical note.

It is these last two pictures and the *Cornish Landscape* that, it seems to me, point the road down which Nevinson is progressing. Already he has command of form and light. Ideas he has in plenty. It requires only a richer palette and perhaps a richer, more mellow mind, to transform his exhibitions from a stimulating to a satisfying experience.

The Exhibition of Modern American Etchings at the Montross Galleries introduced me to several men whom I had known only as painters. Hayley Lever showed several Gloucester Prints. He is feeling his way at present, but at least he does not overcrowd. Eugene Higgins is either a genius or . . . I want to see more. One of his farm scenes is excellent. Hayes Miller seems always to be not quite. And, of course, Arthur B. Davies. Spend an hour before one of his later etchings (how long has he been etching?) and you will know something about design. But of course Davies must have a number to himself. That is a promise.

The Touchstone Gallery deserves a visit. Here the great men are seen in their lighter moods, throwing off little pencil sketches. One sometimes wishes they would paint as they sketch. The portrait by Helen Peale, reproduced on page LXVIII is an excellent example of what is being done by those not in the limelight. Miss Peale's work is tending towards the elimination of the inessential. Drawing is giving place to modelling, representation to expression.

THE following books have been sent me for review, unfortunately too late for inclusion in the present issue:

ENGLISH PAGEANTRY. An Historical Outline. Vol. II. By Robert Withington. Harvard University Press.

THE MEDALLIC PORTRAITS OF CHRIST. By G. F. Hill. Oxford. The Clarendon Press. Three lectures: The Medallion Portraits of Christ; The False Shekels; The Thirty Pieces of Silver.

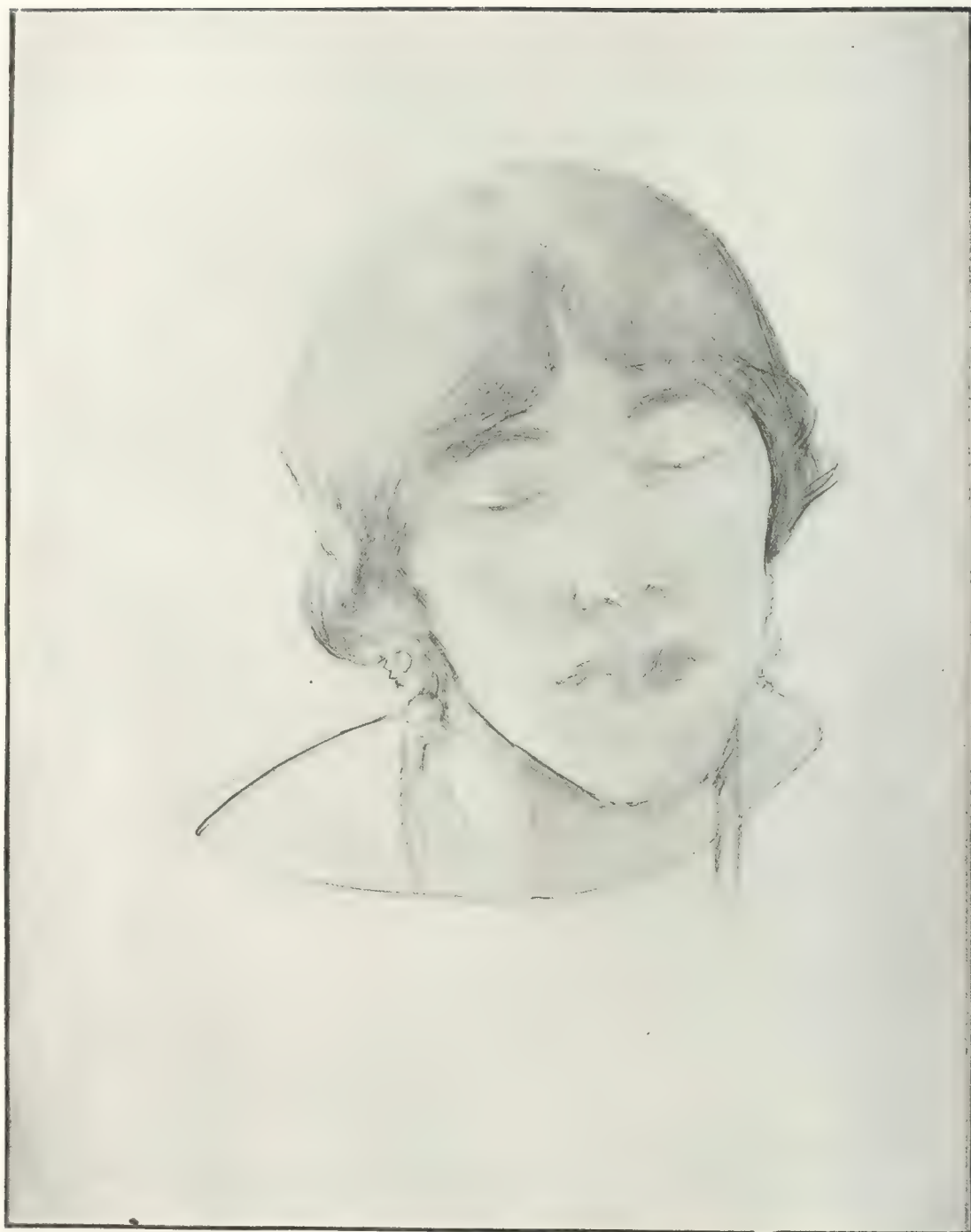
WALTER GAY. PAINTINGS OF FRENCH INTERIORS. Critical essay by A. E. Gallatin. Edition limited to 950 copies. E. P. Dutton & Co.

MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME. Vol. III. New York. University Press Association.

BOOK PLATES BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R. A. J. B. Lippincott Co. See Review page 163.

HELLENISTIC SCULPTURE. By Guy Dickins, M.A., with a Preface by Percy Gardner, Litt.D., F.B.A. Oxford. At the Clarendon Press.





RATAN DEVI

HELEN PEALE

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JOHN H. TWACHTMAN  
BY CAROLYN C. MASE

THERE died in Gloucester, Mass., in the summer of 1902, one of the greatest painters that America has ever produced—in truth, one of the great painters of all time—John H. Twachtman. He was classed among the Impressionists, but in reality he was independent of any school. He painted far ahead of his time, so far that the general public was vastly ignorant of his greatness, the dealers did not know Art well enough to buy, and only a few painters themselves as well as critics can say, "I saw him, knew him, and named a star."

To this day, years since his death, much of that ignorance continues. As yet, no one has attempted to give the world any adequate conception of his wonderful genius, his charm of personality, and his honesty and devotion to his work.

True, at the time of his death, some of the painters,—of distinction themselves,—did write an appreciation, published at the time in the *North American Review*. These men were Blashfield, Simmons, Reid, Hassam and Weir; and they one and all placed him in the front rank of painters. Also at that time, Charles H. Caffin, the well-known Art critic, pronounced him "the most spiritual painter that America has ever produced."

In a spirit of curiosity one day I turned the leaves of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, edition

of 1911, and failed to find even the name of Twachtman. Whistler was there, and other American painters, who had died later, but no mention of him. And then I was impelled to go to the book shelves, and take down a History of American Painting, in two volumes, and there I did find mention of him. It read in this wise: "John H. Twachtman, A Munich painter. Born in Cincinnati." An epithet awful enough to make Mr. Twachtman turn in his grave.

At a sort of indignation meeting held just before we went into the late war, Childe Hassam who was one of the speakers declared that some one should write a book on "Johnny Twachtman." He should have such an appreciation, we all agreed, with a reproduction of his works. Whistler had had it, and Cézanne has two fine books, but for all these years no life of Twachtman has been given to the American public. "I wonder why it is?" said one of the indignant ones, and again Mr. Hassam spoke up and said: "Twachtman himself answered that question when he spoke before the Art Institute in Chicago. He said, 'You are studying Art here now, and some day some of you will become painters, and a few of you will do distinguished work, and then the American public will turn you down for second and third rate foreign painters.'"

This, unfortunately, has been true of the American attitude towards the best American art, with an exception or two. Let us hope now, since New York has become the clearing house for Art, that America will at last take

## John H. Twachtman

the French attitude towards Art and that of her own painters, and give them at least an equal show with the mediocrity flooding our country from other lands.

During the last winter of Mr. Twachtman's life, while his family were stopping in France, he came to his old artistic haunt, the Holley House, Cos Cob, Conn. It was my privilege to be there also, that winter, with two or three other painters, who, knowing the artistic qualities of the surroundings, were also there for painting purposes. I had studied with Mr. Twachtman and was a friend of himself and family, but during that winter I had a new insight into his absolute honesty towards Art, his devotion to his ideals, his love for Nature, and the wide grasp of his knowledge.

Three pictures—word pictures—will tell you better than in any other way how he was never far away from his obsession for his work.

The first picture was that of one beautiful, snowy morning. He came into the breakfast room of the Holley House with a rush, a vigour, bringing with him a sense of good fellowship with the world. He had on a white sweater which he much affected. "Hurry," he said to the maid, "and bring me—well, a half dozen eggs, a rasher or two of bacon, several cups of coffee, and a dozen or so cakes. I am hungry!" And as the smiling but puzzled maid went out to fill his order, he sauntered towards the window, and stood silent there for a few moments. Turning he said, "But Nature is fine this morning!" and went out of the room. The maid brought in his breakfast and set it down. It grew cold, and somebody went to find Mr. Twachtman. They found him standing outside in the snow, painting like mad, utterly forgetful of the breakfast, ordered but never eaten. He was not making a "human camera" of himself, as the Moderns accuse the Impressionists of doing, but he was painting under the stress of the emotion produced by the sight of his beautiful Mother Nature that morning, and the result was one of the wonderful snow canvases for which he is now so justly famous. An overpowering emotion acting on the temperament of a genius.

The second picture—In the afternoon, when it was quite a daily occurrence for the painters to walk over the hills about that part of

the country, "Johnny" would swing along, his eyes eagerly worming the hidden beauty out of the landscape—his thoughts never off "Nature." Even in the midst of some of his most fanciful sayings, or interrupting a joke, or breaking into a witticism, he would stop and point out some beauty of line, some harmony of colour which had escaped the others. He and Nature understood each other. He was always speaking of the aristocratic moods of Nature, when she was high above the comprehension of the masses. He might have been a Prince of the Royal House of Nature, he so hated a bourgeois conception and handling of her beauty.

And the third picture—In the evening, when everybody ventured at least one art opinion, Mr. Twachtman would sit near the wood fire, his head thrown against a chair back, and a fresh canvas—the result of the day's work, or a part of it—placed across the room where he could look at it. After a long time of thought, he would sometimes say, "Give me a criticism, say something nice about that!" and if in a spirit of mischief, or perhaps earnestly, we did as he requested, he always took it in a spirit of humility that astonished. Then the talk would always drift to Art, for he was bubbling over with it, and he dominated the conversation, as great men do. He could no more help talking of Art—I do not mean shop talk—than he could help talking, and he was rarely silent when with people—appreciative people. And he would touch on literature more than occasionally. He loved poetry, and Heine was easily his favourite. Music, too, was a passion with him. I remember well one evening he asked me to play a part of a symphony. I promptly refused. He urged it, and finally threw out a bait. "If you will play that symphony, I will write you a letter on art." Of course I began to play, and during the performance I could watch him scribbling away while he listened. When I finished I said, "My part of the bargain is finished, now about yours." He handed me a sheet of paper, on which was written among other things, "The world has given us three beautiful things—a beautiful child, a beautiful woman, and a beautiful landscape; but on second thought, I would reverse that—a beautiful landscape



## *John H. Twachtman*

comes first." I read the letter aloud, amid exclamations of pleasure from the rest of the household. He seemed rather abashed at its reception. "Give it back," he said. "No, indeed, I worked hard for this—it is mine." At last he begged to have it back to correct it, and with ridiculous confidence, I handed it over to him. It went instantly into his pocket, and no entreaty could make him give it up. He flaunted it too in our faces every day. He had only promised to "write it," he said.

He talked often that winter of Velasquez—of his mastery of planes, of his colour. He seemed more impressed with Velasquez than with any other of the old Masters.

How he painted that winter—with what vigour! It was as if some unseen prompter stood beside him and whispered, "Do your best, for this is your last winter." And in the Spring, when the lilac buds came—"Another spring, with its tender lilac buds will never come again." And at least one of those spring canvases showed the touch of the unseen hand on his, hastening him on, it was so wonderful an impression—a single impression, no time for details. Done before the emotion of sadness which had produced it gave place to gladness and joy of spring.

John Twachtman was born in Cincinnati. His parents were Germans, coming from Hanover. And they came here to be free of the German curse—tyranny. They were farmers of some importance, small landed proprietors. His mother, so Mr. Twachtman told me, was a woman of great shrewdness, of remarkable intelligence; and he was said to be distinctly more like her, than like his Father. How he came to paint, he told us himself in one of those Twachtmanesque, picturesque talks one evening at the Holley House. It was his father who first put the idea in his head. He, the father, worked in a window shade factory, where were made the old fashioned window shades with centre pieces of fruit, flowers, or landscapes. And he set his son studies to paint during the noon day rest.

When John Twachtman went to work for himself, he always carried his entire weekly wages home to his mother, which she thriftily put away, and which money, later on, carried

him to Europe, and supplied him with necessities during his Munich days.

He persisted in studying Art, and give up everything in order to do this, studying in the night school at the Mechanics Institute, and later at the Cincinnati School of Design. He there came under the influence of Mr. Duveneck, and studied with him, and it was Duveneck who persuaded the family to allow him to go to Munich—the then Mecca of American artists—to study.

He went over with Mr. Duveneck, studied two years in Munich, and a third year in Venice. Once I recollect his showing me a brownish-black water colour, reeking with all the colours that Nature does not show. "That," he said with a chuckle, "is sunny Venice, done under the influence of the Munich School."

He came home, married, and went again to Europe. He worked very hard at the Julian school, under Boulanger and LeFevre, when the Julian was at its height. LeFevre used to invite his most promising pupils to his private studio on Sunday mornings to talk painting, and to see any of their work done outside the school. It was a stimulus and a pleasure to him to receive this recognition of his work, done on his own initiative.

The third time that he was in Europe he came directly under the influence of the French Impressionists. And this time when he returned he had a splendid lot of canvases to bring home with him, but alas! The ship went down.

Times were discouraging. American Art—as he understood it—was little appreciated, and Mrs. Twachtman's father, a physician and a writer, suggested that if Art were no good, perhaps raising cows might go. They began raising cows on some place in which he had an interest. At that time, out of a clear sky, Mr. Twachtman had an offer to paint on one of those cycloramas which were much in vogue at the time. It required a good deal of knowledge, and paid remarkably well, and strange to say, I have heard that both he and Mr. Arthur Davies painted on the same cyclorama. The makeshifts of our great men for their bread and butter are amusing—to all but themselves!

## John H. Twachtman

Finally he brought up as an instructor in the Art League—and truly no instructor was ever more popular. Twachtman's pupils, almost to a unit scattered over the world, always think and speak of him with absolute Art reverence and devotion. There was a personal charm in the man, as great as there was in Whistler. He was not a master of repartee, as was With the eternal boy in him was some of the great. In his everyday life he was surrounded with as much light and atmosphere as were his own pictures. He was a keen observer of people—knew their foibles, their idiosyncracies. With the eternal boy in him, was some of the mischief of the boy. He loved to stir up the fads of people, and one day, on his way to the dining room at the Holley House, and knowing well the people, he said, "You say so-and-so, and I will say so-and-so, and in two minutes we will have a row on." And in two minutes they did have a row on.

He had a fine sense of humour. Only once can I recollect that it failed him, even in connection with himself. In the nineties, before I studied Art, I had seen a beautiful snow picture by him called *The Brook in Midwinter*. A most impressionistic thing, in the days when Impressionism was stirring up much wrath and comment. One could only feel the brook under the snow, and only the people who never looked beneath the surface could fail to see in the picture the fact that the first sun would bring it into full showing. A young woman came into the gallery, towing evidently an unwilling brother. She enthused—he balked. He also refused to admire. At last, after some talk on her part, he took up the catalogue and read, "*Brook in Midwinter*, John H. Twachtman, \$500."

"Produce that brook," he said to his sister, "and I will pay you five hundred." I thought it as funny as anything I ever overheard, and at the first opportunity I told Mr. Twachtman. He was thoughtful for a long time, and then he said, "It only teaches one that he should be careful in naming his pictures."

But he compensated for this in the story of his visit to Chicago, to speak before the Art Institute, when both he and Anders Zorn had an exhibition on. Zorn was sweeping over the country like tight skirts, or spats, or any

other fashion. He was the man of the hour there. "Have you seen the Zorns?" Mr. Twachtman was asked times without number. "You *must* see the Zorns, greatest exhibition ever in Chicago! Fine show. Everybody should see it, and you, being a painter"—suddenly recognizing that he might be saying something not quite tactful—"would be much interested." At last Mr. Twachtman intimated that he, too, had an exhibition there. "Have you seen it?" he demanded of his host, who, after backing for a time, declared that he had had no time. "But the Zorns!" Mr. Twachtman told it with great zest.

He was inconsistent in details, but consistent about big things. For instance, for months he harangued against the elm trees, and then he discovered that they were the most beautiful of trees. He was swayed by his moods, his emotions. One day a thing appealed to him, the next day it bored him. One day his talk was spiritual—you looked for the halo. The next day you laughed at yourself for the feeling. But the steady strong convictions which were his towards his work never varied—never even by a hair's breadth.

During those years when he was teaching at the League he was also turning out wonderful canvases. Many of them were done at his beautiful home near Greenwich, Conn. He had a very decided conviction that you painted best where you knew Nature's moods, and most loved her. And though he painted some fine canvases at Gloucester, three or so of Niagara, a few of the Grand Canyon, some wonderful things at Cos Cob, Conn.,—still, perhaps, his very best were done about his own place and brook. One of these, now, I think, in the collection of Mr. Gellatly—*The Hemlock Pool*—he himself thought one of his best. Perhaps the reader may have seen it in the International Exhibition of 1913, where it shone like a great planet.

And one which I saw at the Montross Gallery with Mrs. Twachtman a few years back—in 1915, I think—was one of the most beautiful of his canvases, a snow canvas, the luxuriance, the radiance of which it is not possible to describe. This was done at his own place, at his own brook, and his son, Alden Weir Twachtman, a painter himself, told me that

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his father said he "sweat blood" over that canvas. It took it out of him—and out of his genius, that wonder-world canvas of snow!

But John Twachtman was not alone a landscape painter. To quote Mr. Hassam again—and there is no better judge—the figure picture of the Mother and Child, which was purchased in San Francisco, would alone place him among the master figure painters.

And when one comes to his pastels, one holds one's breath for fear of breathing them away. So tender—so exquisite—so spiritual in their handling!

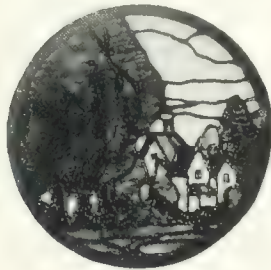
Though the American public, as a mass, has not recognized Twachtman's greatness, some of the museums are just beginning to give him the place he deserves—pre-eminently Cincinnati. Washington has several pictures. Boston has one, or had not long ago. I heard one very big painter say that it was the finest landscape in the Boston Museum. Yale has a fine one—Worcester another, and the great Metropolitan one—and only one, and that one the gift of Mr. Hearn, and until lately skied.

Nature spoke to Twachtman as she has spoken to but few from the beginning. He

won her confidence, and she told him her innermost secrets. He never told them, never could tell them in words—only through his works. It was a spiritual communion. He must have realized this, and yet the fact that he was never appreciated failed to make him jealous of others. He was always helpful, glad of their success if they deserved it, and at the last of his life his opinion on Art became the final word to many.

And during those last years when he was painting canvas on canvas, which those who saw knew were destined for everlasting fame—but which he could not persuade the American public to buy—only once during all this time did I ever hear him utter words of complete discouragement. It was the year before he died. He said, "Do you know that I have exhibited eighty-five pictures this year, and have not sold one?"

In speaking of this to Mrs. Twachtman one day, she said, "It was not all discouragement. Only the last letter Mr. Twachtman wrote me before his death held these words, 'I feel encouraged—Like Heine (his beloved Heine) I see the laurel climbing to my window!'"







BROOKLYN BRIDGE

J. H. TWACHTMAN

## *The Art of John Twachtman*



GLoucester Harbour

J. H. TWACHTMAN

### THE ART OF JOHN TWACHTMAN BY ELLIOT CLARK

THE painting of John Twachtman may be classified in three periods, in each of which we observe a radically different style. One does not grow out of the other; it is rather the reaction from the other. But each manner is thoroughly consistent within itself, and is imbued with the direct impulse, intention and intensity of the painter. We never feel at any time with Twachtman that uncertainty or confusion of purpose and that technical solecism which is its result.

The early work is dominated by the Munich influence. The contrast of light and dark is exaggerated, the colour is subdued, in variations of browns and black, the paint is applied heavily and with an unctuous fatty quality due to a free use of varnish. But the brushwork is always vigorous, impulsive, spontaneous, direct. The subject matter includes many

studies made abroad in '76-78 in Southern Germany and Italy. Some of the happiest results are of harbours and shipping, subjects in which there is no extended perspective, wherein the objects lend themselves to direct treatment. It is to be noted even at this early time that Twachtman's pictures are derived from direct experience. There is never an endeavour to make his subject poetically picturesque, or to embellish through added details and associations, the particular aspect of a place. His pictures always have, therefore, local character. Twachtman had a very happy faculty of arrangement without seeming or studied effort, the effect of which was to heighten and strengthen the salient characteristics of the subject, and to give it a significance singular to itself. The pictures of this period are mostly small in size and intimate in conception. The spectator shares with the painter the exhilaration of the moment, the feeling that each motive is a new discovery. Thus in his little picture of Brooklyn Bridge

## *The Art of John Twachtman*

Twachtman has revealed the pictorial possibilities of modern mechanical construction, and a theme which might so temptingly have been used to parade the great engineering achievement of the New World and display with pride its imposing grandeur, Twachtman treats casually, with a sense of familiarity and with a discerning understanding of its æsthetic possibilities. Nevertheless it is vividly graphic and descriptive. Likewise in his harbour picture dated "N. Y. '79" the painter surprises his subject unaware, so to speak, and has through his manner of arrangement and method of treatment expressed most vividly the significant elements of the subject. He has very happily contrived forms which are æsthetically interesting and stimulating and at the same time are made to express most intensely the purely graphic and descriptive elements of the subject. We note that each subject is given its particular pictorial interpretation and is not made to fit into an accepted convention or a prearranged scheme. Thus we may note the varied compositional themes in *Nutting*, with its splendid decorative and descriptive silhouette, *Italian Landscape* dated Venice '78, *Coney Island* with its unusually effective spacing, and many other examples which show the active observation and keen descriptive insight of the painter.

The second period we may associate with France and Holland where Twachtman painted in the early eighties, and the later echoes of this foreign experience. In contrast to the Munich influence of unctuous impasto and powerful brushing, the work of this period is characterized by delicate technique, a close study of relative values, simplification of forms and a cool gray palette. The canvas is a fine French linen, the pigment is applied thinly, but with technical directness and sure but sympathetic touch. Many of the motives introduce water, showing scenes along the Seine, or the waterways of Holland. There is seldom an attempt at sunlight, so that the gray hues of the clouded sky and its reflections dominate the colour scheme. The effect therefore depends upon carefully considered value relations, in variations of neutral greens and browns. The first plane is often in the immediate foreground, and we observe the facile

and sympathetic treatment of field flowers, grasses, and foreground forms, which later were rendered so exquisitely in pastel. Twachtman seems to have been instinctively sensitive to the æsthetic tendencies of his time and receptive to its achievements and aspirations. We therefore remark the influence of Whistler and the echoes of the æsthetic theories of that time. This is particularly evinced in the treatment of flat planes rather than gradated sequences, and a tendency toward the decorative through nicely considered spacing and the arrangement of light and dark areas. The composition is however restricted to very simple themes, most of which depend upon the nice placing of the horizon within the chosen proportion of the canvas, the spotting of a group of trees in the middle ground effectively breaking the horizon, or the simple line of river bank leading into the picture. *The Windmills* is an excellent illustration of this pictorial theme, wherein we find a very exact adjustment of the relative positions of masses and the division of areas. It is one of the painter's largest canvases and although it is executed with technical mastery, it is perhaps a little ineffective and insufficient in filling such large areas. And this suggests that Twachtman's art is always intimate, sensitive and elusive rather than robust and powerful. But it is a part of his artistic distinction that he respected given limitations and worked within them. If in the pictures of this period we do not find fullness of form or colour and their accompanying volume and weight, we may rightly say that in his elimination he has intensified and magnified the simple æsthetic charm which he wished to express.

It is difficult to trace the transitional steps from the pictures of which we have been speaking to the later work of Twachtman and his ultimate development. If, however, the theme and presentation completely change we remark two characteristics of a fundamental nature which are common to all his work, however different its outward manifestation. His artistic impulse is derived from direct experience; his compositional theme and the method and manner of expressing it are evolved from his visual and resulting emotional impression. The outward effect how-



## *The Art of John Twachtman*



VENICE

J. H. TWACHTMAN

ever indicates an entirely new and different expression. Defined in the terms of the means the later pictures are considerably higher in key, cooler, fuller and more exhilarating in colour, launching into new problems of light and atmosphere, and discovering new modes of design and composition. It is by this later work, covering a period of not more than ten or twelve years, that Twachtman is most generally known and which represents his mature and most personal expression.

The period of the nineties in America was quickened by an intense artistic impulse. The pictures of the Impressionists whose work had been proclaimed abroad had revolutionized the visual world, and our young American painters who had studied in France returned with enthusiasm and youthful exhilaration. But fortunately they did not return merely

with a formula. The great lesson which they learned was to appreciate and portray their environment. The romance of nature was not to be found only in distant places and remote countries, but to the perceptive vision and the sensitive soul was reflected in the immediate surroundings. Whistler had shown that the pictorial possibilities of a place depend upon its susceptibility of arrangement, and not upon its scenic value or associative background. Monet, less sensitive to the niceties of decorative adjustment but infatuated with the glory of sunlight and the great outdoors, transcribed with sensuous exuberance the ever-changing picture of the world of light and colour. These two universal influences expressed in the æsthetic beauty of design and the palpitating effects of light combined to awaken a new interest in local surroundings.

## *The Art of John Twachtman*

Instinctively, however, Twachtman was susceptible to the quickened tendencies of the artistic "*milieu*," and animated by the exhilaration of living, Twachtman intuitively expressed in his painting the newly discovered beauty of the outer world reflected by means of the eye on the inner soul. Not a lover of nature, or a naturalist, either in the truly pantheistic, scientific or religious sense; not a poet in the romantic or traditional sense, Twachtman was purely hedonistic in spirit, a highly sensitized medium on whom the outward world acted and conveyed through the sensuous susceptibility the mystical meaning of manifestation expressed in form and colour.

Twachtman did not perfect a manner or a style. His pictures have not a sense of perfectness, the inevitable conclusion of an idea carried out in definite, conscious and carefully calculated terms. Each picture seems an individual expression, and to a certain extent an experiment, a venturing into new realms of consciousness and appreciation. He always retained something of the play spirit. But it

is precisely this æsthetic exhilaration, this quickened spirit, that the painter has so successfully imparted to the spectator. Careless of himself in so many things, not building up with calculated purpose or for material rewards, Twachtman had an unimpeachable artistic integrity. He never sacrificed this purity of purpose to popular applause. This was not the result of a profound purpose or a moral intention. Much better than this often affected nobility, it was simply natural.

The subject matter of Twachtman's pictures is varied, but we may in a general way group them as the Harbour subjects of Gloucester, where he worked in the last few years of his life; the series painted in Yellowstone Park and Niagara Falls; and the pictures of Connecticut about his home at Cos Cob.

Harbours and shipping seem always to have held a vague fascination for the painter who enjoyed the pictorial suggestiveness of houses, wharves, water, and their infinite possibilities for artistic arrangement. The hills at East Gloucester, looking down on the harbour, like-



CANAL BOATS

J. H. TWACHTMAN

## *The Art of John Twachtman*



WINDMILLS

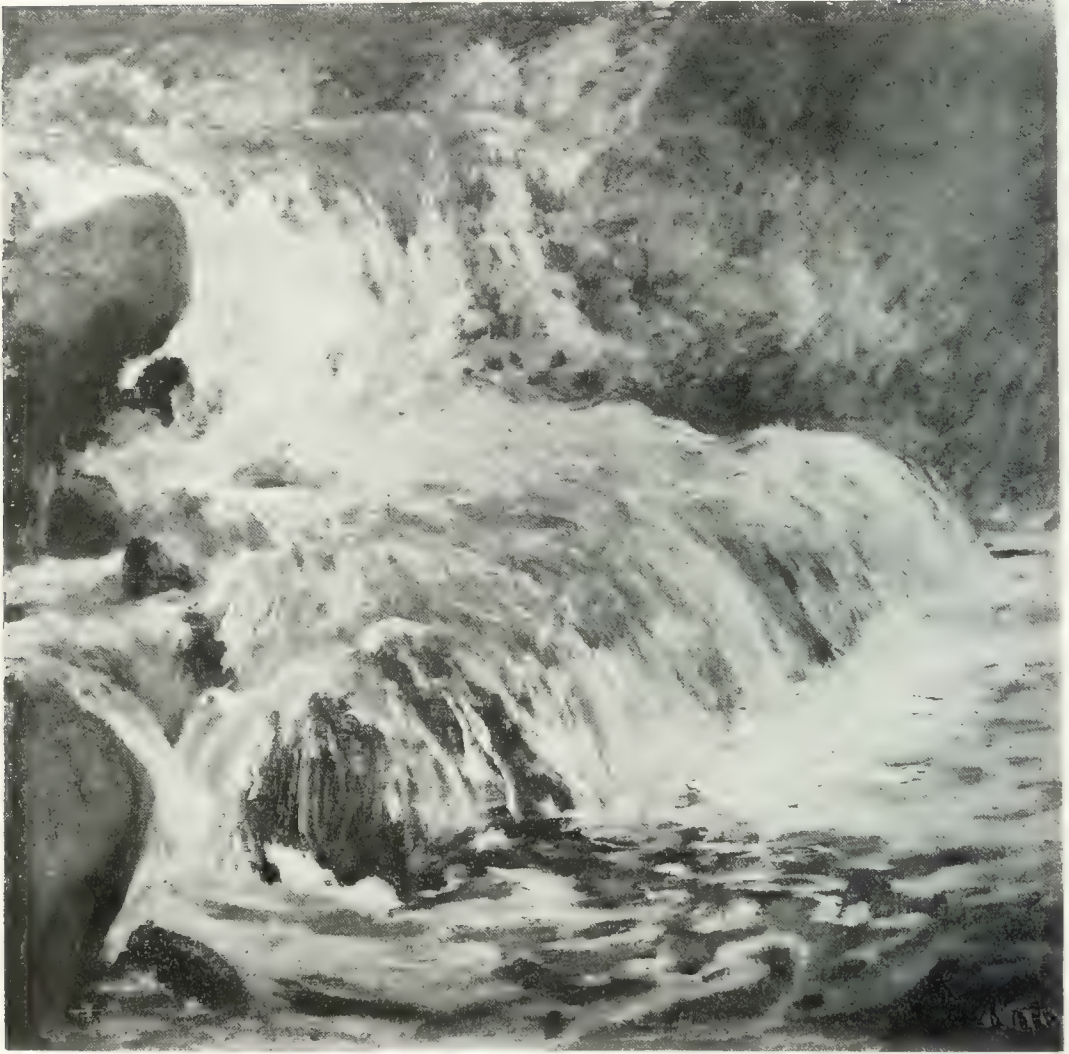
J. H. TWACHTMAN

wise give the painter splendid themes for spotting, spacing and that variety of form which is so necessary to design. Many of the little sketches of this period are wonderfully suggestive and show a splendid sense of linear invention. But in some of the canvases we feel the lack of sustained effort, the consistent building up of pictorial purpose, and a too great reliance upon the mood of the moment. In consequence the result is uneven, the brush at times is too uncontrolled, evading the form too freely. In experimenting with the unity of form and colour and their effective relations, the painter has neglected their content and significance otherwise. In consequence there is little differentiation in substances and surfaces, that relation which exists between the solid and the soft, the resisting and non-resisting, and in short those distinctions which are based upon the relativity of things and their impression upon the human mind apart from the visual illusion.

The pictures of the Yellowstone have little scenic or illustrative value. Twachtman was evidently unimpressed by the grandeur and sublimity of nature or perhaps thought it outside of the limitations of pictorial representation. We sense the fact, too, that he is happier within the human habitat where the presence of man, if not indicated, is always suggested. He failed to humanize the Yellowstone, or to bring to it that human emotion which might do so, but he brought back some splendid bits of colour from its jewelled pools and radiant waterfalls. His intimate placing of forms, and his endeavour to see things in a new way is, however, not so happy in the presence of great constructive forces, where nature has built on the grand scale and has patterned everything relative to stress and strain. Twachtman was not impressed by that elemental power nor did he attempt to express it. He is more purely sensuous in his perception.



## *The Art of John Twachtman*



THE WATERFALL

J. H. TWACHTMAN

The pictures of Niagara are happier. Here the terrible and relentless power, the elemental force of nature, is veiled with mists and the evanescent hues of the rainbow. The variations in white, the subtle relation of values, and the delicate harmonies of closely related hues, appealed to the painter's æsthetic sensibility. The rhythmic movement of water, the repeated action of the waves, the rising vapours, were as the realization of an artistic vision. Twachtman has revealed this beauty and showed us something other than the largest falls in the world.

Twachtman's pictures of the Yellowstone and Niagara were not, however, the direct result of the quest of the beautiful. Fortunately he did not need to leave his home and surrounding country to find the beautiful, and it was there that he painted his most representative canvases. There is a feeling of home in his pictures, of a country well-beloved. The painter has, as it were, become a part of the thing painted. We feel a perfect intimacy which comes from perfect understanding. Not descriptive in a purely graphic or illustrative sense, the pictures of Connecticut reveal the



*Courtesy Macbeth Gallery*

NIAGARA IN WINTER

J. H. TWACHTMAN

## *The Art of John Twachtman*

type and character of that country, its nearness, friendliness, its peculiarly intimate charm. It is not the loneliness of great expanse, not the rugged dramatic power of nature that Twachtman expresses, but rather tranquility and repose and the interest of nearby landscape, made significant by the way in which it is seen and composed. Thus the neighboring pool, the little waterfall, the undulating stone fence, the outcropping rocks and the varicoloured fields assume an importance which elevates the commonplace to the realm of profound beauty. The human figure is seldom introduced, although we frequently see a neighboring house and indication of human presence, but whether directly indicated or not the human interest looms large in the presence of the spectator who, as it were, occupies the foreground, and shares the interest of the painter.

The simple linear spacing of the earlier works has developed into more subtle and less apparent design, the simple contrast of horizontal and upright has given place to undulating masses and rhythmic interchange of form. The painter is continually experimenting with space relations, and varies the proportion of his canvas to best carry out his schematic intention. The picture of *Summer* is nearly in the proportion of one to two, revealing the contour of long rolling hillside, the gradual uphill road, the house with sloping roof, the flying clouds and fleeting shadows, all brought together in a manner which not merely discloses the general topography of the country but brings to it an indefinable and sympathetic charm which is inspired by the painter's personal conception. But more generally the composition is seen within a squarer proportion, the sky line being placed high on the canvas, so that the eye does not travel beyond, but is arrested and entertained in the middle ground.

Twachtman has shown us the country in the dress of different seasons, but perhaps the most appealing are the neutral hues of November and the snows of winter, where the intricate forms of nature are replaced by the undulating fields of snow. His colour is always related to values, and his values to light. The local form and colour are enveloped and

modified by the dominant hue of the light and atmosphere. But Twachtman is not a luminist in the full sense of that term. He preferred the diffused light of hazy days, or the gray days of autumn to the blatant effects of sunlight and its corresponding contrasts. In fact most of his colour schemes are harmonies wherein the colour manifests entirely relative to the dominant hue. He expressed the elusive and fascinatingly evasive effects of nature, the delicate modulations of a simple theme, brought together by subtly combined variations and textures which make the surface palpitate and vibrate with the illusion of light and atmosphere. He was a master of nuance. His interest in winter landscape was therefore natural. He has rendered the æsthetic beauty of snow rather than the rigours of winter; he discovered the beauty of closely related values and softly modulated forms under clouded skies, but did not record the brilliant sunshine and the crisp clear days of New England winter. At times this love of subtle relations led to weakness, when the effect becomes so illusive as to be almost lost. But in this he echoes the spiritual yearning of the time as expressed in the haunting melodies of Verlaine; the plaintive, ephemeral strains of Debussy, or the nocturnes of Whistler. At times too this interest in subtle relations, of similar lines relieved only by variations of form and texture, assumes something of the nature of a stunt, wherein the painter has displayed only the keenness of his observation.

Twachtman's technique seems entirely a part of his pictorial vision. It is not affected, insistent or mannered. He did not follow a fixed or conventional method of painting. On the contrary, it is varied as a result of his different pictorial problems, and frequently it is suggested by the character of his canvas and the mood of the moment. But his handling is always adequate. Interested in the evanescent effects of nature his manner of painting has an illusive charm. The painting is not exploited for itself; it is preceded by the artistic vision which controls it. Thus the movement of the brush is free and unconscious, the pigment is animated and suggestive. The quality of the surface varies in accordance with the underpainting. The painter carefully avoided the



## *The Art of John Twachtman*



MOTHER AND CHILD

J. H. TWACHTMAN

unctuous, fatty, varnish-like surface and would often expose his pictures to sun and rain to flatten the effect and relieve the pigment of superfluous oil. Frequently, however, Twachtman achieves his result, *à premier coup*, with a delightful flow of colour, thinly and suggestively rendered. But although impulsive and exhilarating, the effect is somewhat thin, lacking in that solidity and fullness of form which he achieved over carefully prepared undertones. This gives to his final painting, and the improvisation of brush work, a background and a body, and allows the painter to work in thin semi-transparent washes which renders so successfully the illusion of the atmospheric veil. Twachtman was

susceptible to the colourful innovations of the impressionists and their technical expression, but he was not interested in the science of colour, and did not cultivate the optical illusion of light attempted by the juxtaposition of complementary contrasts, or the method of the so-called "Pointilists" or "Spotists" in rendering it. Absorbed in expressing his æsthetical impression, he was concerned with the larger relation of colour masses and that unity and oneness of effect achieved when the forms function simultaneously.

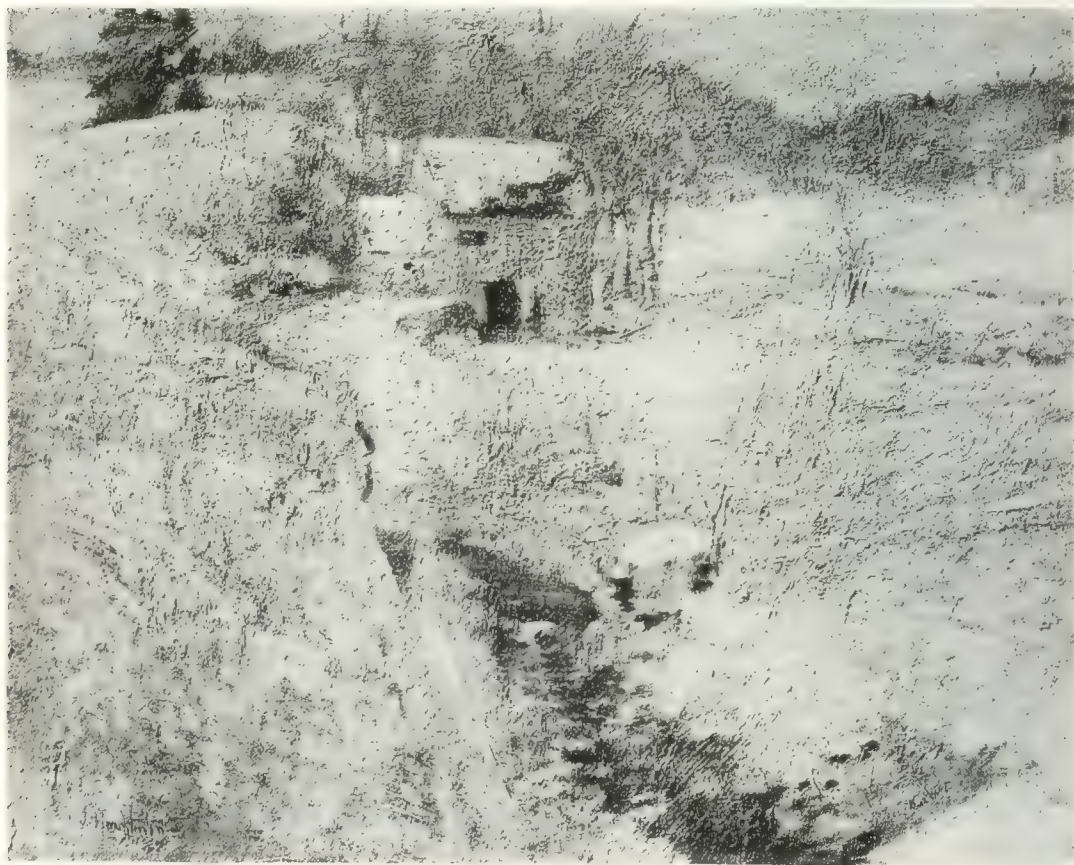
As a figure painter Twachtman achieves a very happy ensemble, an intimate realization of his subjects in their own environment. There is nothing deliberately contrived or set

## *The Art of John Twachtman*

up. He seems to surprise a living moment and transfer it to canvas. His subjects are never on show. When the figure forms the principal element of interest his constructional rendering is not always convincing, but Twachtman had a splendid sense of poise and posture and a fine understanding of contour and silhouette. This gives to his compositions an authority and distinction without which his figures would seem somewhat empty.

Twachtman openly declared the decorative intention of his painting. But he did not define his understanding of the decorative. His work has nothing of ornamental prettiness or affected pattern. He was not artfully clever and would have found it more difficult to paint a popular pot-boiler with its ingratiating suavity and its factitious sophistication than to conceive a picture in his own back woods. He

avoided the pictorial commonplace; but he made the commonplace pictorial. His interest was not as a naturalist or a realist, but he took a purely sensuous delight in the beauty of the visual world, and felt a keen enjoyment in the relative significance of forms and colours. And this for Twachtman was the decorative. But there is something else which gets into his work for which we cannot account in the purely decorative. It is that element which was so much a part of his nature that the painter was not conscious of its existence. It was his indescribable appreciation of the human significance of things. This vitalizes his line with life and informs his composition with meaning, without which the merely decorative is empty. It is this mysterious, indefinable something which evades analysis that imbues the work of John Twachtman with enduring charm.



THE OLD MILL IN WINTER

J. H. TWACHTMAN

## *Prints of Modern Masters*



*Photo courtesy, Keppel*

LE GUITARISTE

MANET

### **P** RINTS OF MODERN MASTERS BY AMEEN RIIANI

FREDERICK KEPPEL & Co. have brought together, in their December Exhibition, such masters of diverse genius as Manet and Degas, Gauguin and Redon, Pissarro and Steinlen. The collection of etchings and lithographs, dating back to the sixties when Impressionism first raised the standard of revolt, covers a range of achievement that is most turbulent and most brilliant in the world of art. It is an extraordinary collection, and, in this country, a rare one. The two adjectives require no qualification. A glance at the Catalogue, which begins with Goya the Father of the Moderns and ends with Edvard Munch, and to which has been added an illuminating paragraph on each artist represented, is sufficient to convince one of the extensiveness of

the undertaking. A visit to the Keppel Gallery brings the whole impressionist epoch in graphic art vividly to mind.

And brings with it tokens of revolt, of triumph, of surrender, of concession. Here, for instance, is impressionism in etching initiated by Pissarro, impressionism in lithography perfected by Steinlen, and some interesting experiments of Degas in these and other technical mediums. Here too are the sound traditions in graphic art adhered to by the most revolutionary and most belligerent of the Masters, by Manet. But what strikes one primarily and forcibly in this collection, is a converging emphasis of the note of concentration, an almost apotheosis of the synthetic process. Indeed, synthesis was the ruling influence, the ruling passion of the times. Every artist strived at least for it; some succumbed to it; others mastered it; many lost their sleep over it. That is why, I think, we get such diverse



## Prints of Modern Masters

expressions or manifestations of it, which sometimes accord with the temperament of the artist and sometimes are but a reaction to it.

Thus we have in this collection the rustic scenes of the modest Pissarro, the quiet and conventional etchings of the hyperæsthetic Manet, the stubby, pudgy dancers of the misanthropic Degas, the glittering surfaces of Paris life by the gentle Lautrec, the very depths and dregs of it by the saturnine Steinlen, a fascinating harmony of colour expression by the anarchistic Gauguin, and a most realistic version of the occult universe by the visionary Redon. A pageant, indeed, in artistic expression, of technique and style, of moods and manners, of feeling and fancy and thought.

Manet's etchings, according to Duret, are about sixty only, some of which are exceedingly rare. His lithographs, not including the illustrations to Mallarmé's translation of Poe's "Raven" do not exceed a dozen. His subjects are mostly reproductions of his own paintings as well as some old masters and a few original compositions as *L'Odalisque* and *La Toilette*.

Some of the least as well as the best known, however, will be found in this collection. Of the Portfolio published in 1874 there are four that not only represent some of his best work in etching, but recall those stormy days of criticism of which he was for a long time the central figure.

Here is the *Torero Mort*, for instance, a fragment of the original painting, *A Bullfight*, which was called by Edmond About "a wooden torero killed by a rat." Other critics were not less severe. But Manet recognized the justice, in this case, of their criticism and cut up the canvas with the result that the redeemed piece, of which this is an etching, is in itself a masterpiece. And here is *Le Guitarist*, which Baudelaire praised in elegant prose, standing in wonderment before the very sandals of the Spanish singer. Here too is the famous *Olympia*, which the Salon first rejected, which was called immoral because of the cat near the nude figure, and which Emile Zola, in paragraphs rhapsodic and defiant, proclaimed a masterpiece.



PEASANTS CARRYING HAY

PISSARRO

## Prints of Modern Masters



SOL'S BOIS À L'HERMITAGE, PONTOISE

PISSARRO

The painting, I mean. But Manet's etchings as a rule reproduce his paintings in a very free manner. Sometimes, as in one of the Olympia plates, which was done to illustrate Zola's book of art criticism, he is very careful about his drawing and succeeds in obtaining a fineness of touch that is seldom evident in his other work. His *Lola de Valence* shows also how well he could wield the needle, when he chose, and make it yield some very delightful and subtle effects.

But he did not often do this. Influenced as he was by Goya, he seems to have been impressed mostly by Goya's sketchy manner. Even his sketches barely indicate his subject; some of his plates are excursions in shadow-land. There are those who insist of course upon a motive. These drawings, we are told, are done swiftly, sketched roughly in order "to seize the passing impression, the salient feature or detail." Impressionism and synthesis, in other words, which every artist of that

period made the object of his passionate quest. But Manet had reached along that line such heights of expression in his paintings and fought, in the course of his progress, such battles with the Paris Salon and critics and public, that most of his etchings seem to me to have been done in moments of relaxation—when he should have been relaxing instead.

For his so-called summary process dwindles in them to mere shorthand. With all respect to Duret, who compares him, in this sense, to Hokusai, I must confess that I can better read the stenographic notes of the Japanese. The simplicity of the Frenchman's is there, but the definition is lacking. The words, one would say, are fine. Briefly, the etched work of Manet divides itself into two classes, the finished and the unfinished. I use these words in their original meaning. The finished work is solid and firm and respectable—I have already said conventional. The unfinished—well, even a big name should not be invoked in

## Prints of Modern Masters

justification. For real impressionism in etching we must look somewhere else.

Towards Pontoise, for instance. Camille Pissarro, who does not rank as high as Manet as a painter, is certainly of greater stature as an etcher. He is in etching what Manet is in painting—the inventor of a new technique. And how well he makes it serve to give us the essential quality of the canvases of the impressionists. It would not seem possible that such dazzling effects of sunlight and refraction could be obtained on zinc or copper. And yet, here they are in *Le Chemin dan les Champs*, a graceful composition of grey tints punctuated as it were in silver, or in *Sous Bois a l'Hermitage*, the most beautiful in the collection. In such plates, Pissarro depends chiefly upon aquatint and soft ground; the needle is but an auxiliary. But he is so successful in the method that one forgets in the contemplation of the wonderful atmosphere produced that there is such a thing as linear beauty.

And yet, he has a fine feeling for the delicate and flexible line, which his pure etchings and drypoints especially reveal. *The Haymakers* and *Peasants Carrying Hay* are examples, not only of a very expressive elegance, but of the sincerity and spontaneity with which he rendered the labourers in the field. Pissarro's work in graphic art is little known, despite the fact that, of all the impressionists, he produced the most. In

quality, too, it has a superiority that marks out from all the rest.

A superiority that Degas himself recognized. He was moreover responsible for the increased activity of Pissarro in that he made him contribute to *Night and Day*, a magazine he had started in Paris. There was something in the Master of Pontoise, his rustic simplicity perhaps and his poetic charm, which must have appealed to Degas in his latter days when he was more conscious of the lack of it in himself. Pissarro's work in etching—his street and market studies, his rustic scenes, especially his landscapes—will no doubt be better known and appreciated. They are destined to an enduring and wider recognition.

I am not sure about those of Degas. While some are quite worthy of the master draughtsman, others I have seen are technical failures. The reason is plain. Degas experimented with various means and combinations to produce novel effects; and some of his prints, we are told were intended only for himself. In which sense his own intention ought to have been respected. Such etchings as *Loges d'Actrices*,



AU LOUVRE: LA PEINTURE

DEGAS

however, and *Au Louvre*, and such lithographs as *Après le Bain*, will be esteemed more for their quality than their rarity or origin. A fine example of his modelling power is *La Sortie du Bain*; and as showing the summary process, *Danseuses dans la Coullisse* is a notable



## *Prints of Modern Masters*



CHRIST

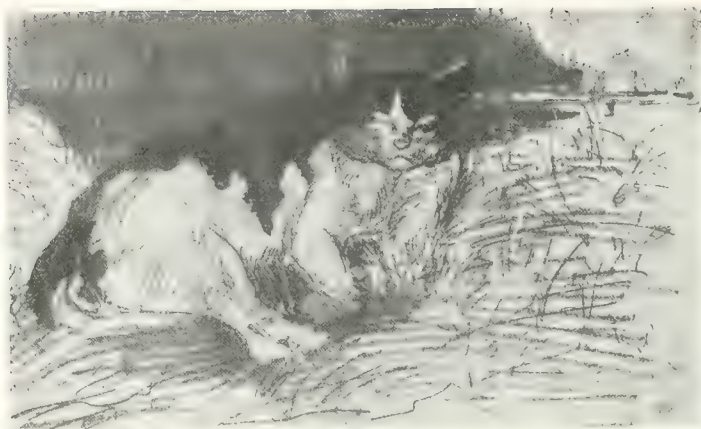
REDON

plate. The mere indication of the figures, though firmly defined, is quite characteristic of Degas.

For he, more than any one of his contemporaries, was continually striving "to catch a movement, a momentary effect, a silhouette." His work in this sense is a triumph in impressionism. He stated the facts of life briefly, but not profoundly. He was a great analytical realist, but not a deep thinker;—an unemotional master of technique, an incomparable draughtsman, but not a sympathetic observer of life. In banishing from his art all literary imagination, he banished also the human soul. Like Ingres, he considered drawing as a supreme end in itself. Thus his dancers, for instance, stand always on their physical merit—or demerit—and show the pitiful effect of it. They talk to us with their strong pudgy legs, but they do not confide to us their secret ambition or grief. The soulless Degas did not concern himself with these.

And yet he had, we are told, a great passion for truth. Which he saw in the anatomical defects of a dancer, and with cruel frankness insisted upon it. But did he go beyond anatomy? Yes, into movement,—into the very heart of movement, where his keen eye caught the significance of the most elusive gesture. His figures seem to walk out to us or to stand in a way that we have the feeling of being able to walk around them. But what do they convey beside the technical genius of their creator?

True, a good picture that says nothing is better than a good picture that says stupid things. But there is Odilon Redon, who is rejected by some as visionary, chimerical, but welcomed as a draughtsman of extraordinary synthetic power. There is no disagreement about this. Nor is there any disagreement for that matter about the portentous something in his art. To be sure, his pictures do not say stupid things. They are first excellent pic-



CHAT COUCHE SUR LA PAILLE

STEINLEN



LE JOUR DU LAVOIR

STEINLEN

## *Prints of Modern Masters*



THE SICK GIRL

MUNCH

tures; and in addition to this, they have the command of an uncommon speech. They whisper of things hidden in the material universe; they tell of secrets, terrible or cherishable, beyond our common ken. He has a love for the grey vistas of the night, this man. He is attracted to the velvet folds of darkness, where he sees things, indeed, but sees them with an eye that is not unfamiliar with the realities of life.

His intellect, in other words, saves his originality from his imagination. Out of the chaos of human knowledge he evolves a profound symbolism that captivates the understanding. Nor is there aught of the trite and commonplace or the merely fantastic in the conception and execution of his superb lithographs. The temptation of St. Anthony, for instance, is one of the hackneyed subjects in art and literature. But Redon's version of it is not only original; it is intellectually as well as ar-

tistically convincing. There is an invention in his technique which the hatchet stroke of Degas alone does not illuminate. The figments of a dream in his hand are turned into something that is amazingly vital and stirring. His conceptions, like Blake's, are sometimes too chimerical, but his figures rise out of the heaving darkness in solid and colossal form.

If Redon addresses us in symbols, however, Steinlen who has also mastered the Degas technique, talks to us in the idiom of the street, in the dialect of the people. True, his art has a social message, is grim with an economic and a moral purpose; but seldom is it sacrificed to a cause or even compromised. The cartoon in his hand is first an artistic pledge, after that, an artistic weapon. His figures reflect the mastery of his technique as draughtsman and etcher as well as the crushed spirit of humanity;— the spirit of the underworld upon which he gazes, not with the smile of a satir-



## Prints of Modern Masters

ist, but with the rage of a prophet. "His work," says Roger Marx, "is imbued with a deep spirit of brotherhood and pity and love."

Technically it is free from any artificial blandishments—no trick of refinement, no intricacy of line or tone. A direct and powerful stroke suffices his purpose. He seeks and finds his effects by the simplest means. His work, even like Degas', reveals the great secret of art, which is selection and simplicity. In his etching, *Retour du Lavoir*, the washerwomen, a group of muscular young creatures whose faces are aged with toil and suffering, are as powerfully conceived and executed as those of Degas. His *L'Enfant Malade* is an achievement worthy of Van Gogh.

On the other hand, he is capable of producing, in the manner that the drypoint dictates, such plates as *Vielle Femme* and *Temps d'Orage*. The sweep of line in them is full of delicate and vivid charm. They appeal to the eye, to the æsthetic feeling rather, before they appeal to the social consciousness. Even *Les*

*Moutons de Boisdeffre*, a lithograph representing the madness of the mob, is a proof of this. His graphic power is here supreme; the effect of the crowd in motion, stirred by a social or anti-social passion, is trenchantly produced. Observe in the foreground the two most conspicuous faces, savagely stupid, viciously idiotic—the key to the dominating spirit of the moment.

Edvard Munch has also a social conscience and sometimes adapts the symbol to his art. But, unlike Steinlen, he seems to labour under some terrible obsession; and unlike Redon, he symbolizes at times in vain. He does not touch the intellect in us nor does he arouse the emotions, when, pursuing an intention which is no doubt sincere, he calls the symbol to his aid. His work in this regard lacks the fascination that holds one in spite of oneself before an enigma or a thing of terror. But he is an anarchist in art, not an anarchist; his instinct is strongly, overwhelmingly positive. With a power of concentration and an intens-



A LA TABLE DE JEU

FORAIN

## Prints of Modern Masters



SCENE IN TAHITI

GAUGUIN

ity of feeling he gives to such etchings as *Dusk* and *The Kiss* a peculiar charm and a distinct appeal. *The Day After* suggests the work of Lautrec in Montmartre; and while it reveals the technical skill of Munch, it betrays the obsession within him. For instead of moving us to pity the girl's lot, it bids us share in the artist's indignation. And thus is spoiled a work of art. I am not of those who shrink from the morbid and crapulous. But when they are far-fetched, they lose their significance. And Munch seems to drag them in at times to appease his own poetic wrath.

We now come to one who is devoid of a social conscience, but not of the symbolic instinct. It has been said that Redon's drawings inspired Gauguin and Gauguin inspired Munch. This may be true, for it shows the downward progression of the symbol. *Les Drames de la Mer*, a vague something tumultuously fantastic, is an example of it. But Gauguin only trifled with symbols and other things before he entered upon his career as a painter pure and simple. In *Leda*, a curious

bit of composition,—the head of a girl and that of a swan in a circle,—he titillates our curiosity with a few words inverted in the printing. But the joke is on him who would decipher them.

Aside from these *chinoiseries*, there are two splendid coloured lithographs that represent the Gauguin we know before and after Tahiti. *Scene in Brittany* shows him still flirting with impressionism, while *Scene in Tahiti* is done in his later manner. It is a good example of the master's supreme harmonies in yellow and green and faded purple. The figures, like those in his paintings, are firmly but gracefully outlined; they suggest the primitive animalism that also appeals to us through its love of the ornamental in colour and design.

Aside from the symbol and the diatribe and the primitive in art, I have still to consider—for lack of space I can only call attention to the *fin de Siècle* manner of Forain and Lautrec. But Carrière's flourish can be forgiven in his purity of conception and treatment. This man, too, could evoke a luminous beauty

## Prints of Modern Masters

out of the darkness. The lithograph was well suited to his purpose. His portrait of Verlaine is indeed an uncommon production. It is not the Verlaine who said, "*Je suis l'empereur du grand empire de décadence*," but the Verlaine of a transfiguration, the sad and contrite expression still harbouring nevertheless a suggestion of his having once argued with his God. There is also a forceful example of the summary process in *Hommage à Tolstoi*. The face that reveals the soul, the hand that holds out the torch, they testify, not only to the graphic power of Carrière, but to his noble poetic vision as well.

This vision is sometimes missed in Forain. But we do not look for it in Lautrec. Both these artists adopted the Degas formula in drawing. The one carried it to the boulevard, the other to Moulin Rouge. They both made it serve the wit of the cartoonist, the raillery of the cynic. Even in his more enduring work, in some of his etchings, Forain could not wholly overcome the boulevard spirit within

him. He is essentially a Parisian, not only in his gambling and court scenes, but also in those subjects that were incident to a latter day accession of religion. In *The Resurrection of Lazarus*, for instance, the most conspicuous figure—I hope it is not intended for the Christ—is strongly suggestive of a Paris revolutionist of the old days giving the grandiose gesture from the top of the barricade.

A fine lithograph of Toulouse-Lautrec, very amusing, in subject, is *Au Moulin Rouge: L'Union Franco-Russe*. A fat blonde, typically German (La Goulu perhaps, whom he frequently painted in many of his earlier subjects), must have posed for it. A cynical Gretchen posing as France! It intrigues the speculative fancy. I don't know what the artist may have had in mind. But one can see in the good-natured insolence of the girl and the pensiveness of the not-too-hopelessly-distracted youth that one day something *will happen*—contrary to all international sagacity and craft. And the artist, alas! was right.



L'UNION  
FRANCO-RUSSE

TOULOUSE-  
LAUTREC



## *A Revival of Mexican Art*



DESIGN EMPLOYING  
MEXICAN THEME

ADOLFO  
BEST-MAUGARD

### **A** REVIVAL OF MEXICAN ART ELIZABETH CRUMP ENDERS

EVERY country eventually vibrates to its own art. Though it may have temporarily followed other gods, it will always, in the end, return to its own. So it has been with Mexico. Its art, through an evolution of centuries, had grown to be an individual one, a composite of three distinct influences, Chinese, Spanish and Aztec.

Already in early Aztec and Mayan art there had been evinced a decided similarity to Asiatic art—for what reasons we can only conjecture. Later began the great trading of Spain with the Orient and the carrying of Chinese merchandise across Mexico for shipment to other countries. Hence, with great ease, did Chinese art insinuate itself; and leave, as it were, a filigree of beauty upon the Aztec—Spanish ensemble.

About half a century ago, however, the people of Mexico began discarding their own designs and colours for those of European countries. With little discrimination, foreign patterns and materials were sought and Mexican objects of art completely rejected.

This was the situation in 1914, when Adolfo Best-Maugard, a young artist of Spanish-French extraction, came to Mexico City. For a year, in the National Museum he studied traceries and designs from fragments of old Aztec pottery, broken and dimmed by age. From two thousand of these studies, Mr. Best-Maugard selected seven basic Aztec motifs to be built and enlarged upon. So imbued did he become with the possibilities and spirit of his neglected realm that he finally went to the Director of Schools of Mexico City and was given permission to teach it to their five thousand pupils.

In a remarkably short time these students were making original designs—all Mexican—many crude, it is true, but essentially of their own land and permeated by the feeling of it. Into their various frets and patterns were brought numberless Aztec, Spanish and Chinese combinations—some so subtly assembled that it is difficult to determine just where the line of demarcation comes. The result, however, is unmistakably Mexican. With a real appreciation of its beauty they are now fired with the spirit of its recreation; and thus this apparently lost Mexican art is being re-born to its country.

# WORDS . . . WORDS

## AN EDITORIAL

I owe a serious apology. In my article on Hart House in the November issue I omitted to mention that the architects of that building are Messrs. Sproatt and Rolph of Toronto. I congratulate them.

In the past month I have seen more bad pictures than I ever hoped to see in my lifetime. The galleries, even the most reputable, are full of them. But I have no intention of writing about bad painting, even to condemn it. Life is too short.

Without any doubt the exhibition of Modern French Prints at Keppel's is the event of the month. I understand that it is being kept open on into January, so I advise all who have not seen it to do so at once. It is a stimulating experience. They are all so alive. Manet, Pissarro, Degas, Steinlen, Gauguin, Redon, the walls are crowded with them and when you have finished with the walls you can lie on the floor, as I did, and rummage through portfolios!

After the Keppel show everything else is tame. The English Drawings and Watercolours at Scott & Fowles' are most disappointing. True, they are by *living* men, but an almost identical exhibition could have been collected twenty years ago. Sheringham's fans and Rackham's and Dulac's illustrations! Not a hint of the later Dulac. True, there is a fine John, some delightful Meninsky Babies, and a MacEvoy, but in 1920!

The Fourth Annual Exhibition of Intimate Paintings at the Macbeth Galleries is what it sets out to be, a collection of beautiful unimportant pictures. There is a fine Melchers *Mother and Child* and a dull ditto, a small Davies, two Dangerfields, and an early Twachtman, *Venice*. This latter charmed me particularly and I have included it among the illustrations to Mr. Clark's article. It is in what Mr. Clark calls the "unctuous fatty style," but there is *painting* there for all that. The idea of the exhibition is a good one, and should prove popular.

Coming down to one-man shows we have only Mary Cassatt at Durand-Ruel. Mary

Cassatt is a problem. Obviously she can paint, but she followed the wrong masters. What real bond of sympathy can there have been between this New Englander and Degas? A struggle is reflected in her pictures. In the *Fillette au grand chapeau*, the hat and face are Degas, the hands and drapery—who knows? The contrast between the strength of the head and the flabbiness of the rest of the painting is remarkable.

A comparison between the sketches and completed paintings is illuminating. In the sketches Mary Cassatt expressed herself. Her drawing has freedom, her colour a degree of charm, if not of deep quality. In the paintings she is never completely at her ease. Her figures are stiff and posed. She is forever striving to be someone else and the real Mary insists on peeping through—not by way of relief. Her colour sense is uncertain, her command of light extremely so. Only her drawing makes some of her work bearable. Of the paintings shown in the present exhibition, a fairly representative one, the finest are the *Femme assise*, and the *Jeune femme cueillant un fruit*, which is in the same style. Of the pastels I would pick out the *Jeune Femme et Fillette*.

I had an extraordinary experience at an exhibition of Sculpture at the Union League Club. In the first place the hall porter took me for a tramp and was extremely averse to letting me in at all. Then the attendant had his suspicions too and insisted on conducting me up back stairs and through dark corridors for fear that I might meet some of the inmates. And then, for reward, polite dullness. I wandered round the room twice, admired Solon Borglum's *New-born Lamb*, Lucy Ripley's *Seated Figure*, some groups by Ellershusen and then, chancing to turn my head suddenly, saw . . . at first I thought that it was alive, a *Head of the Virgin* in alabaster, by Lee Laurie. Who was Lee Laurie? And whence had come this face with smile half mocking, half tender? I had not seen it before. Yet it dominated the room.

So great was its effect upon me that I spent the whole of the next day tracking down Mr. Laurie. I could get no information out of *Who's Who*, nor had any one heard of him.

At length I found him, and found too the cause of his obscurity. His work is to be found in churches, rather than in the auction room. A day later I made a pilgrimage to the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer on Lexington Avenue at 66th Street, to view the completed statue, for which this head was originally intended. It occupies a prominent position to the right of the Chancel steps. I was not wholly disappointed. The silver crown and gilt draperies do not entirely destroy the charm, but it is not the Virgin of the alabaster head.

But the galleries are this month completely overshadowed by the Metropolitan Museum, which besides the Vanderbilt and Grinnell Bequests, in themselves important, has on view in the Sixth Room of the Egyptian Department the most perfect collection of burial models ever exhibited. This collection, divided equally between the Cairo Museum and the Metropolitan, is the supreme achievement of the Egyptian Expedition of 1918-20.

It was the custom 2,000 years before Christ for a wealthy man to have buried in a chamber close to his tomb a statue of himself, surrounded by models of his servants at work. Thus in that future life, which was in all points to resemble this, he hoped to live in the same luxury. Examples of these models had been often found before, but never so complete a collection. The occupier of the tomb, Mehenkwetre, was evidently a Councillor of considerable wealth and prestige, for in his tomb at Thebes was found a veritable Noah's Ark in a state of perfect preservation. Traveling boats, pleasure boats and canoes, complete with rowers at their oars, one even with sail still bent, cattle in the stall and at the slaughterhouse, brewery, bakery, granary, carpenter's shop, women weaving (the thread still intact), the whole Egyptian menage is there.

From the illustration some idea may be gained of the perfection of these models. In the bow is a man with a "fender" (the Nile must have been crowded in those days!). On either side the rowers, the cloth round their loins is still intact. In front of the cabin sits Mehenkwetre, sniffing a lotus, on his left a harpist, before him a singer. In the cabin

is his steward with trunks neatly packed away. In the stern the helmsman. The boat on the right contains the kitchen, complete to the joints of meat and jars of wine in the cabin.

The workmanship of these models is superb. In each there is life and movement. On one of the pleasure boats the crew are busy paddling, on another setting sail, on a third harpooning fish. All are extremely realistic and in each the design is perfect. That is what struck me most forcibly. That an artist who took such pleasure in minutiae should have been able to combine with perfection of detail, perfection of design.

Now look at the statuette of the girl bringing food to the tomb. Is that not in the modern tongue? And after 4,000 years. . . .

The latest thing in Catalogue Prefaces has just been sent me by the irrepressible James N. Rosenberg, announcing the sale by auction of his recent work. It is in the form of a letter addressed to Mr. Mitchell Kennerley.

"Dear Kennerley:

"'An outright auction? Without reserve? How about the dealers? And what a humiliation if your pictures bring less than the cost of the frames.' Thus an artist friend of mine when I told him of the coming auction sale of my pictures at the Anderson Galleries.

"'Humiliating? Nonsense. Ruysdael and Hobbema died in a poor-house. My fear is that my pictures will bring too much rather than too little.' This is how I did not answer, for I do not expect to die in any of those establishments which are reserved exclusively for artists of distinction.

"Then why wait for death or the dealer? I painted these pictures for the fun of it, I am selling them for the fun of it, and I trust no one will buy them except for the fun of it. For priceless as they will doubtless be to the collector in years to come, I hope no mere collector's instinct for an art investment will induce buying, since their present value is nil.

"Did I tell you that I am thinking of devoting the proceeds of the sale to establishing an American School for Art Critics?

Faithfully yours,

JAMES N. ROSENBERG."

I shall be present to collect the proceeds.





TRAVELLING BOATS

EGYPTIAN MODELS, 2000 B. C.



DETAIL OF ABOVE

## Book Reviews

BOOK REVIEW  
WALTER GAY. PAINTINGS OF FRENCH  
INTERIORS. E. P. DUTTON & CO.  
Reviewed by Marrion Wilcox

Walk with me through open country, and in an afternoon we may discover, at most, six or eight views that can be called true pictures. These are of primary importance, notable and memorable. All the other views are really of less permanent interest. They are secondary, because they just miss the full pictorial quality. You will find it easier, of course, to reproduce on your canvas any one of the six or eight primary views than any one of the secondary views. Moreover, if you choose wisely, the work will make you happier not only while you are doing it but also after it is done.

Thus even in the open country, with all its natural charm; by how much the more, then, in a wise choice of subjects seen to be the first requisite when an artist wishes to portray interiors. Here, in place of nature's charm, we seek examples of that very rare gift, exquisite taste, and we may discover only a single manifestation of exquisite taste, lending itself perfectly to pictorial treatment, though we may study the proportions, decorations and furnishing of rooms, galleries, halls, not just casually, as though while taking an afternoon walk, but most systematically, earnestly, and for quite a long time.

With such thoughts in our minds, we are better prepared to appreciate the swift and sure perception characteristic of a man who is an artist both by innate bent of mind and by long training; the unerring instinct for the apprehension of artistic value which makes him neglect secondary subjects and give his attention to none but principal, really significant and memorable examples of *le charme d'intimité*.

Mr. Walter Gay chooses for representation such interiors as have in a high degree the pictorial quality. Then, in each chosen interior, we may suppose that he selects those objects which make a true picture, and shows us those objects only—or with compelling emphasis shows them chiefly—enhancing by true interpretation, the beauty of those which seem to

be the most significant, and joining the significant features together not only by emphasis of drawing, lighting and colour but also by subtle harmonies of tone or shading, even as certain notes of music, though far apart, are bound each to each by natural consonance.

Apparently an actual human experience (a dramatic episode or interesting bit of real life, it might be better to say) and a different episode, spontaneously different, for each scene, is kept constantly in mind by the painter while at work; and so the observer's fancy summons the well-remembered figures created or portrayed by eighteenth century French masters. At this call they come, with considerate decrease in size to suit the smaller canvas. Presently they seem to occupy, for instance, these chairs of the Louis XV period, this "yellow sofa, château du Bréau."

A little quiet musing, whenever a number of Mr. Walter Gay's pictures are before you, will bring back the living sense of an age that was like an historic *interval* of taste. Fortunately it is an age not yet too old. Old enough it certainly is to yield already the pure delight inherent in all things that grow old beautifully; but we realize gratefully that it has not yet acquired, from our point of view, any coldly archaic and strange or repellent features.

Now, should it not seem a boon to us that a painter, simply by his virtuosity, has put into his pictures many alluring intimations of French eighteenth century life, glimpses of an age which is not too old to delight as well as inspire? Well then, Mr. Walter Gay has achieved this. He has achieved this admirably, indeed. He has captured (to set free again) the spirit of an age, somewhat as Washington Irving fixed upon his pages, by his literary skill, the romance of old Spanish scenes.

Other books received include:

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DRESS. Life expressed in clothes. By Frank Alvah Parsons. Illustrated with reproductions of costumes from the Middle Ages to the present day. Doubleday, Page & Company.

OLD WORLD LACE OR A GUIDE FOR THE LACE LOVER. By Clara M. Blum. With numerous illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Company.



EGYPTIAN BURIAL  
MODEL

FROM TOMB  
OF MEHENKWETRE



# The INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

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## THE FORTY UNDISCOVERED WHISTLERS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

THE story of a discovery of Whistler's work in Baltimore has made a sensation in the art cotes of Europe and America. Anything by Whistler or about Whistler now is good enough to hang an article or a paragraph on, just as a few years ago anything about Whistler or by Whistler was good enough for the same people to shy a brick at. The world has moved if the critics have not. This incident is interesting to note for it is a positive proof of what I have been saying, that there is no art criticism on the North American Continent, nor any art critics save two or three. Not only are there few art critics, there are but two or three Directors or Curators in the United States of America who have been properly trained or whose word on the subject of prints is of value. The art lecturers are in the same category. From the time of Ruskin and that incurable bore, that peddler and purveyor of art to the universities, Charles Eliot Norton, art has been preached in the United States from the high places, but almost the only incident that has occurred is Mr. Berenson, now pretty well forgotten I believe. However, critics, experts and curators rush in where artists hesitate. And Baltimore gives the latest example.

There appeared about a month ago in the papers of the United States headings like the following, taken from *The New York Sun*, copied not only all over this country but in Europe: 'WHISTLERS NEW TO FAME FOUND. FORTY WATER COLOURS DISCOVERED IN MARY-

LAND INSTITUTE.' Leaders were printed on the subject in the same *New York Sun* and other papers. We were further told that this great find had been recently unearthed in Baltimore and that Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, Curator of Prints in the Boston Museum, Lecturer on Art at Harvard, Honorary Curator of Museums too numerous to mention, had come down a year ago to study them—though I have not heard if he has been there since; that he had pronounced the collection only second to that of S. P. Avery; and that, as a mark of their appreciation, the Directors of the Maryland Institute and School of Art had appointed him Honorary Curator of these prints. The news travelled to London and *The Times* had the following paragraph on DISCOVERY OF PICTURES. UNSUSPECTED TREASURES IN BALTIMORE: "Among the portfolios bequeathed to the Maryland Institute in Baltimore by the late Mr. George A. Lucas, a collector in Paris, a number of interesting and valuable discoveries have been made. Forty original water-colours by Whistler. . . . Until Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, the Curator of the Boston Museum, visited the Maryland Institute a few days ago, its members were ignorant of the treasures contained in the Lucas portfolios." On his return from his visit to Baltimore in the early spring of 1920, Mr. Carrington stopped over in Philadelphia and called on Mrs. Pennell, then informing her of his discovery of this collection which we had seen sixteen years ago in Paris and the Whistler items of which we had gone over at the Maryland Institute more than a year previous to Mr. Carrington's visit, and this last fact, she told him, somewhat to his astonish-

## *The Forty Undiscovered Whistlers*

ment! Mr. Carrington has more lately informed me that he has also been made Honorary Curator of the Museums in Providence and Detroit. I would suggest that Mr. Carrington be made the only Curator of Prints in America, though he might then come under that Inter-State Trust Act which has dissolved the Standard Oil and other similar combinations. But let me dismiss Mr. Carrington for a moment—though not quite yet for I must refer to the concluding paragraph of his article in *THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* for December, where he says that he cannot “claim to have found anything” in the Whistler Collection at the Maryland Institute, and I quite agree with him that he cannot.

This Whistler Collection, the property of the late Mr. George A. Lucas of Paris, formed part of the great Lucas Collection left—via Mr. Walters—to his native city some years ago and stored, I believe for several years, in the Maryland Institute, most of it until recently in a state of incredible neglect and confusion. Mr. Lucas and his collection have been perfectly well known for at least sixty years to every student, collector and dealer who knew anything at all. Mr. George A. Lucas was a public institution in Paris. He was a member of a distinguished Baltimore family and was sent to Europe in connection with the Whistler, Winans, Harrison engineering concerns. [I am just informed that Mr. Lucas was S. P. Avery's agent in Paris.] His Paris apartment was a museum, especially of the work of the men of the Thirties. He also collected Barye bronzes and it was he who interested Corcoran and Walters in Barye and got together for them the examples now in the museums at Washington and Baltimore. Another group of Barye water colours and bronzes is in the Maryland Institute, but has barely been referred to by any of the authorities on the great Baltimore discovery, though it is the most important collection within the whole Lucas collection. There are also the palettes of contemporary artists, one of the funniest if, in some ways, extraordinary fads that any one ever went in for. These palettes are set, many of them, with the colours the painters used, and some have original sketches on them by the artists. Was it because they

are catalogued and installed upstairs with the Baryes that Mr. Carrington and the other experts seem to have been unaware of their existence? To go further into the matter, we visited Mr. Lucas on several occasions in Paris, the first visit on February 11th, 1904, when Mrs. Pennell was taken to call on him by M. Théodore Duret. We saw his collections and talked with him of many things. Mr. Carrington, in his article, says “strangely enough Mr. Lucas is barely mentioned in their entertaining biography”—our *Life of Whistler*. I might explain to Mr. Carrington that we were writing the life of Whistler and not of George A. Lucas, to whom we referred as often and at as great length as we thought necessary. But I would think it more accurate on Mr. Carrington's part as a Curator had he said “useful biography,” as he obtained virtually all his facts from it, in the four pages of letter press quoting us eight times and never acknowledging the source of his information once. And the book supplied him also with the information he published on the subject in *The New York Times* of the 21st of November, with no reference to us whatever. We cannot help flattering ourselves on our usefulness to Mr. Carrington. But then in another of his pronouncements he has said his method is never to be original but to get it all out of books—out of our book on this occasion.

But to consider the Whistler collection. It consists of a very varied series of etchings, many of which derive their special interest from their inscriptions from Whistler to Lucas or from Lucas' comments on them, though they amazed Mr. Carrington more as prints. As to the details, I can supply Mr. Carrington with additional information which was written down on February 11th, 1904, but which there was no necessity to publish before. The note will probably have the value of news to Mr. Carrington and other curators:

“Among his etchings was a very fine print of *The Kitchen* which Mr. Lucas said he had picked up a few years ago in an old shop in the Latin Quarter, already framed, for a franc. He had shown it to Whistler, who had signed it for him with name and Butterfly both, as he had a number of others. . . . The way Mr. Lucas came by six prints of *The*

# *The Forty Undiscovered Whistlers*

*George Lucas. some recent etchings*



*Whistler v. Ruskin*

## ART & ART CRITICS

BY

J. A. MACNEILL WHISTLER



LONDON

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

*Thames Set* was interesting. Whistler had sent them to the *Salon* through a dealer, to whom they had been returned when the *Salon* closed. But the dealer refused to give them up to Whistler who owed him some money. Mr. Lucas was in his shop one day and the dealer showed them, abusing Whistler, offering them for sale, saying, 'Why don't your friend, that scoundrel Whistler, pay me what he owes me? As he has not paid me, I shall sell his etchings to whomever will buy them!' Mr. Lucas, who did not like hearing Whistler abused in that sort of fashion, went straight to him and said, 'Look here, you oughtn't to let him go on talking about you like that—you ought to settle with him, if only to stop him.' But Whistler couldn't pay him and asked Mr. Lucas if he wouldn't pay what the dealer asked for the etchings and carry them off—which Mr. Lucas did. It was only, he said,

for the trifling sum of a hundred or a hundred and fifty francs the dealer was behaving so abominably, and it was for that sum Mr. Lucas got the etchings. Whistler insisted that he should keep them and signed them all with name and Butterfly."

The Butterfly, however, was probably signed much later. Whistler had a way of signing early prints and books with later Butterflies when they were brought to him and he was especially pleased with them. This we have seen him do and he did it for us. It will no doubt also be news to Mr. Carrington, as it was to the authorities at the Maryland Institute when I spoke of it and looked for the work in Baltimore, to hear that an oil painting of Lucas by Whistler has disappeared from the collection. Mrs. Pennell described it in her notes and I publish the description now for the first time. There was besides a



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PLATE FROM THOMPSON CATALOGUE

J. MC N. WHISTLER

water colour of Maud that has disappeared from among the forty water colours said to be in the collection. I quote again from the note of February 11th, 1904:

"Mr. Lucas brought out a portrait of himself in oils which Whistler had done, or rather begun, once when staying with him in his place in the country. There had been only two sittings and then Whistler had not been able to stand the country any longer and had hurried away. It is a small portrait—anticipating the Holloway, Hannay, Crockett portraits. A label, stating that it is the result of two sittings with the date, is on the back, and the date is 1886. Mr. Lucas was therefore twenty years almost younger, but it is still like. He stands, facing you, in a loose blue-black coat and trousers, cane in hand, against a brown background, charming in colour, full of character, and finished according to Whistler's definition. Mr. Lucas said it was characteristic 'hat', as he heard afterwards, Whistler was much concerned about it—had asked some one who had seen it whether it was really beautiful, really his best—he did not want anything that was not to remain.

"Mr. Lucas also showed me a wonderful little water-colour of a woman in bed reading—a portrait of Maud, he said, a sketch, the background simply suggested, but the pose, the arrangement, the colour with all Whistler's charm. That, Mr. Lucas said, for the real lover of Whistler, was perfect."

The Lucas family and the Trustees of the Institute do not know what has become of these two works. I might add incidentally that I am afraid at least one of the most important prints, the *Annie Haden* in big crinoline and soup-plate hat, has vanished. When invited to lecture at the Maryland Institute on January 23rd, 1919, I found the walls of the Lecture Room covered with the Lucas etchings, displayed in a most indecent and slovenly manner. This I believe was the first time they were shown to the public. I returned with a Baltimore collector the next morning and went through all the prints and letters and other documents—all in the most hopeless confusion,—and it was then, if I remember, that I saw the *Annie Haden*.

Among other things, on our last visit December 17th, a number of the destroyed plates

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REJECTED DRAWING FROM THE THOMPSON CATALOGUE

J. M. N. WHISTLER

were produced as great rarities, though the entire series was issued within an unlettered book cover by the Fine Art Society, London. Of this detail the Honorary Curator does not seem to have informed the Institute authorities—or did he know it himself? He ignores them entirely in his article. The first time we saw Mr. Lucas' set was in 1904. He had lent

the prints from the destroyed plates to M. Duret who was writing his *Whistler* and who showed them to us in the bound volume in his Paris apartment on February 10th. The next day, the 11th, Lucas referred to it. He said, "They were plates mostly Whistler had destroyed when he was sold out in his Chelsea house after the Ruskin trial—some very



WATER COLOUR (WINDSOR CASTLE?)

J. McN. WHISTLER



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The large number of letters from Whistler, Dr. Whistler, Maud, and others to Lucas seem to have been a revelation to the Honorary Curator, though, when we saw them two years ago and expressed an interest in them, the Maryland Institute sent us copies of the complete collection. There were then several letters from and about Mr. Frederick Keppel, which seem to have disappeared. At any rate, on our last visit, the Director did not show them. On the other hand we found a letter from Whistler to Lucas which we had not seen and which contained valuable confirmation of facts we had long been wanting to get.

The most important part of the collection, the greatest find, remains to be considered: *The Unknown Whistler Originals; The Forty Water Colours; The Masterpieces in Art; The Forty Whistler Drawings; The Art Discovery*; as the papers have described it, telling us that these gems of the collection had been kept very quiet, that no one had seen them. We certainly had not, and on the 17th of Decem-



SKETCH OF  
ROSA CORDER

J. MC N.  
WHISTLER

rare. Mr. Lucas said he had not collected and bound them himself, but had bought the Album as it is at a sale at the Hotel Drouot. One or two he had taken out, though destroyed, to complete his incomplete sets of certain of the etchings." All those now in the Lucas Collection have been taken out of the cover which has disappeared. I bought a copy in London, at the Dowdeswell sale at Christie's in 1917, and it is now in our Whistler Collection in the Print Division of the Library of Congress.



SKETCH OF  
CONNIE GILCHRIST

J. MC N.  
WHISTLER

## The Forty Undiscovered Whistlers

ber we visited Baltimore. Everything was delightfully displayed for us by the new Director, Mr. Alon Bement, who, in the short time that he has been connected with the School, has had the Whistler prints mounted, frames made for them, and now proposes to show them in series of fifty at a time and thus make known in the best manner what is undoubtedly a very interesting collection. He has also fitted up a gallery in which they are to be exhibited, and in this good work he is being supported by the people of Baltimore. We saw many things of which we were glad to make notes for our own personal use—a photograph of the destroyed version of *The Fur Jacket* with Whistler's title for it in Whistler's writing underneath: *Arrangement in Brown*, another photograph of the destroyed full-length portrait of Maud, one of two we published in the *Life*, again with the title in his writing: *Harmony in Flesh Colour and Red*; a copy of his *Art and Art Critics* with the inscription *George Lucas avec bien des choses*, signed with the Butterfly; rare newspaper cuttings; a few lithographs, mostly from the publications to which he contributed them, though one or two are genuine proofs and signed. But our chief interest was in the forty water colours and at these we first looked. There certainly was one water colour we do not remember to have seen before. Then the others were shown to us. Two were pencil sketches, one of the *Connie Gilchrist*, one of the *Rosa Corder*, on pieces of blue writing paper—sketches such as Whistler often made from memory to show what he was working at, and probably these two were made in this way for Lucas. Similar sketches are reproduced in the "entertaining biography." A pen sketch of the *Miss Alexander* on the back of an invitation also was probably done to show Lucas the design. And then came the gem of the whole collection—a photo-engraving of this pen drawing placed among the originals, sketch and reproduction described as "two pen-and-ink drawings." Next, we found what we had especially come to see—"the twenty-two water colours that were made for the porcelains for the Thompson Catalogue." We were interested for we knew, and all those who know anything knew, that the original drawings for

the *Catalogue of Blue and White Nankin Porcelain Forming the Collection of Sir Henry Thompson* are owned by Mr. Pickford Waller of London. We also knew, and Mr. Frederick Keppel knew that another set of these drawings had come up for sale, for Mr. Keppel had some of them and sold them, so that Mr. Carrington, who we think was in Mr. Keppel's employ at the time, should have known it too. A second set was astonishing. But that a third set should suddenly appear was paralyzing. Was another Whistler mystery looming up—or what? And we hurried to Baltimore. Thirty-six drawings besides were to be accounted for. We looked once. We looked twice. We looked at each other. We looked three times. And then we looked at the Director, and we said, "Nineteen"—the Director had said twenty two—"we think are bad proofs rejected by the Autotype Company in London. One is a drawing in wash, and a very bad one by Whistler, the reason it was never used. Indeed, the fact is stated in the French language in Mr. Lucas' handwriting across the top, '*Dessin original de Whistler non employé dans le catalogue de Sir Henry Thompson.*' 'Not to be used' is written below in English. The letter lying with the drawings which you do not seem to have quite understood and which the Honorary Curator does not seem to have noticed, is from Mr. Murray Marks, who edited the Catalogue, to 'Dear Philippe,' possibly Philippe Burty. In it he speaks of these prints, and the letter is written in English, dated March 9th, 1899, with the address 23A Old Bond Street: 'After a long search I succeeded in finding a complete set of proofs among my valuable collection of oddments and posted them to you yesterday. The plate marked 'not to be used' was not included in the catalogue. Please present these to our mutual friend with my kind regards.' Even Marks made a blunder for what he calls 'plate' is an original drawing." There is a reference to the series in Mrs. Pennell's note of February 11th, 1904. "Mr. Lucas has also a collection of proofs of the reproduction of the drawings for the Catalogue of the Collection of Porcelain, with one original drawing."

It is of course too much to ask that an Honorary Curator should be able to distinguish

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PEN SKETCH OF MISS ALEXANDER

J. MCN. WHISTLER

between an original and a reproduction, but it does seem strange that he is not able to count and cannot account for thirty-eight missing water colours. Now I know what Mr. Carrington will say, which is that he did not say it, just as he said that he did not find anything. But if Mr. Carrington did not say any of these things, he allowed the press of this country and England, including the art critics so-called and the curators, to discuss this find, to discuss these forty water colours, to give him the credit for discovering them,

and if he knew the statements to be false, he has made no attempt to repudiate them, to deny them here or when they have been repeated in good faith in journals of repute in Europe. It seems a curious position to find himself in for a Curator of the Print Room of the Boston Museum, a lecturer at Harvard University, and an Honorary Curator of we do not know how many museums besides. But Mr. Carrington has found something. He has found a mare's nest and put his foot in it.



## *Landscape Painting in America*

**L**ANDSCAPE PAINTING IN  
AMERICA  
ERNEST LAWSON  
BY AMEEN RIHANI

IN the development of pure landscape painting, the work of Ernest Lawson contributes an element of distinction. And in its own development, it has attained a refinement and balance of expression that give it both vitality and charm. It has all the qualities of modernity, but it is not ultra-modern. It links with the past through formulas that have stood the acid test of cosmic laws,—in places where the past is not an official guide but only an interested witness. It has individuality and sobriety and power. It strikes a balance, in its latest development, between colour and form. It pays a tribute to the poet's ideal of beauty and recognizes at the same time the moulding influence of the material fact. For Mr. Lawson has a very refined sense of colour and a sophisticated sense of form; and in the use of both he has developed a technique that is wholly his own.

Once in Spain he had some trouble in finding the formula that gives his recent work its adequate expression. He could not strike a balance between colour and form. He heard the sirens of the rainbow call and he followed them to a land of melodies in opal tints and symphonies in turquoise hues. His canvases, painted there, have a jewel-like quality, indeed, and are deeply, though not mawkishly, emotional. There is an intensity and brilliancy in his pigment that are reminiscent of an Andalusian landscape in the haze and glow of dawn; and there is a subtlety in his impasto that suggests the powder of a butterfly's wing on the rim of a rose or the frost on the mulch under a sudden shaft of light. They give us the feeling, these Spanish canvases, that the artist, in moments of conscious restraint, has only been able to control his accents, which depend wholly upon line. But rhythm, which depends more on colour, sometimes overcomes his most sustained effort.

The trees in these canvases, the winding roads, the bridges, the cathedral towers, the very rocks seem to be lost in a diffusion of colour and light. Opacities in a nearby view melt into harmonies; articulations of distance

are composed into fugues. Even some of the details of tonality are striking. Ernest Lawson, in his prodigality, does not overlook the precious coin. We see it, particularly in his chiaroscuro, well spent or well invested, and it yields us a rare joy. The play of reflections upon surfaces, the fugitive waves of light and shade that give his greens especially a rare distinction, the subtle blending that sometimes bridges an obvious break in the composition, even the shadow of clouds promenading on terraces beneath cathedral towers,—they are all there to remind us that this prodigal has lapses of abstention in which he evinces a subtle appreciation of inner beauty and ethereal effects.

Few artists can be consistent in Spain, or can, at least, resist the temptations it holds forth. Because it is superficially a man's country and officially a bull's, its grace and charm are often lost on canvas in an atmosphere of feigned virility; and its ruggedness here and there is translated into an idiom of brutal power. The atmosphere of romantic idealism, so vibrant and absorbing, is made subservient by the modern artist to the reality of the street and the arena. But Ernest Lawson has not been seduced by these superficial brilliancies. He sought the more enduring, the more real. Even here, however, artists often lose themselves in the architectural mazes of the country or in its opulence of color. The result is either too pictorial or too chromatically amorphous. And although Mr. Lawson was irresistibly drawn one way or the other at different times, there is evidence in his Spanish canvases, slight as it is, of the chaste quality and the restraint that mark his more recent work. There is no break, in other words, in the development of his style and technique.

I take *Segovia* as an example that fairly represents his qualities and his faults of that period. As an achievement in colour, it leaves little to be desired. The high note in the symphony echoes deep and wide; the very rocks seem to respond to the pink adobes of the city's roofs; and the underglow throughout is superb. But as a composition, it could have been improved upon. The cathedral that dominates the city could have been made to dominate both the city and the hills; and thus,

## *Landscape Painting in America*



SEGOVIA

ERNEST LAWSON

by eliminating a little architecture in the shifting, the pictorial effects would have been avoided and a better focus obtained.

Judging from these canvases one would say that Mr. Lawson is primarily a colourist. He is more. He is a stylist with a sense of form as real, though not always as apparent, as his sense of colour. His compositions are intellectual efforts that often succeed from sheer determination. His feelings are expressed in the richly shaded articulations of his mind. And yet, there is always a softly swelling melody in his tones. He knows, however, that intensity, particularly in the lyric mood, often kills a melody or a colour, and tonality always saves them. If he did not, his work would not have attained its present state of development. No, I can not imagine this artist rushing at Nature with a brush.

He is deliberate and calm; he feels deeply, but seldom without reason. He knows the value of colour and form in their dependence upon each other.

It was one of Cézanne's ideas that the richer the colour the fuller the form;—or, the deeper the feeling the more pleasing the aspect. But this is true only when colour gathers opulence of light and tone and thus begins to act upon form, effecting its measure, giving it an added poise, a solid footing. To be sure, colour goes first, leads the way. This is the most accepted of cosmogonic hypotheses. From the greyish, bluish, purplish nebula, the planet takes form.

And colour in Ernest Lawson's work goes first, leads the way to wherever there is beauty in nature—beauty of rhythm, of tone, of line, of volume. His technique does not hold his



## *Landscape Painting in America*



CATHEDRAL HEIGHTS

ERNEST LAWSON

vision in subjection. His intensity is overshadowed, in his New York and New Hampshire scenes, by his opulence. He is not afraid, in his recent work, of looking at nature in a straightforward manner and treating her with a simplicity that yields only to his delicate aesthetic apprehensions. The poetic grace is sustained in his most vigorous moments. Indeed, there is a tenderness in his power that holds one a willing captive. That is why, perhaps, a hesitation is sometimes detected in his line. But the tonal opulence more than compensates for the casual lack of decision.

Does not this seem inevitable, however, in the work of a stylist, which has a finished sophistication and an individuality of expression and feeling? And what is decision's place

in a flow of dreamy loveliness from the palette of a lyric poet? Mr. Lawson, however, recognizes here the importance of the decorative, although he does not always take as much interest in the formally balanced line and the rhythmic pattern as he does in the mass of light and colour and shade. These he follows with a supreme devotion. More in the suggestion than the expression, is he a seeker of the beautiful. That is why, in places where we least expect beauty, he surprises us with a charming testimony of its presence. The hemlocks of the Bronx, the birches of the hills of New Hampshire, even the cloud shadows of Spuyten Duyvel are all expressive of the penetrating eye of the artist and his more penetrating sense of colour and atmosphere and design. He is as eloquent in his repres-



## *Landscape Painting in America*

sions in these canvases as he is in his tonalities. The aesthetic gesture emphasizes the chastened feeling.

*Morning Light* is a good example of his idea of a landscape, pure and simple. It fairly illustrates his developed style and technique, and represents him in a particularly happy mood. It is very pleasing as a whole; in detail, it is charming. His shades of green—he certainly can paint greens—have a rare distinction. The water is rich with reflections and atmospheric effects. Even the rocks have a jewel-like quality. One may quarrel with his trees, which look sometimes like shadows twixt heaven and earth. But seen from a proper distance and in their surroundings, they are quite real, and very pleasing and assuring. In *Morning Light* they give a distinct charm to the composition and the scene.

So too in *Cathedral Heights*, which will also

serve as an instance of Mr. Lawson's keen artistic perceptions. *St. John the Divine* has been the subject of criticism and abuse ever since the masons abandoned it in an unfinished state. A monstrous amorphous pile, we exclaim, and turn away from it. But the artist sees it in its setting, and lo, a masterpiece. The curtain of trees and the winding road offset and balance the massive pile on the heights; and the difficulty that the artist encountered, which would have resulted in the obvious academic defect of cutting the picture in half, is overcome by the tonalities that hold it, in a masterly blending, together. I wonder, when the edifice is completed, if Lawson's *Cathedral Heights* could be improved upon. Considered from every point of view, it is, to my mind, one of his best achievements, strong and firm and fine.



MORNING LIGHT

ERNEST LAWSON

## The Artist and the Paint Pot

### THE ARTIST AND THE PAINT POT—A PSYCHOLOGICAL INDUCTION.

BY JOHN WINSTANLEY

Two great authorities have hinted at the distinction—at the fact that when every dabbler in paint is an artist, the attributes of the Muse become more multivarious than is consistent with the feelings of a perfect lady. George Moore has said that great art sees, feels, dreams—reasons never; and “Hizzoner,” Mayor Hylan, with magnificent genius for generalization and delicate grace of gesture, has referred to “art artists.” Now as it is well known that greatness never so far condescends, the labour of particularization devolves upon the lowly critic, and even though he come face to face in a tulgy wood, with William Shakespeare and that Wiffling Jabberwauk “What-is-art,” he must, in Her defense, mount his rampant literary hack and break in a lance; be it no better than a hop pole, stripped to the “altogether” in strict accord with Treasury Department Firmin. Hence this show of force; of course, attempted with the prayer that *fortes fortuna adjuvat*, as Noah Webster so aptly puts it. Nevertheless, we do not forget that fortune favours the wise also; therefore, it were perhaps as well not to attack from the front but from the flank—from an entirely new angle, if one can be found. The usual fate of the artistic dragon slayer is most distressing. Generally he rides his Pegasus to death amid the wilds of the utmost confines and is last beheld sitting upon the edge of Cosmos, with his feet hanging over helplessly. As we do not desire this crown of Martyrdom and—pinning our immediate faith more to the typewriter than the ouija,—wish to remain on the earth, we had likely better never leave it. Anyway, there is almost enough humanity in artists for their work to be considered from a purely mundane point of view, so—let’s go.

It is unquestioned that there exists in the minds of the *hoi polloi*—and of other competent judges as well—considerable confusion as between the genius who paints pictures, and the luckless wight who paints Art. Just why the former is not an artist, they cannot under-

stand, and what kind of a being an artist may be, none of them know, save the omnipotent American Business Man, whose opinion we are not, fortunately, bound to accept. That there exists two classes of artists—aside from the commercial, newspaper and magazine monstrosity—is obvious. One is represented by the man whose work is accepted generally and accorded the validity of a college diploma, and the other forms the basis for the venerable artist-garret joke; which to him who lacks an independent income, is no joke at all. The former finds no difficulty in making himself understood. His progress, from his school days to his column obituary and subsequent oblivion in the Hall of Fame, is consistent. If his ability is exceptional, he passes over the art world a brilliant meteor, leaving in his train worn-out fonts of type, worn-out drawing room rugs and worn-out bank books; but the latter seldom till late in life gets even a hearing, and even then his popularity is but x in the equation. He appears in the school and the exhibitions—when they will let him—and between times fades from view, his very existence unknown save to the discerning few. Usually arteriosclerosis claims him while in such state; sometimes he is rescued alive, but whatever his fate, he leaves his imprint upon the art of the world. Alive he is dead; dead he is sought after. When the final act of the little drama is over, and a sketch of his life is appended—in agate—to the record auction price of the year, the average man, the man on the street, slumping to the back of his neck in his office chair, and waving his strangely strong Connecticut perfecto, delivers the verdict: that the trouble with that fellow was, he was unbusinesslike. He should have painted what people wanted—produced a marketable commodity.

Now, granting that the difference between these two examples is fundamental, and no mere matter of supply and demand, still—*vox populi, vox Dei*—may it not be possible to find in this view, trite and commonplace as it is, the germ of a sound hypostasis which will enable us to define the respective artistic characteristics of these two men; for it must be apparent that the easily accepted work, that type of painting which passes unquestioned,



## *The Artist and the Paint Pot*

must follow the line of least resistance—must be something readily comprehended by the mass—and assuming that both painters are sincere men, neither willing to capitalize the known public weaknesses, and of approximate ability; then the capacity for general appeal must be inherent in the work and an index of the attributes of its producer. Let us then see if it be possible to determine the mass preference; that quality in painting to which it will soonest react favourably, that we may apply it as a unit of measurement.

Fortunately for the reader, the answer to the problem is at hand and if we are to believe history, as written on the rocks in prehistoric times, has always, since the dawn of the art instinct, stood ready for our reading. Speaking of the drawings on the walls of caves in France, made during the Quaternary period, M. Reinach remarks that their most striking quality is realism—that fancy seems to be absolutely excluded; and if we, in our turn, review in our memory those canvases which have from time to time been generally acclaimed; confining ourselves to such as were accepted casually, winning flattering and favourable comment from the profession, laymen and press, without arousing contention in this or that quarter; we cannot help but conclude that their basic quality is one with the productions of the man who hunted the bison and reindeer ten thousand years ago. One of the writer's earliest recollections of a demonstration of public approval is of that which was bestowed upon a painting depicting the varied ordnance with which Uncle Rastus was wont to hunt the toothsome red head duck—generally sold as a canvas back—all represented as hanging upon a barn door. Although it seemingly would have been quite possible to fire the guns and pick the feathers—doubtless the bones as well—the quality for which each spectator most loudly demanded approval from his fellow at his elbow, was the painting of the nail upon which the collection hung and which appeared to stick out from its background as nothing but a nail or the face of an Academy portrait ever could or can. Although freely admitting the puerility of such an example when contrasted with those seen upon varnishing days and at hushed gatherings, it

nevertheless remains that that nail is symbolical of painting as generally accepted and appreciated. It has been reproduced in the catalogues of exhibitions and written about in the press; it has fastened most of the names to the roll of membership of the various art societies, and supported the picture of the year; aside from publicity, it has always proved the strongest magnet to draw the Price from the purchaser, and, driven with matchless facility, it has served as the peg for a great and deserved Reputation.

The technical proof of a common genesis for all realistic pictures lies in the possibility of comparing both the very bad and the very good, point for point and quality for quality. Were it possible to place Uncle Rastus' gun and game bag beside a portrait by the accepted master, we could judge each from the other; never being at a loss for contrasting qualities. Seen together, faults would be instantly apparent. The former would be niggardly in drawing, the latter incisive; the first would lack atmosphere, the second have it in abundance; the implements of Rastus would be as dead and black as himself, the colour of the masterpiece virile; and in addition, it would show a mastery of the medium as against laborious, limping execution. These, and a hundred other charges we might bring against the first, but—and this is the vital point—we would never stand bewildered, asking of ourselves, if one were painting, what on earth could the other be. We would at once recognize a very good and very bad work, but consider both as painting. Deciding in which of the pictures the objects had been worthily represented, we would fall to admiring it from instincts which psychology tells us are two of the strongest of human traits; the love of the "stunt" and the love of craftsmanship. One and all we wonder at the seeming impossibility being accomplished—life counterfeited—and one and all we admire good work—the thing well done according to such conventional standards as we may have acquired since our primary amazement at the thing being done at all. Is it then, not logical to infer that this quality—Realism—alone, constitutes the line of least resistance, and that the easy position of the first painter is due to his psychological simi-





PORTRAIT OF  
MADAME X

JOHN S.  
SARGENT



PORTRAIT OF  
MISS FLORENCE LEYLAND

JAMES McNEILL  
WHISTLER



Drawing I





Drawing II

## *The Artist and the Paint Pot*

tude to the mass; that by this very nature he is the representer in paint, pure and simple? Also that our conception of good painting is purely physical, depending solely upon the development of our senses, plus facility?

This admitted, it becomes easy to analyze the character and sense the limitations of both the painter and painting. Purely objective, his work, aside from technical mannerisms, is almost as impersonal as the photograph, which tells us nothing of the photographer. More than that, he possesses marvellously trained eyes, and at times amazing dexterity, we may not know, and in this respect, when hanging upon the walls of the museum, his canvases seem like orphans in an orphanage. Psychologically he is but a unit of the crowd, sharing its interests, work, amusements, joys and sorrows; thinking its thoughts and seeing its sights as it sees them; differing from the masses only in that he alone has the ability to mimic upon canvas the realities surrounding them, and perhaps, in so doing, add that atmosphere of material opulence which constitutes the common ideal, or lends to plainness the semblance of physical beauty. And these things he is able to do as the mechanic is able to reproduce the model, or erect a building from drawing; singing at his work and mulling the memory of the previous merry night, or enjoying in imagination the anticipated frolic, while his trained eye and hand execute habitually the conventional forms and colours. What *he* may be is beside the mark. All he needs be is a craftsman. So long as he can use his dexterous eyes and hands, he can be either angel or devil, accomplished man of the world or a piece of common clay; and his subject a Duchess or a Dutch cheese. If he is a good workman the Duchess will look her part and the cheese will look its part, and that's all there is to the matter.

Leaving the painter to squirm upon the hook; where, he will doubtless believe, we have very casually hung him higher than Hayman; let us see what an analysis of the mass can tell us of that other man at whom it jibes and jeers. A crowd jeers as it is told, at what it cannot understand, and at what it considers as pretense in anyone who affects to see or think differently from itself. It requires but

little psychological observation to discover that its ideals are conventionally commonplace, and that to pass current with it, a coin must have a loud ring. Always so, this is intensified in the present age of commercial exploitation. Hitherto, ignorance was merely lack of information and complacency was complacency; the frozen mind was regarded as a misfortune, but in our time the influence of business is paramount, and business has found it profitable to toady to common weaknesses, confirming them by so doing; till vanity, not decency; sentimentality, not sentiment; levity, not wit; sensation, not pleasure; allurements, not love; all sometimes legal tender with the crowd, have been exalted to the dignity of an established currency. With such a condition added to the heritage of centuries, during which externality and expediency became dogmas, we cannot wonder that the mass, while applauding the facile rendition of the obvious to which it was always accustomed (see Sargent's *Portrait of Madame X*), is ready to regard him who would paint otherwise somewhat as a heretic; and as the gammon yearns to muss the Sunday clothed boy, and the corner crowd to swat the silk hat, so must the mass have its fling at one who sees a world where to them there is but a star, or a round world where they see a flat one.

Such universal attitude, together with its universal application, proves most enlightening regarding the character of the artist. Clearly, this strange man "who takes no joy in the ways of his fellows" is out of tune with his time—an anomaly; either mentally erratic or one of the exceptional few whose subconscious activities result in more than the formation of habits. As in the end his sanity is admitted, and as even the crowd itself, after a long period when no longer annoyed by his goad, fashions itself upon his model (Oscar Wilde's statement that nature follows art being true), we can only conclude that he is that curious compound of action and dreams, sometimes resulting in the iconoclast. Dissatisfied with things as they are, he becomes one of the band of eternal pioneers. Where the painter, content, seeks nothing beyond that which is ready at hand, the artist senses something further. For him the material

## *The Artist and the Paint Pot*

world is not the final word, and a mere reproduction of a rock-strewn hill, a watered and fruitful valley, or the physical characteristics of the model; each arranged according to certain "rules" of composition; is not sufficient.

Not but what he recognizes the merit in literal truth and respects it in a painting as much as another. Correct modelling, texture, colour, rendering broadly in facile brush work, appeals to his sense of craftsmanship as to that of any other man and he is willing to become enthusiastic over the cleverness of the painter, but after all it seems to him merely cleverness akin to juggling. Even though a painting seemingly could exist of itself alone, solely because of being a beautiful object, as a gem is beautiful, it still would not intrigue him, for he feels that nothing can have an abiding place in art apart from the personal message of its producer—that if the artist has nothing to say there can be no real art. That after all, art is a language in which something is sought to be conveyed, and as this something cannot be merely a story without the art being merely illustration, or a fact without the art being a treatise, or even the exceptional, without art descending to the anecdotal, there remains only the emotional. Therefore, he considers art as the means for communicating the inexpressible, not for the stating of physical facts—see Whistler's *Portrait of Miss Leyland*)—a something which composers, being through the very nature of things practically beyond the reach of realism—knew from the beginning.

Whether he is analytical or not, the artist feels this instinctively. He does not confuse it with symbolism, knowing well that the symbol is but a shorthand character representing a concrete idea; whereas, far from being general property, his ideas are not even formed and thus cannot manifest themselves

definitely through the conscious mind. Under the normal characteristics of the visible world the artist senses others, existing in a kind of artistic fourth dimension, and it is these he tries to express. What such qualities actually are, whether they really exist as separate manifestations of energy, or are but the reflection of his own personality, as is generally considered, is a subject for the metaphysician. The fact remains that the artist realizes an unperceived and therefore dormant quality of nature; that whether he takes his material from some vast storehouse of hereditary memories or receives it from some extraneous source, the very fact that he does not derive it from any casual appearance of nature is his especial distinction.

This conclusion, arrived at briefly and by a seeming backhanded method, may not at first glance appear startling; but reflection will reveal that the paths indicated are not parallel but divergent, and that followed consistently, they part the painter and artist immeasurably. However, it should be remembered that the painter has here been represented in an extreme that is seldom met with, save in the portrait studio; for where the artist clothes the abstract in the garment of realism, the painter generally clothes realism with art. Thus Drawing I is primarily a realistic drawing, while Drawing II is first of all an arrangement of line rhythm and mass balance and only secondarily a woman. This fact, which suggests the possibility of environment rather than nature, bearing the responsibility for the painter's development, eases the way for the author's apology for any seeming prejudice. The Pantheon of Art holds so many images that a personal preference is essential. Therefore, each of us can but say with the Sage of the Vidas: "Though I know that the Gods are One; still for me, there is none like the lotus-eyed Krishna."





*Reproduced by Courtesy E. Weyhe*

THE  
TEMPLE

FROM THE AQUATINT  
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

## Arthur B. Davies: A Muralist in Prints



THE GUIDING  
SPIRIT

FROM THE DRYPOINT BY  
ARTHUR B. DAVIES

### A RTHUR B. DAVIES: A MURAL- IST IN PRINTS BY HENRY TYRRELL

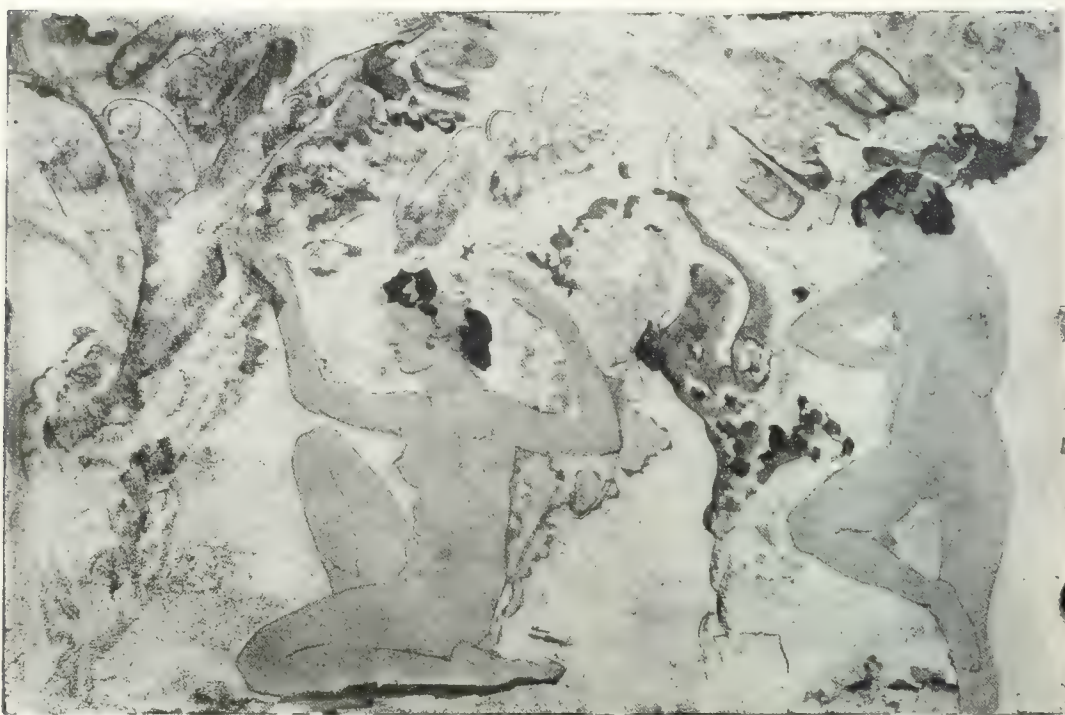
BECAUSE Arthur B. Davies occupies a unique position in modern art—or, more accurately, because he is a unique figure who cannot be placed at all, at any given stage, unless relatively to his whole career—peculiar interest attaches to the recent exhibition, at the Weyhe Galleries in New York, of his etchings, aquatints and lithographs, supplemented with a few specially selected water colour sketches. The interest, as we shall see, involves something even more significant than the disquieting charm of the prints themselves, in which incidentally a new technique has developed—a motley of rich, strange and imaginatively suggestive effects of glamorous light and mystic voluptuous shade. They are

a surprise, truly, coming from the rainbow-chasing painter of *Dreams*, *Castalia*, *The Girdle of Aries*, and symbolistic *Unicorns* in purple-flushed classic vales of faery lands forlorn. Yet the elusive intimate quality of Davies is here, all the regal poetic allure, diffused through vanishing rhythmic lines and floating prismatic hues, translated into velvet tones and silver sheen of black-and-white. It was somewhat sudden, nevertheless, this versatile graphic show, for the conservative, methodical collector. Doubtless there will be heartbreak in the recollection of opportunities overlooked, when one day these prints now so prodigally scattered to the winds shall have become rare and priceless.

This is the first comprehensive exhibition of Davies's graphic work, all of comparatively recent date, which when accounted in the catalogue raisonné now in preparation by Mr.



## Arthur B. Davies: A Muralist in Prints



AUTUMN

FROM THE AQUATINT BY  
ARTHUR B. DAVIES

Carl Zigrosser will be found to embrace at least seventy-five etchings and aquatints and some threescore lithos. These constitute, as has been noted, a positive technical contribution to contemporary art, particularly in the fascinating but complex and tricky medium of aquatint. In the showing at Weyhe's they had the accompanying commentary of a selection of closely related water colours, supplying the necessary connecting link between Davies's paintings and his prints. In a sense, he is always working in terms of colour. He is first, last and all the time a potential muralist.

Important as it is, then, this graphic work of Davies in no wise stands as a finality. Regarded by themselves, as prints *per se*, these things are in a measure meaningless, despite their personal distinction, their omnipresent intimations of beauty in countless forms and aspects. From the detached viewpoint, they are indeed "vague," "fragmentary," even

"cubistic," as certain myopic critics have written, for want of more definite characterization. But seen in relation to the artist's whole work and already determined ultimate aspiration, they are as one strophe in a grandiose symphonic poem.

Whatever else these etchings and lithographs are or are not, first of all they constitute records of the artist's study of pure form, and of form in its most subtle interpretation through colour. They represent so many spiritual adventures in search of expression. Their trend is all in one direction. They have a common motive, a single dominating theme, carried through variations infinite. That theme is the undraped human figure. In this supreme model the artist finds ready to hand all his enchanting shapes hewn in the living marble of the human flesh—fragments of statues lovely as the relics of antique imaged gods.

He is standing face to face with primal beauty and nobility. This he strives to catch





REQUIEM

FROM THE LITHOGRAPH  
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

## Arthur B. Davies: A Muralist in Prints

in reflection upon the magic mirror which is his art. For a few brief moments he fain would divert us from the accustomed banalities of Use and Wont that daily life has interposed between our true selves and the eternal reality. So, the artist is not dealing in abstractions, after all. What he reveals to us is, as Bergson has so finely said, only a more direct vision of reality. "Realism is in the work when idealism is in the soul."

Sometimes the motive of a plate is but a fleeting shadow, curve, contour or gesture, expressed in a single figure or part of a figure—as in *The Antique Mirror*, for example—drawn in the consummately *déagé* manner that Degas might have drawn it. Or it may involve an experiment with the grain and texture of the aquatint ground, over which the artist trails the biting acid with a brush, on the hazard of some enchanting effect like the *Palace Under the Sea*. Then again there will occur a group so symmetrically balanced and structurally sound, so exquisitely inter-related in spatial arrangement, that the artist must perforce complete it to a pictorial unity. Then he gives it an identifying title in accord with

his naturally poetic fancy—for with Davies there is generally a smack of classic ambrosia. Hence the *Pleiades*, *Guiding Spirit*, *Pompeian Veil*, *Autumn*, and the rest.

The aquarelles, in some instances, are colour sketches for the Greek idyls, romantic symbolisms and Dionysian dancers figured forth in etching or drypoint. But the most interesting of all the water colours is the composition tentatively called *Reconstruction*—a pictured epic of modern civilization in twentieth century America. This, it is understood, is the design for a mural decoration to be placed in some public building in Washington, D. C. In this conception, Niagara, pouring forth power in the roseate flush of dawn, is the Castalia from which the modern Muses of Art, Science and Invention are nourished.

All these things belong on the walls and ceilings of men's homes, market guildhouses, and temples. They are for fresco. They serve as preliminary notice that Architecture, mother of the arts, is once again calling home her own. Twentieth century painting must go back to the wall.



RECONSTRUCTION

FROM THE WATER COLOUR  
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

# WORDS . . . WORDS

## AN EDITORIAL

In re Pennell-Carrington. The article on the "Undiscovered Whistlers" was printed for Mr. Pennell's first-hand information on Whistler, not for Mr. Pennell's opinions on curators. I have before me the whole correspondence leading up to this article, and if I thought that it would amuse casual readers as much as it has amused me, I would publish it. But I fear that too much explanation would be necessary.

But the story must be told. Last May Mr. Carrington visited Baltimore, and being shown over the Maryland Institute, was interested in the Lucas Collection and made some suggestions as to cataloguing, exhibiting and so on. The trouble then, as always, at the Maryland Institute, was lack of funds (Baltimoreans please note!). In appreciation of his services at that time Mr. Carrington was made Honorary Curator of the Collection. He then went to Europe, and in his own words "forgot all about it." What was his surprise, when, six months later, he saw his name in the newspapers connected with a *Great Whistler Find* and began to receive a deluge of letters and telegrams asking for information.

Among the latter was one from myself. I received a puzzled reply, but reiterating my demand for an article, extracted from Mr. Carrington in an incredibly short space of time the one published in December. At once I saw that something was wrong. Here was nothing new. But the article was interesting, so in it went.

It was not until some weeks later that I heard the true story of the "find." It appears that the Maryland Institute was, as usual, "hard up." Too hard up, in fact, to carry out Mr. Carrington's suggestions. But the new Director was a man of resource. He argued that the possession of an artistic treasure such as the Lucas Collection, rightly advertised, should attract attention; attention would breed interest, and interest perhaps dollars. So with much labour he extracted \$300 from the Board of Trustees, and invested the sum in preparing the collection for exhibition. It

must be remembered that at that time the Whistler Prints were unmounted, the letters unsorted and that there was in the Institute no wall suitable for showing them. These things the Director accomplished as best he might and flung open the doors.

He received visitors. Among them some gentlemen from the press, in search of "copy." To them the Director told his story. The gentlemen were impressed. Whistlers! Quite a quantity. Almost forty. Wash drawings. And a water-colour. Perhaps the Director spoke too fast. Perhaps the gentlemen missed a word. However it may be, the next day the Baltimore papers heralded the discovery of Forty Water-colours.

Did the Director rush into print with frantic denials? No. He sat tight. A decent time elapsed. A New York paper stretched itself, yawned and turned its eyes on Baltimore. The story grew. Found echoes in Europe. The Editor of the *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* commissioned an article. Baltimore was launched.

So much for the Great Baltimore Discovery.

But that is not the best of the joke. Being myself considerably puzzled I thought it worth while to go down to Baltimore myself and see what really was there. I asked for water colours and was shown one water colour and nineteen wash drawings from the Thompson Collection. These I glanced at and passed on. The letters and cancelled plates interested me more. I thought them rarities. (It was a week later that Mr. Gallatin showed me his complete bound set!) I was enthusiastic and wrote to Mr. Pennell. He replied that he was "much interested" and would go to Baltimore. A fortnight later I received the article on the Whistler Find and photographs of what he had found. That day there was laughter in the land.

It was to a degree excusable that no one of all who had seen the collection should know that the originals of the Thompson Catalogue are in London, but that we should all mistake prints for originals was damaging, if it were not so ludicrous. The only thing to do was to join in the laugh with the best grace possible.

But the laugh was a little forced until I





HERCULES AND OMPHALE  
DETAIL OF CEILING



PINTURICCHIO'S CEILING, FROM THE  
PALAZZO DEL MAGNIFICO, SIENA

## Words . . . Words

found that here too things were not quite as they seemed. In particular the paragraph in Mr. Pennell's article which reads: "We looked once. We looked twice. We looked at each other. We looked three times. And then we looked at the Director and we said . . . " suggests rapidity, a cursory glance, wonderment that mortals should be so frail, and then—a little piece of information from the expert. No hint of the puzzled looks and knitted brow, of the doubts, of the thought that perhaps, though they *could not* be originals, they might be copies by a brilliant pupil, and certainly no suggestion that *each look lasted half an hour*.

Oh! Mr. Pennell!

The thing to see this month at the Metropolitan Museum is the Pinturicchio Ceiling, which has just been installed in the South End of Gallery 32 (the "Gold Room"). It is from the Palazzo del Magnifico in Siena, built for the despot Pandolfo Petruce about 1502.

This palace had been in a very dilapidated condition for some time and it was thought that everything of value had been taken out. An odd chance preserved it. About a hundred years ago the building began to be used as a tenement and false ceiling and partitions were put in, presumably for the sake of warmth. In this way the original vaulted ceiling was hidden and remained so until Professor Franchi, Director of the Institute of Fine Arts in Siena discovered it. Several of the painted panels had been destroyed by the workmen in remodelling the palace and the moulding was considerably damaged, but sufficient remained to justify great interest. The panels were transferred to canvas and were bought by the Museum in 1914, just before the outbreak of war.

In the present installation the dimensions of the room have been kept and casts made of the original mouldings and decorations. So that the gallery has much the appearance of the original. The floor, which was in Majolica, is now in light plaster to reflect the light, and the walls are bare where before were carved woodwork and panels by Pinturicchio, Signorelli and Genga. Just enough has been done to recapture the atmosphere without running the danger of swamping the originals under a mass of imitation.

The illustration on the next page shows the whole as reconstructed. The round panels in the corners represent *Venus* (top left-hand), *The Three Graces* (top right-hand), *Jupiter transformed into a Satyr, bending over Antiope* (lower left-hand), and *Bacchus and Pan* (lower right-hand). The two outer panels remaining represent *The Rape of Europa* (above) and *Hercules and Omphale* (below). The four lozenge-shaped panels round the centre have for subjects *A Figure of a Sea Horse* (above), *Helle* (below), *The Hunting of the Caledonian Boar* (right), and *The Judgment of Paris* (left). The remaining eight panels represent Triumphs, a favourite Renaissance theme. Working round from the top right-hand they are *The Triumph of Alexander*, *The Triumph of Apollo*, *The Triumph of Mars*, *The Triumph of a Warrior*, *The Triumph of Cybele*, *The Triumph of Ceres*, *Pluto and Proserpine* and *The Triumph of Amphrotrite*. In the centre were the Petrucci Arms; so this feature has been restored. The room is well worth a visit.

George Bellows has painted something very like a masterpiece. It is reproduced on the following page so little comment is necessary. A comparison between this portrait and the treatment of the same subject in *Eleanor*, *Jean* and *Anna* (reproduced in the December issue) may be of value. That the portrait won the National Arts Club prize is a commendation of the Club's judgment. Bellows has painted a picture which carries its own commendation. Make a point of seeing this portrait.

Another picture at the National Arts Club exhibition which sticks in my mind is Jonas Lie's *Tropical Storm*. Jonas Lie is an uncertain quantity. His work has always a distinctive quality. His canvases shout "Lie." But the distinction is not always flattering, and the "Lie" does not always ring true. However, his *Tropical Storm* encourages me to look deeper into his other work.

The other pictures in the exhibition were for the most part obscured by the painters and their wives, but a talk with Mr. Ritschel on the "Champagne of Life" served as an admirable pick-me-up.





*Courtesy National Arts Club*

THE OLD LADY  
IN BLACK

GEORGE  
BELLOWS



## Book Reviews



### BOOK REVIEW

**B** PEN DRAWING AND PEN DRAUGHTSMEN. By Joseph Pennell. The Graphic Arts Series. Vol. III. The Macmillan Company.

Here is a book to own. Four hundred pages odd, with as many illustrations. Such an array of drawings was never collected in one book before. The letterpress? Well . . . Joseph Pennell. You know. Information in plenty. Sound hints for students. And throughout the customary Pennell dirge, "Art is dead, Art is dead," with its refrain, "Damn those fool Editors." But don't mind that. Art was alive twenty years ago . . . Then there were other mourners of the good times past.

The book proper starts with Fortuny, the father of modern pen-drawing. For by pen-drawing, Mr. Pennell understands pen-drawing for reproduction. Thus he compares a study by Duerer with one by Rossetti, and immediately many things become apparent. The Duerer has a certain stiffness, the Rossetti is bold and free. The Duerer is cold, a delicate framework in black and white; the Rossetti suggests colour and warmth.

It is in this power to suggest colour that modern pen-drawing differs from the old. Look at the Rembrandt Head. It is a perfect drawing. But there was no need for Rembrandt to paint with the pen.

With Fortuny, then, modern pen-drawing begins. His figure work and Vierge's architecture strike a new note. Not only form but texture is conveyed and light begins to play a prominent part.

It is impossible to discuss all of the artists

here represented. Mr. Pennell's taste—up to 1900—was happily Catholic, so that every manner is represented. But the really big men stand out. They are Vierge, Casanova, Meissonier, Menzel, Leibl, v. Stueck, Sandys, Rossetti and Beardsley. All of these men are well worth remembering and I wish that I could reproduce an example of each. The Manet *Raven* on the cover is magnificent, but Manet is primarily a painter. The Beardsley advertisement is reproduced, as it shows Beardsley in a new light. The others must bide their time.

As to the Americans, this is the least satisfactory section of the book. The examples chosen are remarkable chiefly for their technical excellence. One might mention Abbey's *Old Songs*, Blum's *Portrait of Joe Jefferson*, and for sheer craftsmanship Brennan's *Spiral Staircase*. But there is nothing to make one exclaim, "Behold the Master." Is America there at fault or Joseph Pennell?

I repeat, this is a book to own. Pen-drawing is in a bad way, though hardly so bad as Mr. Pennell would make out. But colour printing and half-tone will pall, and this book may prove as an inspiration to some unknown pen draughtsman.

Other books received include:

LUSTRE POTTERY. By Lady Evans, M.A.  
E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE BOOK OF A HUNDRED HANDS. By George B. Bridgman. Edward C. Bridgman.

A HANDBOOK OF INDIAN ART. By E. B. Havell. E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES OF ROME AND SOUTHERN ITALY.

THE CATHEDRALS OF CENTRAL ITALY.

By T. Francis Bumpus. E. P. Dutton & Co.



*From Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen.  
By Joseph Pennell. The Macmillan Co.*

ADVERTISEMENT  
(COURIER FRANCAIS)

AUBREY  
BEARDSLEY







"A CHINESE GATEKEEPER."  
OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE  
CHINNERY, R.H.A.





PORTRAIT OF GEORGE CHINNERY  
 FROM A CRAYON DRAWING  
 BY HIMSELF

THE LIFE AND WORK OF GEORGE  
 CHINNERY, R.H.A., IN CHINA. BY  
 JAMES ORANGE.

**I**N Mr. W. G. Strickland's "Dictionary of Irish Artists" an account is given of the life and work of George Chinnery, but it contains little detail of the China period. The artist's gouache work has been dealt with recently in an excellent article by Mr. R. R. M. See containing some fine reproductions. It is with the Chinese period that the present article is concerned.

George Chinnery was born in London on January 5th, 1774; began to exhibit at

the Royal Academy in 1791; practised in Dublin from 1797 to 1802 (married in 1799); and proceeded to Madras in 1802. Leaving Madras in 1807 he went to Calcutta, where he remained until 1825, when he sailed for China. Soon after his arrival in Macao his wife threatened to join him, so he removed to Canton, for, as he remarked, "Now I am all right. What a kind providence is this Chinese government that it forbids the softer sex from coming and bothering us here!" After about two years in Canton he resumed residence in Macao, living in the same house until he died on May 30th, 1852.



PORTRAIT OF A HONG  
MERCHANT IN CANTON  
BY GEORGE CHINNERY

Chinnery's genius met with early recognition in England and Ireland, and in India he became a noted artist. The references of Thackeray in "The Newcomes" and of Sir Charles D'Oyley in "Tom Raw" testify to his skill and reputation. He received important commissions and could have made a large fortune if he had not been possessed of the eccentricity of genius and of so restless a character. It was rare for him to complete a picture; he would take pains with the face of the sitter and be quite indifferent to the complexion, the drapery, and other accessories. It was said that there were over fifty unfinished portraits in his studio when he left Calcutta.

In China he entered into a society which was not artistic, and his life was a constant financial struggle, yet on the whole a happy one. Contemporary writers speak of his charming and genial disposition and of the affection in which he was held. Mr. William C. Hunter, in "Bits of Old China," has many allusions to Chinnery thus :

"Facile in expression, quick in comparison or illustration, he always made himself welcome with his amusing stories of local as well as of Indian life."

"As a story-teller his words and manner equalled his skill with the brush, while to one of the ugliest of faces were added deep-





"MACAO FROM THE INNER  
HARBOUR." WATER-COLOUR  
BY GEORGE CHINNERY



"CREEK NEAR MACAO"  
WATER-COLOUR BY  
GEORGE CHINNERY



"GROUP OF CHINESE AT A MEAL  
IN STREET." OIL - PAINTING  
BY GEORGE CHINNERY

set eyes with heavy brows brimming with expression and good nature.    ♡    ♡

"During the whole time that Mr. Chinnery had passed amongst us, twenty-seven years, he had been remarked for two characteristics, one of being an enormous eater, the other of never drinking either wine, beer or spirits. His sole beverage was tea, oftener cold than hot."    ♡    ♡

Miss Low, niece of W. H. Low, of Boston, U.S.A., whose portrait Chinnery painted in 1833, wrote a journal of her visit to Macao, 1829-1833, which was published by her daughter, Mrs. K. Hillard, and entitled "My Mother's Journal." In it there are many allusions to Chinnery, giving a living impression of his personality.    ♡

A French author who dubbed himself "Old Nick" quotes in his book "La Chine Ouverte" (Paris, 1845), from a letter

written in 183- which gives a long account of Lam Qua, a pupil of Chinnery, and describes the rivalry between the two artists; while praising the "work of the pupil, he admits that the talent of Chinnery was very superior and explains that the bitterness of Chinnery was caused by the lower prices of the pupil.    ♡    ♡    ♡    ♡    ♡

Dr. Sylvia Mendes, of Macao, an ardent collector and admirer of Chinnery, has some examples of Lam Qua's work which, while resembling the style of Chinnery, cannot be compared to the latter's productions. Lam Qua exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1835 and 1845. His name is now quite forgotten by Chinese painters, but that of Chinnery is still remembered. Dr. Mendes in a recent letter to the writer says: "Une remarque très intéressante; la tradition de George Chin-



"HOW QU'A, HEAD OF THE HONG  
MERCHANTS IN CANTON. OIL PAINT-  
ING BY GEORGE CHINNERY, R.I.A.







"ITINERANT CHINESE BLACKSMITH." OIL - PAINTING  
BY GEORGE CHINNERY

nery à Canton est encore bien vive. Il y est très bien connu parmi les peintres à l'huile. Dans un grand magasin de photographie, ou je suis entré pour voir une peinture de Chinnery, on m'a remarqué qu'elle n'était pas là pour être vendue mais pour être étudiée par les peintres, c'est de 'Chinnalee' (c'était un portrait de femme anglaise ou américaine.)" ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Chinnery's work in China has a certain monotony, for he painted the same individuals and the same scenes and types of Chinese life many times albeit with some difference in detail. His best work is probably to be found in charming scenes of

Chinese life, for his great delight was in sketching ; every morning of fine weather attracted him out at dawn, and his vigorous sketches in both pen and ink and pencil are masterly drawings. Some of his portraits in oil are remarkably good, though it is said, not always faithful likenesses, while others are evidently painted without any artistic effort and most probably to produce the money required at the moment. His landscapes, and small marine views are especially attractive, whether in oil or water-colour. A favourite subject was the sampan girl or boat woman with the black trousers, blue tunic, and red kerchief over



"EAST INDIA COMPANY AGENT'S  
RESIDENCE AT MACAO." FROM  
A PENCIL-DRAWING BY GEORGE  
CHINNERY

the head. One of the best examples is an oil painting in the possession of Mr. G. T. Veitch. So far as the writer can recall, he did not do any pictures or sketches of rough sea or stormy weather; evidently he loved peace in nature as well as in mind. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The colours and materials used by the artist were ground and mixed in his own studio, and fortunately have stood the test of time; the blues and reds are durable and especially good. He did not sign any pictures, but many of his sketches, pen and ink and pencil, are initialled and dated, with notes added in a shorthand writing.

Most principals of firms in China during 1825-1852 obtained from him portraits of themselves and friends and pictures of Chinese life; most of these are now in Europe or America, and very few are to be found in China. It was a fashion thirty or forty years ago among old firms to possess a Chinnery, like a piece of plate or old furniture. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The list of Chinnery's works in the

"Dictionary of Irish Artists" is far from complete. Sir Robert Buchanan Jardine, Bart., has about forty pictures, principally oils, portraits and scenes of India and China, including an admirable portrait of Mr. William Jardine, founder of the China firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co. and *A View of Macao*, a picture of strong contrasts and particularly worthy of attention. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Major Henry Keswick has eighteen Chinese pictures, besides Indian scenes and an interesting volume of sketches by Chinnery. Some of the pictures were loaned by his father, Mr. William Keswick, to an exhibition held in Hong Kong in 1867. Mr. J. J. Keswick, Mrs. Morris, Messrs. John Bell Irving and John Johnstone (all connected with the firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co.) possess several fine examples of the painter's art. ♦ ♦

Miss M. B. Maguire, of Dublin, has a large collection, and has acquired a mass of information with a view to publishing a book on the life and work of her relative.





"STREET SCENE, MACAO"  
PEN-DRAWING BY  
GEORGE CHINNERY

Mr. R. M. Gray has a portrait of his uncle, William Forsyth Gray, of Canton and Macao, painted about 1840, and there are several portraits in America, especially of the Low family, including the picture of Miss Low which is so frequently mentioned in her journal. ■ ■ ■

The British Museum possesses thirty-six sheets of mostly pen-and-ink and pencil sketches and four engravings from two pictures of Macao, the portrait of Thomas Colledge and that of Dr. Morrison translating the Bible into Chinese. ■ ■ ■

The Victoria and Albert Museum has three miniatures and a water-colour *A Coast Scene*, signed "Geo. Chinnery, 1801." ■ ■ ■

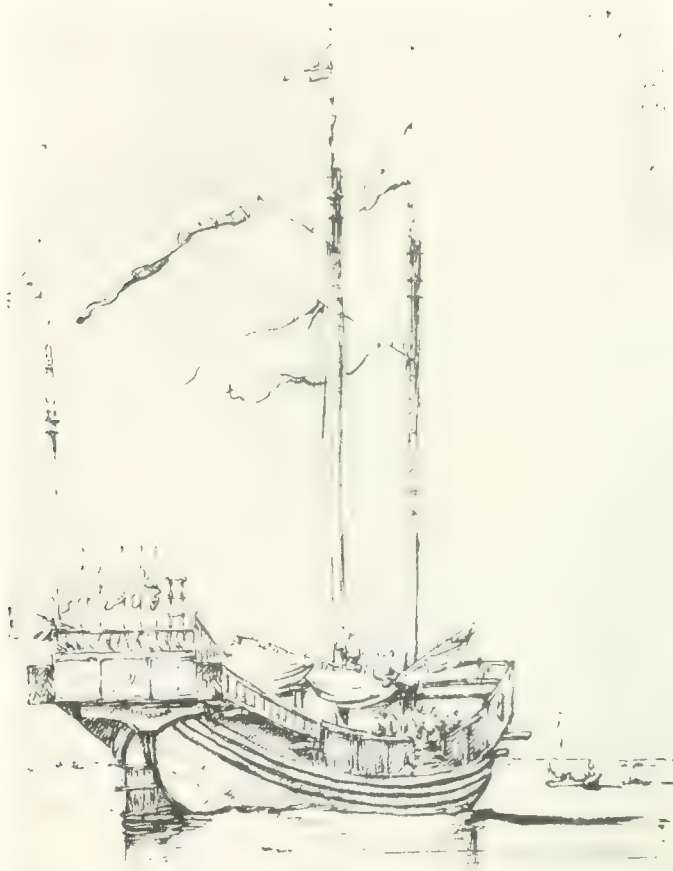
The National Portrait Gallery picture of the artist painted by himself and presented by Mr. John Dent in 1888, is probably the best of the many portraits of the artist. ■ ■ ■

The Dr. George Morrison Library, now owned by Baron Hisaya Iwasaki, Tokyo,

Japan, includes two volumes of Chinnery's works. One contains 206 pen-and-ink and pencil sketches, and the other thirty-nine finished water-colour drawings and eighty-four sketches. ■ ■ ■

The above is but a brief account of a genius, who, in different circumstances and with other opportunities, would probably have reached the highest rank among the artists of his time. ■ ■ ■

The oil portrait of *How Qua, Head of the Hong Merchants in Canton*, was painted for W. H. Chichele Plowden, Agent of the Hon. East India Company's Factories in Canton and Macao. How Qua, 1769-1843, was immensely wealthy and held in the highest esteem by all foreigners. (The Hong merchants were honourable and reliable in all their dealings, faithful to their contracts and large-minded.) The *Portrait of a Hong Merchant in Canton*, also painted in oils, was formerly the property of Sir John Francis Davis, Governor of the Colony of Hong Kong ;



"CHINESE JUNK AT ANCHOR"  
FROM A PEN-DRAWING BY  
GEORGE CHINNERY

it has not been identified, but may be that of Seng Qua. The robe is dark purple—brown and bright blues and reds occur in the elaborately painted embroidery of apron and under-garment. The picture of *A Chinese Gate-keeper* represents a type very familiar to old residents in China. The *Itinerant Blacksmith* and *Group of Chinese at a Meal in Street*, both quite small canvases, are favourite subjects of the artist and have charming effects of colour. The water-colours, also small, are luminous and finished with care. The pencil drawing of *East India Company Agent's Residence at Macao* is a masterly drawing;

it is initialled and dated 1829. The crayon portrait of the artist is slightly tinted—blue eyes and red lips. These works are all from the collection of the writer and may be taken as typical of Chinnery's work in China; portraits of foreigners have been omitted from the selection. The pen-and-ink sketches are from the Dr. George Morrison Library, Tokyo. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

There are many pictures and works of Chinnery which are not mentioned in Mr. Strickland's list nor in this article, and the writer would be grateful if owners would kindly communicate with him with a view of compiling as complete a list as possible.



PEN SKETCHES OF  
CHINESE LIFE. BY  
GEORGE CHINNERY





"SELF-PORTRAIT." BY  
ANDERS ZORN  
(Uffizi Gallery, Florence;  
Photo, Rischgitz)

## ANDERS ZORN: SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.   ♦   ♦   ♦

MORA, where Zorn was born and died, is a little village by the shores of Lake Siljan, in the heart of Dalecarlia, which itself lies in the very heart of Sweden. Hills surround the lake, and the country for miles in all directions is timber land, dotted with lakes, and intersected by rivers. From Fuloberg, a hill overlooking Lake Siljan, the eye can look north and east for a hundred miles over uninhabited forest; uninhabited, that is, during the summer months, for in the winter the lumber men go and live their lonely lives among the giant firs.   ♦   ♦

In this country, in the year 1860, Zorn was born. His father was a German and employed in a brewery; his mother (well known to all collectors of the etchings as "Mona") was of old Dalecarlian peasant stock. The boy first showed his talent for drawing at school at Enköping, and when about fifteen years of age some of his father's friends subscribed 400 kronor (£21) to enable him to attend the Academy school at Stockholm.   ♦

Even in the 'seventies £21 would not go far for a growing boy, but it sufficed for the school fees, and he kept himself in food by selling pencil portraits at 15s. each. In later days he used to tell how his mother reproached him when, after

## ANDERS ZORN: SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

a couple of years' study, he returned to Mora penniless. "If you had done as I wished and gone to learn to be a tailor, you would be getting four kronor a week now!" By 1882, however, he had saved enough money to come to England, where he stayed with a friend at Richmond, Surrey. But his money was soon exhausted, and on his friend's advice he went to one of the principal dealers in the Haymarket to try and sell an oil painting—a portrait of himself. He asked £60 for this, and the dealer offered £3. Zorn angrily left the shop and vowed never to have anything to do with "art dealers" again. Penniless, he boldly took a studio in Brook Street at a rental of £5 a week; got some elegant cards printed, and soon received a commission to paint various members of the Swedish Legation. In a few months all anxiety for the future was gone. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

It was in midsummer 1916 that I made Zorn's acquaintance, when staying at Fuloberg hut as the guest of Dr. Helling, who attended him in his last illness. Fuloberg is a "saeter"—one of those hill-tops to which the cattle are driven to make the most of the short summer, and eat the grass which is not found lower down. The hut, a solid wooden building, originally belonged to Zorn but was given by him to Dr. Helling; it was built in the early seventeenth century. ■

Zorn's own house is in the valley, near Mora Church, and has a verandah with a beautiful view overlooking the river. Upon entering the drawing-room I saw Zorn, a huge and rather corpulent man, sitting in an arm-chair with the tiniest little Yorkshire terrier sitting upon his shoulder. He shook hands and introduced me at once to "Liten" (little fellow) the dog. "He is an Englishman too, and he comes from Yorkshire and weighs three and a half pounds, which is less than his master weighs!" He spoke English perfectly, but with a strong foreign accent; his face was much lined, and had a tired, kind look. He told me about his visits to America and England; it was in America, and not Ireland, that he made the etching of *An Irish Girl*—a rarity to-day. ■

Liljefors, the animal painter, then came

in, but unfortunately he spoke no English. Mrs. Zorn then asked me to come to see the studio, and there I found wonderful old Dalecarlian tapestries, and solander cases full of Zorn's etchings. "Some English people are very queer," said Zorn. "A man came to see me once and spoke about my etchings, but I could see that he didn't know what an etching was." I brought him here (in a little side room full of porcelain trays and dishes) and told him that this was where I bit my plates. He looked very astonished, but after thinking a little asked me, "But don't you find that it injures your teeth?"

He showed me his private collection of pictures, and some of the old Dalecarlian woven work. Frescoes, done by the peasantry some hundred years ago, once covered the walls of Mora Church, but have been many times whitewashed over. When the old woodwork and old pews were threatened with destruction by the church authorities, Zorn offered to have the walls cleaned, the frescoes brought to light and the old woodwork restored at his own expense, but this was refused. The walls were painted and new pine-wood pews brought in. "It is strange," he said, "to think that there is perhaps no town in Europe where my authority in any art matter would not have some weight. Only in little Mora it is not so."

After tea we went into the gardens and saw his statue *The Morning Bath*, a beautiful nude girl in bronze, pressing a sponge against her breast. We went across to the small house which Zorn had built for his mother, and met the old lady, perfectly charming in her Dalecarlian peasant dress with white headcloth. She used to spend much of her time on sunny days sitting outside the door, smoking an old iron pipe, and she worshipped her son.

Midsummer's day throughout Sweden is a public holiday. Upon all the hill-tops and in all the villages, maypoles are erected and the people spend the whole of the daylight night in dancing. At Mora, no dancing would begin, nor would the maypole be erected, until Zorn appeared. He was certainly the "uncrowned king" of Dalarne; and his charities and good deeds throughout the district were un-

countable. It is entirely due to his influence that the picturesque costumes of the peasantry have never been discarded, and it is to be hoped that his memory may be kept alive by their retention. ▢ ▢

He had been failing in health for some weeks, but the illness of which he died was sudden. Dr. Helling was called, and found that it was too late. An operation was performed as a last chance—but he sank under it. ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢

▢ He was sensible almost till the last, but at 1 a.m. unconsciousness supervened and his hands began to go through the motions of painting. ▢ ▢ ▢

He spoke of colours, and of Liten, his little dog, and quietly passed away. As an artist he is a loss to the world; but as a man his death will leave an unfillable void in the heart of every Dalecarlian. ▢

E. L. ALLHUSEN.

THE ETCHINGS AND DRY-POINTS OF GEORGE SOPER, R.E.  
BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN. ▢

MR. GEORGE SOPER has been etching barely three years, yet already he has achieved plates, such as *South Down Shepherd* and *Timber Hauling, No. 2*, reproduced in the second and third Folios of *THE CHARM OF THE ETCHER'S ART*, which have won him a distinctive place among the contemporary British etchers who count with discriminating collectors. And it is no easy thing for a practised book-illustrator, who has been habitually adapting his art to picture-making at the suggestion or dictation of authors and publishers, to emancipate his artistic outlook and embark on the adventure of a pictorial free lance, choosing at will the motive that appeals for the spontaneous utterance of the instinctive etcher.



"BURNING TWITCH." ETCHING  
BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.  
(By permission of Mr. H. C. Dickens)





"BINDING FAGGOTS." ETCHING  
BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.

Yet this is what Mr. Soper has done, and with notable promise of success, because his etching is the result of a sincere artistic impulse toward free linear expression upon the copper-plate. Wisely, he sought from the first the best grounding he could get in the etcher's craft, and this he got with the true traditions from that past-master of all the crafts of intaglio engraving, Sir Frank Short. Soundly equipped, then, in the matter of technique, Mr. Soper began his adventure as etcher, and in such early plates as *Coal Wharf*, *Topsham*, *Devon*, and *Pit Props for the Trenches*, we see already that, though the composition inclines a little to "tightness," the line is not only well and truly drawn, but bitten and printed with a nice feeling for the tone subtleties of acid and of ink, albeit instinct with little of that subtle vitality and spontaneity of suggestion that makes for the etcher's magic. There is more of this in *A Cornish Farm*, the charm of which is in its sunny serenity of expression. In *Gleaning* and *Binding*

*Faggots* we find Mr. Soper trying a more open treatment, with freer and more fluent line, and greater economy in its selection; but, especially in the latter plate, we still scent the illustrator's picture-making tendency rather than the etcher's spontaneous impulse to suggest a vivid impression of a human action momentarily seen in its natural rhythm. But when I turn to that beautiful little plate, *Burning Twitch*, I feel that the etcher has come artistically into his own. With true observation and sensitive, expressive drawing, he has realised the scene; the woman's attitude is spontaneous, she is actually feeling the weight of the spade and handling it to "stoke," as it were, the burning mass of twitch. And how justly the figure takes its place upon the plate, how admirably balanced the tone!

One of Mr. Soper's attractive qualities as etcher is his independence in choice of subject-matter; he etches no type of subject because others have done it with success.



"FEEDING CATTLE," (1917). ETCHING BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.

On the other hand he is giving a new lead in the matter of pictorial content for the copper-plate in England. A very real interest in the life of the country-side about his Hertfordshire home draws him into personal intimacy with the labourers of the fields, and in the varied activities of the agricultural life he finds pictorial motives for his etching-needle or his dry-point. Working with his sketch-book or his copper-plate in the fields, with the tillers of the soil active about him, he is able to invest his plates with the actuality of the thing seen and the true out-of-doors atmosphere. He can never resist the pictorial appeal of a horse, and, admirably as he can draw the human figure, his graphic interest is, I think, most sympathetically concerned with the horse, primarily, the horse of agricultural labour. In those two attractive dry-points, *Timber Hauling, Devon*, and *Harrowing*, with the first of which Mr. Soper may be said to have "arrived" as a collector's etcher, we see how the artist has enjoyed observing and portraying with ex-

pressive draughtsmanship the energy of man and beast under the strain of their daily toil; while in *Beaver*—signifying locally the brief break-off for lunch—no less faithfully has he etched, with an expression worthy of Paul Potter, two tired, patient plough-horses restfully enjoying the refreshment of their nose-bags while the ploughman eats his own "snack." The true etcher's suggestive economy of line, each line carrying its pictorial freight of significance, is properly Mr. Soper's ideal, and he comes nearer to realising it with artistic confidence in *Feeding Cattle*, 1917, reproduced here. To have been a pupil of Sir Frank Short without learning the practice of aquatint were to have wasted valuable opportunity, and that is not Mr. Soper's way. That he has gained an artistic command of the medium he shows in *The Count*, in which the interest is focussed in the light of the shepherd's lantern on the flock of sheep against the dark tones of the night-shaded farm-buildings, making an excellent aquatint motive. ■ ■ ■



"THE COUNT." AQUATINT  
BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.





PORTRAIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE  
 HON. JOHN W. DAVIS, UNITED STATES  
 AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN. FROM  
 THE PAINTING BY P. A. DE LASZLO

## STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

**L**ONDON.—The two examples of Mr. P. A. de Laszlo's recent work, which are reproduced in this number, illustrate in an interesting manner distinctly different sides of his practice. The portrait of Mr. Davis, the American Ambassador, is one of those vigorous and definitely stated studies of character which the artist has accustomed us to expect from him in his portrait work. It has a notable quality of vitality, and in its sense of construction, its decisiveness of draughtsmanship, and its

direct and expressive brushwork, it is exceptionally convincing; and it is distinguished throughout by a remarkable alertness of perception and by unusual exactness of observation. The *Interior: Littleworth Corner*, which figured in the recent exhibition of the National Portrait Society at Messrs. Agnew's, is a painting of a less familiar type, one in which he has had a special opportunity to observe subtleties of light, shade, and colour, and to show his skill in handling varieties of inanimate detail. The result at which he has arrived is wholly acceptable; the strength and significance of the picture cannot be ques-



"INTERIOR: LITTLEWORTH CORNER,"  
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY  
PHILIP A. DE LASZLO.





tioned ; and its charm of treatment and attractiveness of effect, and its harmony of well-related colour, claim the sincerest approval. It certainly suggests that there are in Mr. de Laszlo's art possible developments in which he might be quite as eminent as he is in portraiture pure and simple ; and it will induce his admirers to look to him for even more notable achievements as a painter of such fascinating domestic subjects. Both these canvases, by the way, are additionally interesting because, painted as they have been since that period of unmerited suffering which was imposed upon the artist during the war, they prove that his unfortunate experiences have not affected the power and the vitality of his art. The confidence of his many friends in his honour and integrity was fully justified by the result of the public inquiry which was made into the fantastic charges against him ; the wide appreciation which

he has earned from students of art by his consistent accomplishment in past years will be increased by these latest evidences of his still growing capacity.

"Admiral's House" at Hampstead, where just a hundred years ago that prince of English landscape painters, John Constable, took up his abode, has this year passed into the hands of the Hon. John Fortescue, the King's Librarian, and here, under the name "Cintra," Mrs. Fortescue is conducting a business that is in many ways unique. The name "Cintra" comes from a delightful place a little to the north of Lisbon, and it was while visiting this place in 1919 that she first gained a sight of old Portuguese furniture, and resolved to introduce it to the British public. In particular her attention was arrested by the beautiful carved bedsteads of Brazilian rosewood, dating from the early eighteenth century,



"GROUP ON THE NORTH TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE." BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.  
(From a facsimile reproduction of the original drawing in the Royal Collection published by "Cintra.")

and specimens of a slightly later date, which showed strong marks of the influence of Chippendale, who visited Portugal about that time. Old Portuguese furniture has hitherto been a great rarity in this country; indeed, so little was known about it that until not long ago the only specimen of an early eighteenth century Portuguese bed at the South Kensington Museum was ascribed to Holland. These fine examples of Portuguese craftsmanship are, however, only a few of the treasures displayed in Constable's old home; for besides old lace, shawls, Spanish combs and Chinese pottery, porcelain, jades and crystals from a Shanghai house for whom "Cintra" is acting as sole agent, they include replicas of antique Italian brocatellos, velours, damasks, silks and other fabrics for

decoration and costumes. A specially interesting department of the business is the exclusive publication of facsimile reproductions of drawings, chiefly those of Holbein, in the Royal Collection at Windsor. These reproductions, of which more than seventy have already been completed, have been executed by an English firm under the personal supervision of the King's Librarian and are remarkable for their fidelity to the originals. Besides its unique collection of Holbeins, the Royal Collection contains many characteristic examples of the work of the brothers Paul and Thomas Sandby, the latter, it will be remembered, was Deputy Ranger of the Great Forest under George III, and his more eminent brother Paul lived with him in the neighbourhood of Windsor for some time. ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢



"GROUP ON THE NORTH TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE." BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.: (From a facsimile reproduction of the original drawing in the Royal Collection at Windsor, published by "Cintra".)



"SIR THOMAS FILOTT"  
BY HANS HOLBEIN  
From a drawing in the Royal Collection  
1540-1550



"CICELY HERON," BY  
HANS HOLBEIN  
From a female reproduction of the  
original drawing in the Royal Collection  
1540-1550





PORTUGUESE DOUBLE BED, OF CARVED  
AND TURNED BRAZILIAN ROSEWOOD,  
EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, WITH  
HAND-EMBROIDERED QUILT, ETC., OF  
SILVER BROCADE



PORTUGUESE SINGLE BED OF CARVED  
BRAZILIAN ROSEWOOD, LATE EIGH-  
TEENTH CENTURY, WITH SEVENTEENTH  
CENTURY PORTUGUESE HAND-EMBROI-  
DERED QUILT



MODEL OF THE "MAYFLOWER" MADE  
BY R. PATTERSON, OF LASSWADE, TO  
THE DESIGN OF R. MORTON NANCE  
(Phot. Royal Scottish Museum)

The model of the "Mayflower," reproduced on this page, has, like other models of famous sea craft already illustrated in these pages, been constructed by Mr. Richard Patterson, of Lasswade, Midlothian, from drawings by Mr. Morton Nance, and after exhibition in the Royal Scottish Museum in Edinburgh it was lent to the City of Plymouth last month in connection with the tercentenary celebrations. In this case Mr. Nance was without the precise data which guided him in designing his other models, as no

definite record exists indicating the exact form of the vessel which bore the Pilgrim Fathers on their momentous voyage to the New World, and consequently conjecture has played some part in the design. The vessel being referred to simply as a "ship," he has assumed that she was just the normal small trading ship-rigged vessel of her time. The model as constructed differs in certain minor details from his drawings, but on the whole it represents fairly well his idea of what she ought to be. It is believed to be the only





FROM A DRAWING BY  
MATTHEW MARIS.  
(IN THE POSSESSION OF MAJOR LESSORE)



model ever made of the "Mayflower," save one which is in the National Museum, Washington. ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

In the drawings of Matthew Maris, as in his paintings, there is a subtlety and elusiveness with which the process engraver, no matter how near perfection are the methods he commands, finds it difficult to cope, but bearing this in mind the reader will see in the reproduction we give a characteristic example of the draughtsmanship of this rare genius.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours has suffered a serious loss by the death of Mr. Francis E. James, the well-known flower painter, who, after leading an invalid life for many years, passed away at his home in Torrington, North Devon, on August 25th, at the age of 70. Of late years the name of the



STUDY FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW "THE PRODIGAL SON." BY BERNARD RICE



STUDY FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW "THE PRODIGAL SON." BY BERNARD RICE

deceased artist has been almost exclusively associated with the painting of flowers, but in earlier years other subjects engaged his attention—landscapes, and more particularly church interiors, a series of which he painted during his travels in Germany, Italy and elsewhere. Like the late Mr. H. B. Brabazon, a country gentleman who gradually became an artist, Mr. James was fortunately so circumstanced that he could give rein to his artistic impulses without the constraints imposed by pecuniary considerations, and as a result "he never produced a pot-boiler," to quote the words of Mr. (now Sir) Frederick Wedmore, who reviewed Mr. James's work in an article which appeared in this magazine in 1898.

From the journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects we learn of the death of Dr. Josiah Conder, who settled in Japan forty-four years ago and died there on June 21st last in his 68th year. Dr. Conder was for many years architectural adviser to the Japanese Government, and many important buildings, public and private, were constructed under his supervision. Amongst the books he





"THE GOOD SAMARITAN." CARTOON  
FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW FOR THE  
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PENARTH,  
GLAMORGAN. BY BERNARD RICE

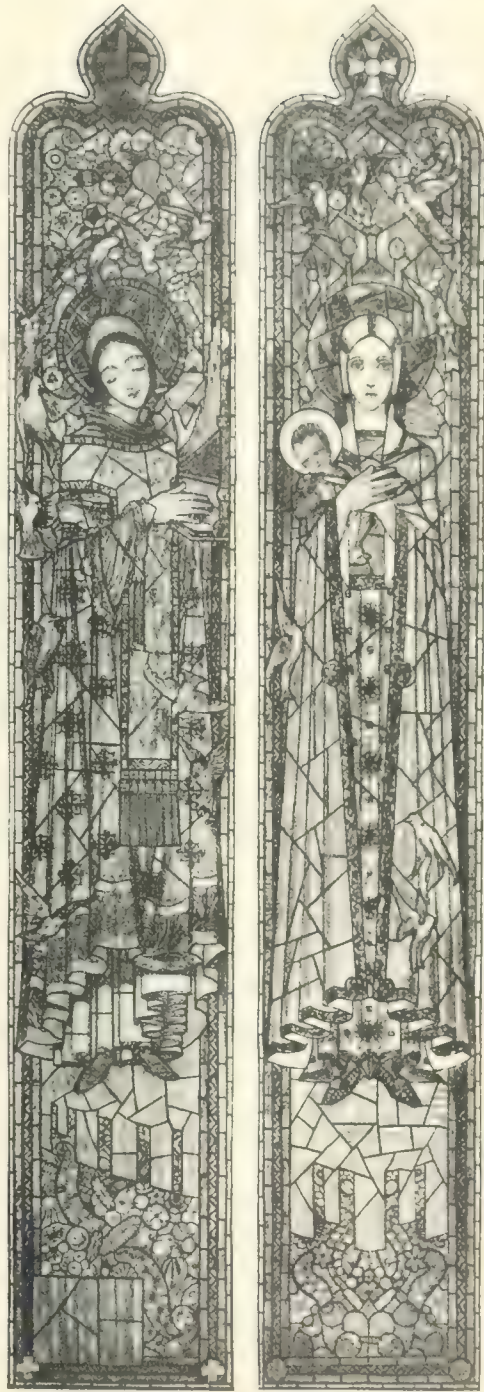
wrote was one on the Floral Art of Japan, a subject which he dealt with in a series of articles contributed to this magazine in its early years. ■ ■ ■ ■

We reproduce some examples of the work of Mr. Bernard Rice, whose designs for stained glass reproduced in *THE STUDIO Year Book of Decorative Art* for the present year show him to be an artist of an unconventional turn of mind, which is also evident, though to a less marked extent, in the *Good Samaritan* window designed by him for the Congregational Church at Penarth, South Wales, and executed by Messrs. Williams, Gamon and Co., of Chester. The distinguishing feature of Mr. Rice's stained glass work is its richness of colour, his predilection being for mellow golden tones. His two studies for another window show him to be a capable draughtsman. It is interesting to note in connection with this window in South Wales that the austere attitude which was once so common amongst the Nonconformist bodies in this country in matters pertaining to church decoration has in recent years been gradually giving way to a more generous outlook. ■ ■ ■ ■

With this window of Mr. Rice we illustrate one recently designed for the Parish Church of Nantwich by Mr. Harry Clarke, of Dublin, whose work, reviewed not long since in an article in this magazine, is becoming more and more appreciated elsewhere than in Ireland. Mr. Clarke, too, has a remarkable feeling for colour, which he employs in combinations of striking richness. ■

On page 114 we reproduce a memorial designed for the Green Room Club in Leicester Square by Mr. F. V. Blundstone, a young and talented sculptor whose work since his demobilisation fully bears out the favourable anticipations aroused by his pre-war achievements, of which illustrations have been given by us on more than one occasion. ■ ■ ■ ■

Speaking of sculptors, we are reminded of a new kind of modelling clay that has recently been put on the market under the name of "Silvered." It is claimed for this that it does away altogether with the necessity of constant moistening and protection from evaporation incidental



CARTOON FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW, NANTWICH PARISH CHURCH. BY HARRY CLARKE





MEMORIAL PANEL ERECTED IN  
THE GREEN ROOM CLUB. DE-  
SIGN BY F. V. BLUNDSTONE

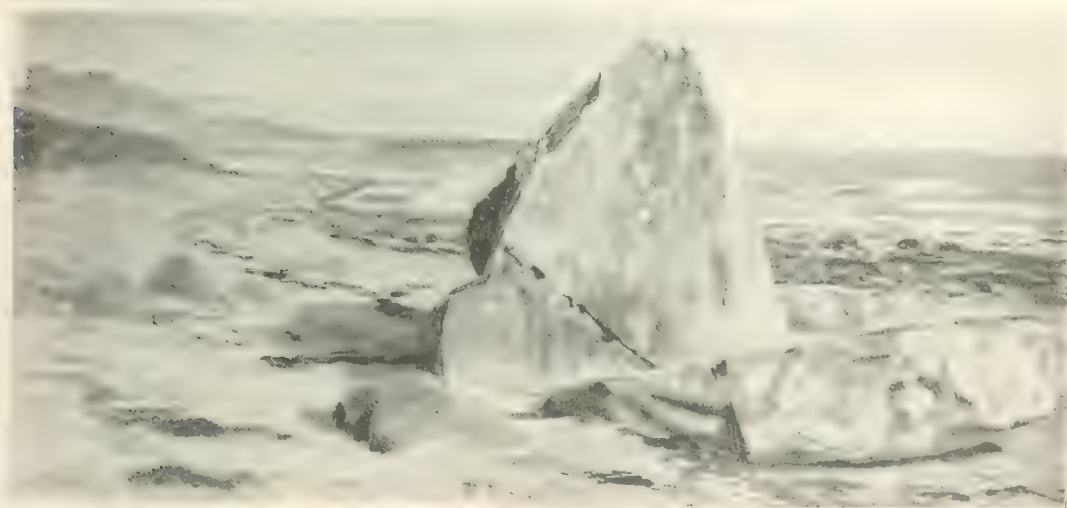


to the use of ordinary modelling clay, that it is uniform under varying temperatures, and is clean to handle. Samples of "Silvered" which were handed to us some months ago, including a small piece of the original as mixed by the inventor many years before, have been subjected to various tests, and have so far borne out the claims put forward that we can confidently recommend artists to give the clay a trial.      ♦      ♦      ♦

Apropos of the late Mr. F. W. Hayes, who died in September, 1918, Mr. John Littlejohns, R.B.A., writes:      ♦      ♦

"Mr. Hayes was one of the most remarkable personalities of his time. In addition to his art, his inexhaustible activity led him into almost every field of thought—as novelist, playwright, composer, economist and lecturer. A regular exhibitor during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, he suddenly reappeared at the London galleries a few years ago with large water-colours full of renewed youthful vigour. But perhaps the most unique side of his work—his oil studies from nature—by which he may ultimately be judged, were known only to a few of his artist friends, until they came to light at his death. When tabulated they were found to be an almost

complete record of his sketching in oils and revealed the origin of the extraordinary grasp of complexities which characterised his exhibited pictures. As will be seen from the two illustrations, these sketches, presenting an amount of complicated detail allied with breadth of effect seldom to be found in the most highly finished productions, give the impression of long sustained effort. But as each sketch, often as large as 20 by 30 inches, was completed at a single sitting, the dexterity alone, to say nothing of other obvious qualities, is truly amazing. This surprising speed was partially due to a process which he invented and which deserves to be widely known. First he stretched white cartridge paper over an ordinary canvas and sized the surface with patent glue or isinglass. Several sheets were laid over one stretcher to form a sort of block to save preparing a fresh surface each day. After sketching the main lines with a fairly hard pencil, the tones and masses were washed in with wide hogs, using the turpentine much as water is used in water-colour. As the size prevents the colour from entering the paper lights were obtained by means of a clean hog. The details were then laid on this thin ground in stiffer colour, but there



"CRICCIETH CASTLE." DRAW-  
ING IN OILS BY F. W. HAYES  
By permission of the Victoria and  
Albert Museum



"THE GRAVE OF GELLERT"  
DRAWING IN OILS BY F. W. HAYES

was seldom any heavy impasto. It may be supposed that such a method would not make for permanence; on the contrary, owing to the nature of the surface, the thinness of the paint and the comparative absence of dangerous oils, there is no observable diminution in freshness in those which were painted forty years ago. Already examples have found their way into the permanent collections at the British Museum, South Kensington and the Walker Art Gallery, and there are many evidences that they will soon secure the recognition they deserve." ♦ ♦

**P**RAGUE.—The present year is the centenary of the birth of Josef Manes, who is generally acknowledged as the father of the modern school of painting in this country, and homage to his memory has been paid in several exhibitions held here during the past few months. Manes died nearly fifty years ago, but his art was never appreciated during his life, and his last days were marked by great dejection which culminated in serious mental trouble. Not until more than a decade after he was laid to rest in the old burial ground of the Vysehrad—the

upper town—of Prague was there any real consciousness of his greatness. Then—in the 'eighties—a number of young artists banded together and formed a society bearing his name, and this society, representing the progressive elements in our art, has kept alive and furthered the principles of the master whose name they honour. His influence has indeed been far-reaching, and of the Czech painters who since his time have attained to note it would be difficult to point to any who do not owe something to Josef Manes. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Manes as a young man studied in Munich, and was influenced to some extent by Schwind and Richter. When he returned to Prague the movement for the revival of national ideals was under way and secured in him a champion in the domain of art, which still languished under the constraint of a rigid academicism. He became the interpreter of the national legends and the illustrator of national songs, remaining above all a painter, eager to grasp the pictorial possibilities of a situation. As a discoverer and describer of Nature, he set out to depict with the enthusiastic love of the patriot



SUMMER. OIL PAINTING  
BY JOSEF MANES.  
THE GALLERY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.







"LE PAVILLON FRANÇAIS, VERSAILLES"  
WATER-COLOUR BY J. ROSENSTOCK

the Czech peasants in their picturesque costumes. As a painter he possessed all the qualities of the modern artist. Plein-air and tone value were his problems. Some of his paintings astonish by their impressionistic treatment. *Summer*, here reproduced, shows interesting light and colour effects. Who would have dared at that time to set human faces like these in the green shadow of a red umbrella? The greater part of his intentions remained sketches and designs, but all his works—even the smallest productions—bear the stamp of a rare personality. ■

H. S.

(For the reproduction of *Summer* we are indebted to Mr. F. Topič, of Prague, who has published a portfolio containing many excellent reproductions of works by Manes.—EDITOR.) ■ ■ ■

PARIS.—The name of Versailles is in itself an evocation; its mere utterance serves to call up the past with

its scenes of luxury and tragedy, and so powerfully does it excite the imagination that one has the feeling of witnessing over again one by one the greatest events in the history of France. For here indeed a veritable panorama of that history is, as it were, spread out before one's eyes. The smallest stone of the palace of the Roi-soleil, the tall trees of his park, the groves and hedges, the statues and fountains—all these things have something to say. Are they not like so many letters, so many lines, in the pages of our national history? No wonder that a place so crowded with associations and traditions should have attracted our artists, and, in fact, the number of those who have responded to the appeal may with truth be said to be legion. One of these is J. Rosenstock, than whom no painter has been more deeply stirred by personal contact with Versailles. Exploring its beauties from many and varied points of view, he has brought back a fine harvest



CUT PAPER SILHOUETTE  
BY GUDRUN JASTRAU

of water-colours in which the pure, harmonious lines of the château and park are recorded with generous accents in the splendour of the golden days of autumn, and with a sentiment in tune with the things seen and felt—by an artist who knows how to find out and reveal the soul, as it were, of inanimate things. ▀

L. H.

**MILAN.**—In a recent issue of the "Corrière della Sera" Signor Ugo Ojetti, the well-known art critic and editor of "Dedalo," communicates the result of some correspondence he has had with M. Igor Grabar, director-general of the art administration under the Bolsheviks in Sovietdom. The powers in Sovdepia, as Russia under the régime of the Soviets is called, have decreed the State ownership of all works of art, and it appears that M. Grabar's chief care hitherto has been to collect and place in safety the art treasures from the palaces and mansions that have been sacked and to recover those that have been stolen. Tens of thousands of works of art have been brought from the most remote and out of the way corners of

Russia to the large centres, pending their distribution among the art museums. Apparently the idea is to create new museums where they do not already exist, but M. Grabar's communication leads one to infer that this ambitious scheme has not got beyond the stage of meditation. Paper is so scarce in Sovdepia that M. Grabar's department has so far been unable to publish a series of monographs relating to certain discoveries of ancient works of art. Nothing is said about the famous Hermitage Collection, nor about the treasures of the Kremlin. It is, however, something of a consolation that the art administration should be in the hands of M. Grabar who, besides being eminent as a painter, is justly esteemed as the author of a history of Russian art.

**COPENHAGEN.**—Although men may have attained fame, more or less transitory, in connection with the art of the silhouette, it seems quite in harmony with the eternal fitness of things, that now at least the other sex is decidedly in the van. After all, women should be more at home with a pair of scissors than men, and that Miss Gudrun Jastrau wields





CUT PAPER SILHOUETTES  
BY GUDRUN JASTRAU

hers with exceeding skill the accompanying illustrations amply demonstrate. These often extremely composite *motifs* of hers are not only beautifully cut, but they are very complete little *genre* scenes, actually endowing their figures with a distinct individuality. Miss Jastrau, who only boasts eighteen summers, was an exhibitor at this year's Danish Royal Academy, where her silhouettes met with speedy appreciation. G. B.

REVIEWS.

*Paul Cézanne.* Par GUSTAVE COQUIOT. (Paris: Ollendorff.)—Cézanne has been dead fourteen years, and the number of his admirers has been steadily growing ever since. He has a host of disciples and imitators, too—the exhibitions of the present day are evidence of that—but how few of them really understand the aims of their master? It is true that were they to follow his patient, painstaking methods, the result would be a very small output. It would never do in these days of hurry and bustle to ask a sitter for eighty or a hundred sittings—and then, may be, leave a portrait unfinished, as Cézanne did once, because his sitter would persist in talking. M. Coquiote's study of this remarkable personality can only increase the respect which every serious student of the art of painting must feel for his memory. Though he gives only in outline what others—and especially M. Vollard—have given in much more detail, his survey of Cézanne's career and work is complete in so far as the essential facts are concerned. Monochrome reproductions of nearly a score of Cézanne's paintings are included. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

*Attraverso gli Albi e le Cartelli.* By VITTORIO PICA. Quarta Serie. (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arte Grafiche.)—It must be now fully twenty years since Signor Pica began his unique series of critical essays on the work of representative graphic artists of modern times. Issued first of all as *fascicoli*, these essays now form four substantial volumes, each with a multitude of illustrations and remark-

able for the diversity of its contents. Especially is this the case with the fourth volume, recently published, in which a veritable galaxy of notable names greets the reader. First there is a paper on the drawings of Victor Hugo and the etchings of Jules de Goncourt; then further on the author discusses the drawings of three sculptors—Gemito, Meunier and Rodin; and this is followed by essays on “two princes of modern etching”—Méryon and Seymour Haden, and the drawings and etchings of the Spanish painter Fortuny. The book decorators of Russia—Somoff, Bakst, Bilibin, Benois, etc.—are the subject of another paper, while the remainder deal with the work of Rouveyre, “spietato vivisettore” of the modern man and woman; Henry de Groux, the war's romantic visionary; Emile Bernard, “sapiente architetto del libro”; and the two Italians, Disertori and Ugonia. Truly a cosmopolitan collection. The illustrations number about 400 and are excellently printed. ♪

*The Eighth Volume of the Walpole Society, 1919-1920.* Edited by A. J. FINBERG. (Issued only to subscribers.)—With the exception of a paper by Mr. A. P. Oppé on Francis Towne, a landscape painter who, dying in 1816, has been undeservedly forgotten for a century, and a notice of a lost monument by Nicholas Stone, whose work was reviewed at length in a preceding volume, the contributions to this new volume of the Walpole Society are concerned wholly with portraiture. Mr. Lionel Cust deals with the iconography of that “goodly man” and ardent patriot, Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom thirteen portraits are reproduced, in addition to others of his wife, his son and his brother. The chief article, however, in point of length, is one by Mr. Richard W. Goulding on the portraits of the Wriothesley family, covering nearly or quite two centuries of family history and lavishly illustrated with reproductions. The papers published in these volumes are important contributions to the history of British art, and subscribers to the Society get good value for the subscription which entitles them to receive these publications. ♪ ♪ ♪





THE SEVEN HILLS OF ROME  
BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.S.A.



THE PALETTE OF VELASQUEZ.  
RÉSUMÉ OF A LECTURE BY DON  
AURELIANO DE BERUETE.   ♦   ♦

LAST spring Don Aureliano de Beruete y Moret, Director of the Prado Museum, Madrid, delivered at the "Ateneo" there a remarkable lecture on "The Palette of Velasquez." This discourse having revealed certain "discoveries" of the highest interest respecting the technique of the immortal artist, I asked the lecturer to be good enough to allow me to offer a *résumé* of it to the readers of THE STUDIO, and I have now to thank the eminent art writer very warmly for his courtesy in putting at my disposal the notes and the MS. he used at the lecture, and thus enabling me to present it as a *primeur*, since it has not yet appeared in print.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

The lecturer's aim, as he announced, was not to offer fresh criticisms on the work of the illustrious Spaniard, but rather to make a close examination of the *grisailles*, the delicate tonalities which form one of his most marked characteristics, and particularly to study the means whereby he succeeded in forming what one may term his "palette."   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

First came a brief but very profound consideration of the artist's development and of the *milieu* in which it came into being. At thirteen Velasquez was studying with Herrera; but they soon parted, in consequence of the diversity of their natures; and in the following year we find Velasquez in the *atelier* of Pacheco, who, while exercising no strong influence over him, yet served admirably as his guide and protector; moreover, he introduced him at Court after Velasquez had become his son-in-law. In Spain at that time—the beginning of the seventeenth century—there was prevalent in all directions a very strongly marked Italian influence; but, especially in the matter of painting, this "renaissance" was more theoretical than practical. A work by Velasquez dated 1617—he being eighteen at the time—the *Adoration of the Magi* shows signs of this Italian influence in its composition, this influence being mixed, it is true, with something of the Flemish; yet in point of

structure the painting clearly reveals a sobriety that is all Spanish.   ♦   ♦

This picture serves Señor de Beruete in a sense as a starting point. Its earthy tints and its use of bitumen point to an evolution in technique which, little by little, was destined to lead, by way of golden tones, and then of dark greys, to the light greys seen later.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

Bitumen, which, with its strong, *immediate* effect, and then its formidable blackness, was a characteristic of Ribera and of Zurbarán, and finally of Velasquez in his first period, had never been used in Spain until the seventeenth century. In this *Adoration* Velasquez used it to excess; but, clearly realising its terribly blackening results, henceforth substituted bone black (*noir d'os*).   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

In 1623 Velasquez was appointed painter to the king, and held the post until his death. That year he did three portraits of him, the best, according to the lecturer, being that representing his Majesty full-face, standing, and plainly dressed in black. This portrait meant a giant stride in the art of the Spanish School. It is entirely free from Venetian or Flemish influence, discards all richness of colouring, and, on the other hand, reveals, for the first time, that silvered note which was later to become one of his chief characteristics. But the evolution of Velasquez's palette, far from being sudden, came about almost insensibly. Of the same period as this portrait of the King is that of the Infante Don Carlos, much less delicate in tone; and shortly afterwards the artist created the work which in some respects constitutes the synthesis of his "first manner," namely, *The Drunkards*. Although of the same impulse as the *Adoration*, this last-named production is far more transparent in colour. And here ends the "first period" of the artist—still very black, or rather *darkened* by the use of bitumen, but still a period which must be regarded as marking the earliest steps of the renaissance in Spain.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

The travels of Velasquez in Italy did not bring about any radical change. On the contrary, his *Vulcan's Forge* proves how great is the difference between his solid





"VIEW IN THE GARDEN  
OF THE VILLA MEDICI  
ROME." BY VELASQUEZ  
(Prado, Madrid—Photo  
Anderson, Rome)

realism—realism and nothing else—and the Italian ideal. But Velasquez brought back from Italy two small pictures, apparently of no great importance, yet in reality of transcendent quality: the two little landscapes of the Villa Médicis, so luminous, so vibrating as to show them to be the origin of the most modern interpretations of light and *plein air*. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Thenceforth the technical advance of Velasquez was very rapid, tending ever towards *simplification*, and, at the same time, the artist, it would seem, was making his way along two well-marked routes: on the one his chief preoccupation was colour;

on the other he was mainly concerned with solidity of form; and eventually the two courses met in his master-work, *Las Meniñas* ("The Maids of Honour.") ■

Characteristic of these tendencies is the portrait of the sculptor Martínez Montañés, done on a ground-work not merely grey but even whitish, overlaid with touches of bone black. And in Señor de Beruete's opinion the hand in this portrait is one of the most real bits of Velasquez in existence, serving as the proof, the sign, the personal *cachet* of the painter in the midst of the entire Spanish School. To the same period belong *The Lances* (better known out of





PORTRAIT OF PHILIP IV  
OF SPAIN. BY VELASQUEZ  
*(Painted by Velázquez in 1656)*



"VIEW IN THE GARDEN  
OF THE VILLA MEDICI  
ROME," BY VELASQUEZ  
(Prado, Madrid—Photo  
Anderson, Rome)

Spain under the title of the *Surrender of Breda*), and the equestrian portraits, the *finest* of all the artist's works. Here, truly, the Velasquez palette proclaims itself, all the bitumen, all the opaque black having disappeared, their place taken by bone black or deep brown. The well-calculated employment of these, in alliance with white, in the flesh painting constitute the secret that some have found in this marvellous palette—the secret to which the calcination of ochres, heightened in colour so as to produce golds of an inimitable reddishness, also contributes. Light brown, calcined ochres and cobalt—those are the essentials

of the open-air backgrounds *invented* by Velasquez and realised by him with rare sobriety.     ♡     ♡     ♡     ♡     ♡

In the portraits of hunters, as in the equestrian pictures and the *Lances*, the backgrounds are copied from certain places around Madrid, with its transparent atmosphere so daintily silvered. Thus Velasquez was purely a realist when he took landscapes for his models. The portrait of the King in hunting dress, dated about 1635, is less luminous, precisely for the reason that the landscape is not so true to nature as usual. This is due to the fact that the artist, in order to give special prominence



PORTRAIT OF THE SCULPTOR  
MARTINEZ MONTANES. BY  
VELASQUEZ.

*Prado, Madrid - Photo by A. L. Brown, Rome.*



## THE PALETTE OF VELASQUEZ

to the head, darkened the ground-work of the picture with earthy tones. This portrait further serves, like the equestrian portrait of the same model, to demonstrate the scrupulous conscientiousness of the painter, who did not hesitate to make elaborate corrections when he judged them to be necessary. In some places these emendations have gradually become visible. The equestrian portrait of *The Infante Balthasar Carlos*—the best of this series—denotes the artist's complete control of his "second manner." Its ground is of a pale but warm gold, on which the painter has worked with an almost liquid lightness. The tones here employed are very few in number: cobalt blue, which, mixed with yellow, gives the green required, bone black—a few touches only—and, for the head, calcined ochres and burnt sienna. This picture is one of the most typical in all Spanish painting, since, by the use of ochres, the artist has soberly attained a richness of effect much greater than that achieved by the Italians. The head of the Prince is more simplified than any in the Prado, and Señor de Beruete, after analysing it closely, remarks, by way of conclusion, "qu'on ne peut faire plus avec moins." ▀ ▀

The *Surrender of Breda*, which one must regard as the most important work of this "second period," offers scope for certain observations throwing light on the magnificent qualities peculiar to its author, also on others which were not so personal to him. Preoccupied by his composition, he shows less spontaneity and less of that restraint which are so remarkable in the other works of Velasquez. He never *composed*; and it would be an error to apply that term to the prodigious skill with which he *placed* his figures apart. The *Spinsters* (*Las Hilanderas*) and the *Meniñas* are, it is true, admirably composed, but the composition in them presented itself to the artist, which was not the case with the setting of the *Lances*. Here Señor de Beruete, in a long parenthesis, speaks of the influence of El Greco on Velasquez—an influence which in no way lessened the artist's strict realism, but which, at this precise moment of his career enriched his palette with a range of greys and carmines and yellows befitting Theotocopuli (El Greco) himself.

The influence of El Greco, on Velasquez shows itself in pronounced fashion solely in his portrait of the Comte de Benavente, whose armour, in every detail of its technique recalls the armour of the Comte d'Orgaz. In the *Lances* this influence, though not very apparent at the first glance, reveals itself nevertheless in something there is—who shall say what?—about the composition; and in this connection Señor de Beruete observes that about this period El Greco alone at first, then Velasquez, and afterwards Rembrandt, knew how to evade the "patron" in their scenes containing a large number of figures. Highly important, too, in this "second period" of Velasquez are his quite small pictures (like the *Boar Hunt* in the London National Gallery), which, from their sober dignity and the lively characterisation of their subjects, might well have been of much larger dimensions. Some years later Velasquez paid special attention to colour, and then it was he painted the portrait of Innocent X. in the Doria Gallery, Rome, and the *Venus with the Mirror* now in London. The portrait of the Pope, of which nothing remains to be said in the way of praise, once more proves the realism of the artist, whose palette had assumed a brighter hue in more brilliant surroundings. And the *Venus*, which is simply a magnificent and very exact portrait of a nude woman, tells plainly enough, by its difference in composition from all the mythological pictures of the foreign Schools, that the characteristic of Velasquez was *direct observation of the moment*. But the *Spinsters*, so luminously coloured, must be pronounced the master work of the artist while indulging this colour tendency. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

The *Meniñas*, produced during the artist's last decade, is without doubt the synthesis of his entire output; moreover, it presents the extraordinary singularity of bearing no resemblance whatsoever to any other work, while being the perfect representation of an originality which continued its progress throughout the productions of its author. Its other distinguishing mark is its incomparable certainty, the impression it gives of having been painted *straight off*. In the course of a minute analysis of its technique, Señor de Beruete very justly



PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTE  
BALTHASAR CARLOS  
BY VELASQUEZ



**"LAS MENINAS" (THE MAIDS  
OF HONOUR). BY VELASQUEZ**  
(Prado, Madrid—Photo Anderson, Rome)



compares the fluidity of the atmosphere in this picture with that seen in the canvases of Rembrandt ; and his comparison ends in favour of the Spanish master. ▯

This picture of the *Meniñas* affords, furthermore, one's best means of becoming acquainted with the artist's method of painting. The use of the dark mirror is evident here ; for without it Velasquez could never have made so *true* that darkening of the background which serves to make the foreground scene so luminous. The canvas was completely prepared with a very liquid bone black, showing quite distinctly in certain places ; then the colours, all very fluid, mixed with oil or terebenthine, form the masses by melting, and never detaching, them. The isolated touches, so typical of Velasquez, are here very few, serving only to give just the right note of relief here and there. The tones employed are those that were always the artist's favourites : white, ivory black, bone black, light ochre, burnt sienna, *terre de Séville*, and carmine. The greens are made sometimes with cobalt, black and ochre, at others with blue and calcined ochre. The extraordinary lightness of the work is not broken by correction of any sort, for here Velasquez had nothing to alter ; when any part failed to satisfy him he preferred to do it all over again. Thus everything in this picture is perfect—everything save just one thing, the disproportion between the smallness of the "palette" here used by Velasquez and the importance of the work on hand. But the colours seen therein are indeed those *discovered* in this study by Señor de Beruete, and they confirm the declarations made by the lecturer in his discourse on "The Palette of Velasquez."

MARGARITA NELKEN.

Five years ago a Special Number of THE STUDIO was issued entitled "London Past and Present." Within the next few days a companion volume, "Londoners Then and Now as pictured by their Contemporaries," will be published which will deal with the various phases and aspects of London Life at different periods during the last two centuries. A selection of old pictures and prints will show how Londoners deported themselves in the past ; while the London of to-day will be presented by living artists. ▯ ▯

## THE REVIVAL OF ATHLETIC SCULPTURE: DR. R. TAIT MCKENZIE'S WORK. ▯ ▯

ON the wall of the Stadium at Stockholm, where the Olympic Games of 1912 were held, is a large bronze relief, the work of the Canadian doctor and sculp-



"THE AVIATOR." MEMORIAL STATUE TO LIEUT. NORTON DOWNS, R.F.C., BY R. TAIT MCKENZIE

## ATHLETIC SCULPTURE

tor R. Tait McKenzie. It represents three hurdlers. Side by side they fly the hurdles with their long clean limbs outstretched, and eager, clear cut faces, each one straining for the mastery. Underneath them are the words "The joy of effort." In this relief and its title we have the keynote of Tait McKenzie's work. The joy of effort inspires his work and gives to it the freshness and vitality of perpetual youth: to this joy he owes his own success in many spheres.   ♦   ♦

Certainly nothing else can explain his productiveness and versatility and the high standard of all his works. Some sixty of these were recently exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in New Bond Street. There were bronze statuettes and groups, mostly of athletic subjects, high reliefs, low reliefs, models and portrait plaques. Among works inspired by the war we may notice the charming figure of a young soldier ready to go on leave, entitled *Blighty*, and the portrait-statues of *Guy Drummond* and the aviator

*Norton Downs*, two of the many who gave their lives for the Mother Country. Most original of all is the model panel for an altar in memory of Captain McCall, where the sculptor has dared—and dared successfully—to array St. Michael and St. George in the uniforms of a French Poilu and a British Tommy. Photographs represented his life-size statues of *the youthful Franklin* and *George Whitefield*, which stand now in the grounds of the University of Pennsylvania.   ♦   ♦

Surely there is enough work here for one man's lifetime. Yet art has been for Tait McKenzie the recreation of his leisure. Born in 1867 he was educated for the medical profession at McGill University and practised as a doctor, holding various medical appointments at the University till 1904, when he was chosen to occupy the newly founded chair of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania, a position that he has held ever since.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

It is impossible within the limits of this



"THE ONSLAUGHT." BY  
R. TAIT MACKENZIE



"THE FLYING SPHERE (SHOT PUTTER)"  
BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE

article to deal adequately with such variety of work. I must confine myself to the most characteristic aspect of Tait McKenzie's art, his revival of athletic sculpture. It has been well said that without Greek athletics Greek art is inconceivable. It was through daily observation of youthful athletes in the gymnasia and stadia that the Greek sculptor of the fifth century acquired his consummate skill in modelling the human figure. Similarly it is probable that but for American athletics Tait McKenzie would never have

discovered his gift of sculpture, and no modern sculptor has approached so nearly to the athletic art of the Greeks.

Drawing and painting had been his recreation from boyhood, but till 1902 he had never attempted to model anything. At this time he was deeply interested in the study of the influence of athletic training. In order to discover the physical proportions of the typical runner he had measurements made of some hundred sprinters. These results he wished to see embodied in a typical figure, and as no



## ATHLETIC SCULPTURE



GEORGE WHITEFIELD MEMORIAL  
STATUE, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE

sculptor would undertake the task, with characteristic energy he set to work to model such a figure himself, and after many attempts he produced his *Sprinter*.

A very mechanical way it seems of producing a statue. Yes: but after all it was thus that the Greek sculptor consciously or unconsciously worked. Certainly there is nothing mechanical about the *Sprinter*. Crouching with his hands on the ground in readiness for the start, he is the embodiment of alertness and activity. As the Greek epigrammatist wrote of Myron's Ladas "Surely the bronze will leap towards the crown." The next year he produced the *College Athlete*, another study in proportion, based on the average measurements of 400 picked athletes. In an exhibition of sports and pastimes at the Whitechapel Art Gallery I showed a photograph of this statue side by side with one of the Doryphoros of Polykleitos, the

so-called "Canon," in which the Greek artist embodied his ideal of physical proportion. The Greek figure is somewhat shorter, thicker and more heavily built, for such was the type of athlete that prevailed at Argos. But in spite of differences due to nationality there are striking resemblances between the two figures. Both are realistic in that they are the result of conscious study. But the realism is informed by idealism, and it is this that makes Tait McKenzie's work so near akin to that of the Greeks. ▀ ▀

His appointment to the Professorship of



THE BAYNE MEMORIAL PLAQUE  
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA  
BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE



"THE SHOT PUTTER," "THE  
PLUNGER," "THE TACKLE"  
"THE INJURED ATHLETE"  
BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE



THE FRANKLIN MEDAL, FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA. BY R. TAIT MCKENZIE

Physical Education gave him opportunities for observing athletic youth under conditions hardly less favourable than those that the Greek sculptor enjoyed. So far his object had been to represent the proportions of the ideal athlete. Now he set himself to portray the ideal athlete in action. Every position, every movement represented was to be ideally correct, for in the perfect action of the perfectly developed athlete would be found the supreme grace of human movement. How far he succeeded may be judged from such delightful little figures as the *Plunger*. ▢

His finest representation of the athlete in action in my opinion is his *Flying Sphere*. It should be studied together with *The Shot Putter*. In the latter the athlete is preparing for the final effort, his body drawn back, his muscles contracted, his face set, the line of the arms showing the direction of the throw. In the *Flying Sphere* the shot is already sped upon its way, and he gazes after it with a look of happy expectation. The body extended to its utmost seems as if it would follow it in its flight, but that it is held back to earth by the straining muscles of the supporting leg. The composition is superb, the long delicate curve of the body and the short reversed curve of the open hand beautifully suggesting the curved flight of the shot. ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢

Tait McKenzie has not confined himself to single figures. In his *Onslaught* he tries to depict the spirit of American football. The central figure who holds the ball is being forced by his fellows through and over the ranks of his opponents. It is difficult for one unversed in the laws of the game to grasp the multiplicity of detail. In reality every figure has his own work to do. Our illustration shows only the back view, but seen from the front the impression produced is that of a curling wave about to break. ▢ ▢ ▢

Tait McKenzie's intimate knowledge of the nude influences all his work. Whatever the garb, he is always conscious of the human shape beneath. But with his other works I have no space to deal. Here I would only emphasise the immense service that he has rendered to art by his revival of athletic sculpture. The modern sculptor, confined too often to ill-developed models, knows little of the beauties of the human body and its movements. Tait McKenzie shows him where to learn. In the playing fields of our schools and universities he will find models no whit inferior to those of the Greeks and a variety of motives of which they knew nothing. ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢

E. NORMAN GARDINER,  
(Author of "Greek Athletic Sports and Festivals.")



# SOME PICTURES BY JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.      ♡      ♡      ♡

IT is as an artist whose joy lies in mystic mythology and all things pertaining to Celtic life and lore, that John Duncan, A.R.S.A., takes a leading place among living painters. Fully to appreciate his art, one must be old, yet young; old in the knowledge of the ways of men who were intimates of the hills and the wind and the waves, and young enough to believe in a fairyland to-day. To him, I do not think the past seems very vast or far away. And he is perhaps the one artist in the North to whom Ossian, Carril and Ullin and all the heroes that are no more are still living forces.      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡

A native of Dundee, Mr. Duncan, after a few years' study in London and Düsseldorf, ultimately settled in Edinburgh, where he soon became enchanted by the glamour of the Gael, as perhaps most alluringly described in the works of Fiona McLeod. It was in Edinburgh, too, that he became closely associated with the similarly enthusiastic Professor Patrick Geddes, whose northern seasonal "The Evergreen," published in 1895, contains some most charming illustrations by Mr. Duncan. Amongst a few that recur to memory, those entitled *Outfaring*, *Apollo's Schooldays*, and *Jehanne d'Arc et sa Garde Ecossaise*, all suggest that he, like Jeanne, was inspired by visionary voices. It was about that time, too, that he executed several mural paintings in connection with various schemes of Professor Geddes, amongst the later outstanding ones being those inspired by the legendary history of Scotland in the University Hall, Edinburgh, and some in America. Duncan spent two years in America as associate professor of the teaching of Art in the University of Chicago, and after his return to Edinburgh in 1904, various church decorations claimed his attention.      ♡      ♡

In succeeding years the wonderland of the inner and outer western isles of Scotland has been, with Edinburgh, his artistic homeland. Fascinated by the still living story of those enchanted isles he becomes one with his subjects, and some Beltane night it would not be surprising to find him aureoled with the fairy dew,

riding off with the Sidhe on their elfish missions. Various are the stories told of these fairy folk, and various, too, are the beliefs in their good and bad influence. They dwell, some will tell you, within the hills or in the underworld and are never to be seen on a moonless night, or at the rising of the moon or when the dew is falling, and it is not a hard thing for the most practical of mortals to believe in them should they be so fortunate as to



"CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA." BY JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.



"THE RIDERS OF THE SIDHE"  
BY JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.  
(The property of the Dundee Corporation)





THE QUEEN OF SHEBA, FROM THE OIL  
PAINTING BY JOHN DUNCAN, 1895









"DEIDIRE." BY JOHN  
DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

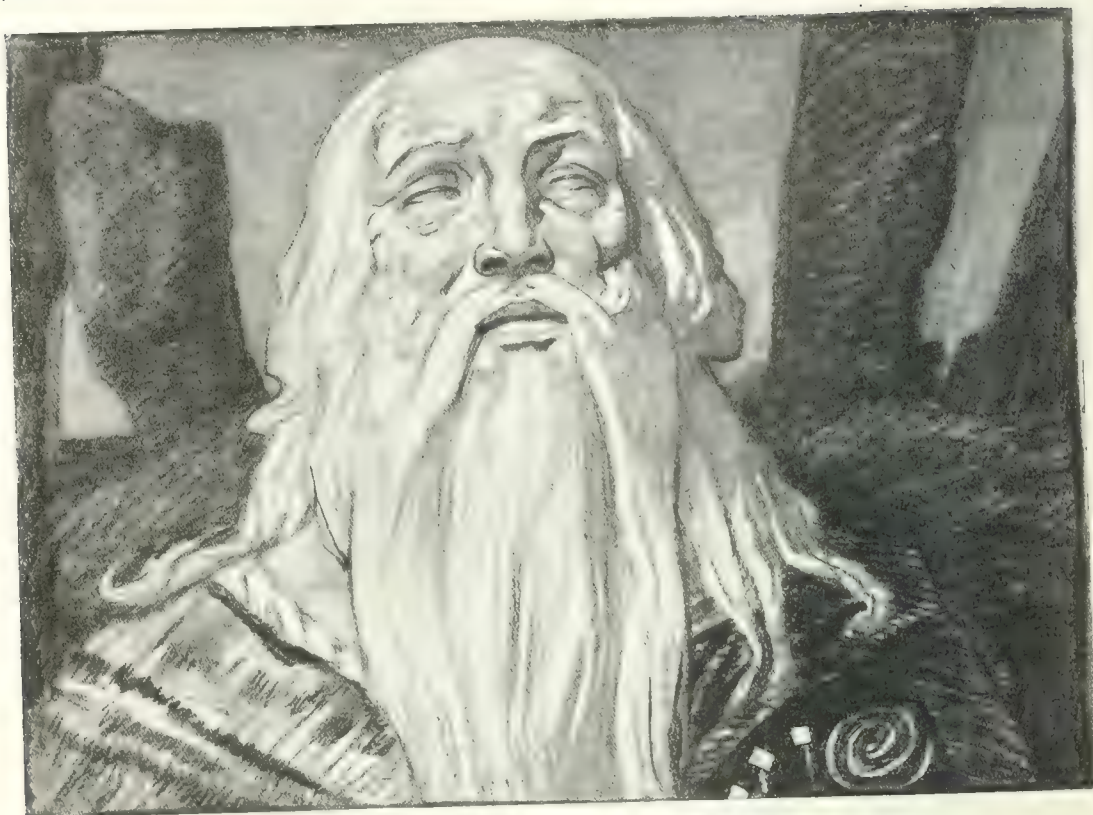
is his loving, thoughtful life of Deidire, founded on oral tradition patiently recorded, that has often held Mr. Duncan enthralled in the far away dreamland days, in the land of Lorne, which is lovelier because she lived there, though her name is hardly known to the stranger. ♪ ♪

From the "Myths of Greece and Rome," the story of Alcestis has also a heroic charm, which has certainly not failed to appeal to Mr. Duncan. In his *Christ Walking on the Sea*, too, he has depicted Christ as a type of energy of will control and fixed purpose. Similar characteristics distinguish his creation of *Fionn* (Ossian's

father), a fine old Highland chieftain of whom much praise is bestowed in "The Book of Lismore." Then we have *Ossian* himself, the greatest poet of the Gael, whose poems James Macpherson has sympathetically translated, and despite the opinion that they are not genuine renderings of the ancient originals, one cannot help quoting from his "Fingal": "Pleasant are the words of the song . . . lovely the tales of other times!" ♪ ♪

Having but slightly touched upon the themes of Mr. Duncan's pictures and the sources from which they came, of their art in construction and colour I have said

SOME PICTURES BY JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.



"OSSIAN." BY JOHN  
DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

nothing. That belongs to the artist and his vision—his vision as seen in the countries through which we wander in dream and to which on awakening living nature around us may add somewhat of her colour. Nor is it my desire to dissect Mr. Duncan's pictures and by so doing diminish the soul of their appeal. Yet I fancy that even the most exacting technical critic will fail to find in them flaws upon which he could long dwell. It may, however, not be out of place to refer briefly to the ways and means the artist has used in arresting his visions. While in France the use of tempera, as employed by the primitives and others, made a strong appeal to him, and it is in that medium that much of his important work has been done. A keen seeker after the ancient ways and methods, he prepares his own canvas and colours with a scrupu-

lous care that would quite satisfy the heart of Cennino Cennini. In a recent exhibition held in the galleries of The Petit Salon in Edinburgh, one had an excellent opportunity of intimately viewing a collective gathering of his smaller works in tempera, chalk, water-colour and oils. Among his oil paintings some landscapes of the Western Isles were exceptionally distinguished. Only those who have visited the islands—the "many coloured lands," as the ancient Gael named them—can have any idea of their mystic moods and brilliancy of colour. On Iona, for instance, one day may dawn with dusky hues and another with an opalescence that makes the brightest and purest pigments look dull by comparison.

That Mr. Duncan's work has of recent years advanced in technical charm and colour as well as in creative design is at



once proclaimed by his *Hymn to the Rose*, purchased by the Scottish Modern Arts Association, and *The Coming of Bride*, acquired for the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery and already reproduced in THE STUDIO. Nor will any who were fortunate enough to witness his Celtic group in a pageant some few years ago in Edinburgh easily forget its colour and impressive arrangement. At present he is to be found on the island of Iona, within sight of those other isles, which call up the past in story he is never too weary to listen to amidst the silence of the hills, or lingering awhile in some humble cottage to join in the songs of ancient days lulled into melody by the sea playing on its white shelled shores.

E. A. TAYLOR.

THE POSTER REVIVAL. II. MR. F. GREGORY BROWN.    ♡    ♡    ♡

PERHAPS the best-known posters in the campaign of the London Electric Railways have been those advising the pedestrian how to avoid being run over. This solicitude on the part of an underground railway for the perils of the traveller above ground might almost seem to have a hint of irony, were it not that the company also controls the motor omnibuses, which are the principal terror of the streets. There is also on the surface something ambiguous in decorating the walls of this submerged tunnel with pictures of sunny farms and country lanes, to tantalise passengers deprived of the sky and sunlight. But a moment's thought reveals the perfect propriety of both these types of decoration. What could be more encouraging to the traveller in the bowels of the earth than to reflect on the dangers he is escaping and the pleasant countryside into which after a swift sojourn below he is to be transported! The majority of the posters which gave point and expression to this aspect of the Tube were the work of Mr. F. Gregory Brown, who has since devoted himself almost entirely to this and kindred branches of what is called commercial art.    ♡    ♡

Mr. Gregory Brown has had the ad-

vantage of escaping the usual methods of artistic training in this country. Had he been a student at the Slade or Royal Academy Schools he might have painted the accepted type of easel picture and exhibited regularly at the New English Art Club or Burlington House. Both these institutions encourage a superior attitude towards art that is applied to a useful purpose, very much as the writer of books looks down on the journalist. Fortunately for our hoardings Mr. Gregory Brown was early apprenticed to metal-work, and thus began as a designer for applied art. This is an important factor. The limitations imposed by a craft are bound to have a salutary effect on any artist.    ♡    ♡    ♡    ♡    ♡

At the early age of sixteen the young Gregory Brown exhibited two pictures of Thames barges at the Shipping Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery,

ST ALBANS  
ROUTE



POSTER FOR THE LONDON UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC RAILWAY. BY F. GREGORY BROWN, R.B.A.

## THE POSTER REVIVAL

then under the direction of Mr. Charles Aitken. He also made a number of drawings for the illustrations of minor magazines. His training so far as schools of art are concerned was confined to a little life drawing under Mr. Swinstead at the North London School of Art. Although latterly he occupied a studio in Fitzroy Street, he never belonged to any of the "groups," and it is not easy to trace any strong influence in his work. If anything he might be grouped with certain young artists—including Mr. Steven Spurrier and Mr. E. A. Cox—who owe something to the work of Mr. Frank Brangwyn. But even the influence of this great decorative artist did not last very long, and Mr. Brown is now himself being paid the tribute of imitation. As a painter he has exhibited fairly regularly at the International, the Royal Society of British Artists (of which he was elected a member in 1912), and occasionally at the Royal Academy and the Institute of Oil Painters. He has sent pictures by invitation to Pittsburgh, U.S.A., and the principal provincial galleries. He has also designed carpets and some very effective printed cretonnes and voiles. ▯

But Mr. Gregory Brown's real career began in 1914 with his series of posters for the Underground Railways. In these he succeeded in a remarkable way in rendering sunlight in a purely decorative manner. While studying natural forms closely he strove to give, by means of flat colours and bold outlines, something of the joy of sunny country lanes, red-tiled roofs and bright skies, using colour and tone values quite arbitrarily. It has been urged by some critics that the forms are a little realistic for such deliberately conventional colour-schemes, but it must be remembered that many of the Underground posters have been small bills to be looked at close to and demanding a treatment different from that used for large posters displayed high above the eye. Recently Mr. Brown has been engaged on larger posters for the hoardings, and his work has at the same time progressed towards a greater breadth and simplicity. Exhibitions of these posters have been held all over the world. One of the first

work was again the managing director of the firm of drapers whose poster for stockings is here reproduced. ▯ ▯

An important aspect of the poster revival is that it is a vindication of indirect advertising. The Underground posters were talked about more than any posters for years, and they never gave a picture of a train. The most widespread notion of a poster is one giving a representation of the object advertised. Now there are very few articles of which it can be said that their appeal is purely pictorial, or that their most valuable properties can be expressed in a picture. A picture of a ten foot tin of cocoa does not tell you what it tastes like. It is also so dull and uninteresting that you do not look at it at all. The photographic film posters deter one from picture theatres, but the wild decorative posters for some of the Italian films are immensely intriguing. ▯

HORACE TAYLOR.

## HADLEY WOODS

ROUTE **29A**



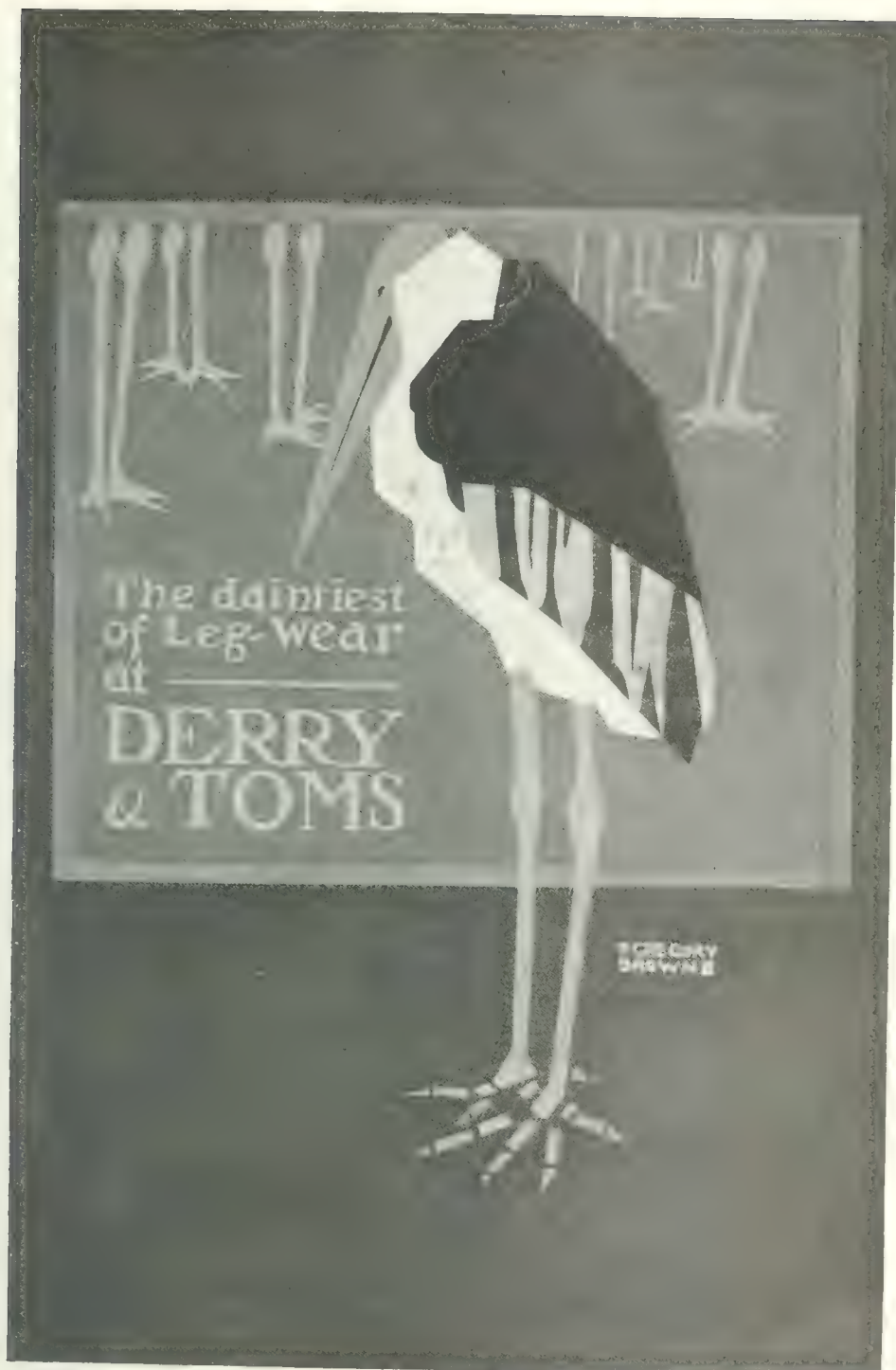
POSTER FOR THE LONDON  
UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC  
RAILWAY. BY F. GREGORY  
BROWN, R.B.A.



POSTERS DESIGNED BY  
E. GREGORY BROWN, R.B.A.







POSTER DESIGNED BY F.  
GREGORY BROWN, R.B.A.

## STUDIO-TALK

(From our own Correspondent).

LONDON.—Though some little time may elapse before the whole of the Tate Gallery is reopened to the public, owing to the large amount of redecoration now being carried out, the rooms at present accessible contain ample material for the student of British art to revel in. Two of the larger rooms, consecrated to the immortal genius of Turner, are ablaze with the glorious emanations of his palette; these contain most of the paintings transferred from the National Gallery, but ere long two smaller rooms, hung with a goodly array of his water-colours and pencil sketches, will be thrown open. ▯

Our frontispiece this month is in-

teresting as illustrating a quite exceptional phase of this great master's art. It is an oil sketch painted direct from nature during his second sketching tour in that county in the summer of 1813, and, according to Mr. A. J. Finberg, it is one of the very few sketches of the kind which Turner ever made, for as a rule all his work direct from nature was done with the pencil and without colour. The circumstances which induced him to depart on this occasion from his habitual practice of sketching only in pencil have been described by the late Sir Charles Eastlake. While Turner was staying at Plymouth he was generally accompanied on his tours by a local artist, Mr. Ambrose Johns, of Plymouth. To induce Turner to work in oils Mr. Johns "fitted up a

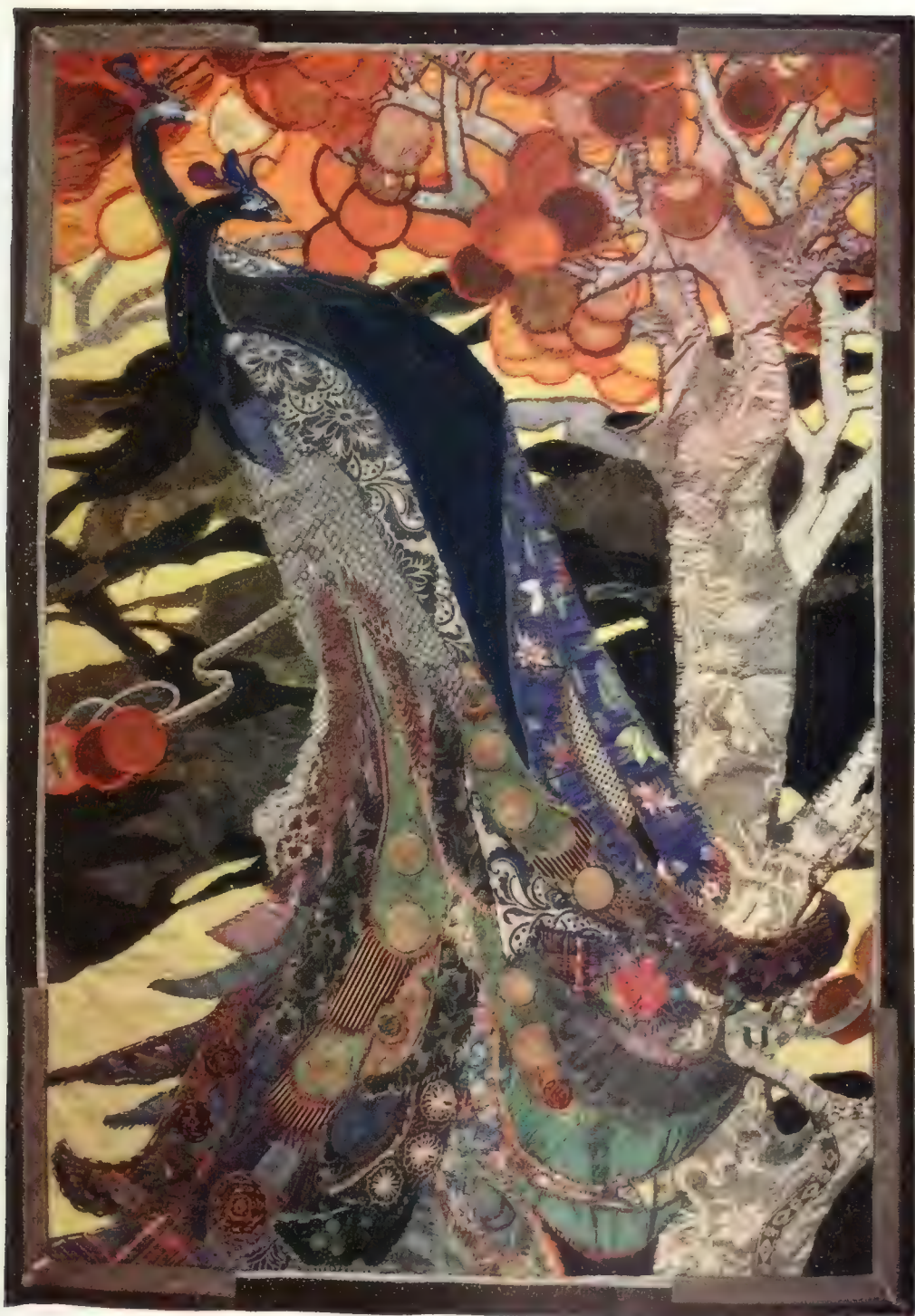


Portland Race.  
1813. Ebb Tide.

W. M. Buchanan

"PORTLAND RACE, EBB TIDE." AQUA  
TINT BY BERTRAM BUCHANAN  
(Bromhead, Cutts & Co.—see page 155)





PEACOCK PANEL IN PATCHWORK  
DESIGNED AND WORKED BY AMY SAWYER.





"THE SOUTH DOWNS FROM FYRLE"  
 ETCHING BY BERTRAM BUCHANAN  
 (Bromhead, Collier & Co.)

small portable painting-box containing some prepared paper for oil sketches, as well as the other necessary materials. When Turner halted at a scene and seemed inclined to sketch it, Johns produced the inviting box, and the great artist, finding everything ready to his hand, immediately began to work." In this way Turner produced about a dozen oil sketches of scenes round Plymouth. Most of them were in his possession when he died and were included in the Turner Bequest to the National Gallery. He does not seem to have regarded this experiment of working direct from nature in oils as a success, as he never repeated it; nor does he seem to have used any of these sketches

as material for his larger compositions. They are, nevertheless, very delightful records of some of the loveliest scenery in England, and the *Bridge* is one of the most pleasing of the series. ♦ ♦ ♦

In these days of high prices the rag-bag is not to be despised, and how effectively its resources may be utilised is shown by Miss Amy Sawyer's *Peacock Panel*, which we have reproduced as a colour supplement. With the exception of some machine sewing done by a friend all the needlework in this large panel, 24 square feet in area, was done with the artist's left hand. ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Bertram Buchanan is an etcher but newly come within our ken, although





WOODCUT BY  
ROBERT GIBBINGS

we learn from Messrs. Bromhead, Cutts and Co., who are showing a selection of his prints in their pleasant little gallery in Cork Street, that he has been etching for twenty years and winning the admiration of collectors and artists. His work upon the copper has been done, it would seem, *con amore*, for his profession was soldiering until he retired from the regular army as a colonel after serving throughout the war. Now he lives upon a farm in Sussex and enjoys himself with the gentle art of etching. Particularly he seems to be interested in the structure of scenery, especially such as that of the Weald and the Downs, in the undulating shapes of which his etching needle finds rich opportunity for the interplay of sweeping lines. *South Downs from Fyrlé*, reproduced here, is so far his most important plate, in which the treatment of light calls for special commendation. In his use of aquatint, as we see in the very vivid *Portland Race*, *Ebb Tide*, Mr. Buchanan builds up his pictorial impression with flat tones sharply juxtaposed; very effective this in suggesting the structural character of the cliffs and the lively wash of the sea-breakers, with the startling lights and shadows cast by broken threatening sky. ■ ■ ■

The growing appreciation of the wood-

cut as a vehicle of original expression is without doubt one of the outstanding phenomena in the progress of art at the present day. In France, especially, its vogue has been steadily increasing, and many are the publications which appear with decorations or illustrations from wood blocks instead of the more commonplace half-tone blocks. A great stimulus to the revival of the wood-cut was given by the Société de la Gravure en bois originale which, founded some two or three years before the war, has recently reorganised its plan of operations by admitting collectors and foreign practitioners. In this country we have hitherto had no society exclusively associated with wood engraving, but recently a new body has been formed under the title of The Society of Wood Engravers, and its inaugural exhibition is being held at the Chenil Gallery, King's Road, Chelsea, from November 15 to December 24. The artists forming this new Society are Gordon Craig, E. M. O'R. Dickey, Robert Gibbings, Eric Gill, Philip Hagreen, Sydney Lee, T. Sturge Moore, John Nash, Lucien Pissarro, Gwendolen Raverat, and Noel Rooke. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The two woodcuts by Mr. Edmund Lucchesi which we reproduce are characteristic of the work he is doing. He has a special predilection for masses of black,



"DANSE JOYEUSE." BY  
EDMUND LUCCHESI  
(By courtesy of "L'An")



"LA MORTE DU CYGNE"  
FROM A WOODBLOCK PRINT  
BY EDMUND LUCCHESI

THE  
STU-  
DIO







"RED AND BLACK." OIL PAINTING  
BY J. STANLEY CURSITER

often relieved with one or may be two or three well chosen tints which impart an agreeable decorative quality and gaiety to his prints.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

The Grafton Galleries will, we learn, soon cease to be available for Art exhibitions. As some compensation for this diminution of exhibition facilities there is to be recorded the opening of a new gallery at Knightsbridge, (Pavilion Road). It is called the Collector's Gallery and its first exhibition, now being held, consists of a collection of water-colours and pictures by Mr. Albert Goodwin, R.W.S.   ♦

GLASGOW.—Some forty years ago the "Glasgow School of Painters" became an established fact, public opinion

was aroused, an educative process begun, and to-day the annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute creates widespread interest and exercises an influence of incalculable effect at a time when every refining force should be most actively exerted to counteract the coarsening tendencies that have been let loose.   ♦   ♦

The visitor to the M'Lellan Galleries does not go far without having his attention arrested. He is pulled up suddenly before one of those Guthrie creations that make the work even of brilliant contemporaries appear to lack some essential quality, as one of them puts it. The *Lady Hermione Stuart*, lent by the Earl of Moray, is more than the inspired portrait of a young girl standing in a grey



"BULL FIGHT—THE BANDERILLEROS"  
WATER-COLOUR BY W. RUSSELL  
FLINT, R.W.S.

frock at the foot of a brown oaken staircase, with shadowy recesses in a panelled hall for background; it is the essence of a personality, presented with the artistry of genius, with most apparent ease, yet in reality the result of consummate concern, of technical skill. Other notable portraitists represented are Mr. W. Somerville Shanks, in a masterly clerical study; Mr. William Findlay, by a graceful pose in young girlhood; Mr. Howard Somerville by *Eileen*, a Japanese study against opaque background, with dexterously painted drapery; Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, and Mr. D. Forrester Wilson, equally expert in reality and imagery; Messrs. David Alison, Andrew Law, J. B. Anderson, and Harold Knight, who all send solid achievements.

Among the figure studies two works are opposingly attractive.—*The Valley of Melting Snow*, by Mr. D. Forrester Wilson, ablaze with brilliant colour, green, blue,

red, and yellow being mixed dexterously in a veritable tonal tonic, and *Red and Black*, by Mr. Stanley Cursiter, a contemplative study of rare placidity. Mr. Robert Hope, A.R.S.A., has a congenial subject in *The Golden Apple*. The interest here centres in the lady with auburn hair, so statuesquely represented by the artist at this year's Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

A dominating exhibit, in one of the big galleries, is a remarkable nude study by Mr. William Nicholson, *Carlina*, recommended for purchase by the Glasgow Art Galleries Committee. It is remarkable that Glasgow should have been years behind Aberdeen in public appreciation of this talented artist's work. Mention must be made of *A Gingo Ring in the Sea*, by Mr. Gemmell Hutchison, R.S.A., a quintette of exuberant maidens gambolling in the foamy surf. In *Spilled Milk*, Mr. George



"THE VALLEY OF MELTING  
SNOWS." OIL PAINTING BY  
D. FORRESTER WILSON





"AUTUMN LANDSCAPE"  
WATER-COLOUR BY JAMES  
CADENHEAD, A.R.S.A.

Pirie, A.R.S.A., reveals his intimacy with and affection for the animal kingdom. ▢

In landscape work the exhibition is distinguished at many points. Mr. H. Hughes Stanton, R.A., Mr. Bertram Priestman, A.R.A., and Mrs. Laura Knight, with a remarkably drawn and toned Industrial Sketch by Mr. James S. Hill, R.I., worthily represent English Art, while Mr. Julius Olsson, R.A., revels in charms of a glorious summer sea. Sir David Murray, R.A., a regular contributor to the Institute, in *Grimersta, Isle of Lewis*, captures the atmosphere of the much discussed western isle that juts out into the blue Atlantic. Mr. William Wells resumes exhibiting with two Devonshire sketches, clear as ether; Mr. George Houston, A.R.S.A., contributes from the romantic loch country sketching ground; Mr. Archibald Kay, A.R.S.A., Mr. Tom Hunt, R.S.W., and Mr. A. Brownlie Docharty treat with interest Highland enchantment; while Lowland Scottish landscape art is capably represented by Mr. John Henderson and Mr. J. Morris Henderson; and Mr. Hugh Munro gives renewed introduction to his particular type in æsthetic environment. Mr. W. A. Gibson's French and Dutch landscapes are compositionally and tonally convincing. Mr. R. Macaulay Stevenson's *Reverie*, lent by Mr. Hugh Duncan, is one of those dreamy, subtle, suggestive visions possible only to a rare temperamentalist.

In the Water-Colour Section, Mr. W. Russell Flint is conspicuous on a generous scale. His *Bull Fight: The Banderillos*, and *Promenade des Jeunes Filles, Jour de Fête, Provence*, are marked by that spontaneity and purity of wash, which as Arthur Melville demonstrated so completely, the medium is capable of encouraging. In *Autumn Landscape* Mr. James Cadenhead, A.R.S.A., gives a poetic rendering of a peaceful scene, Mr. A. K. Brown, R.S.A., Mr. W. Y. Macgregor, A.R.S.A., Mr. Ewen Geddes, R.S.W., Mr. Edwin Noble, R.B.A., and Mr. Robert Eadie send notable contributions; while striking still life representations come from Mr. James Paterson, R.S.A., Mr. S. J. Peploe, A.R.S.A., and Mr. Leslie Hunter. ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢

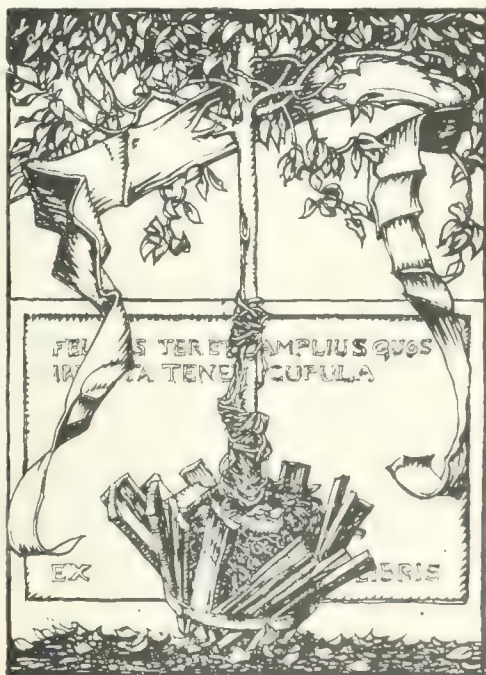
The Sculpture includes, besides some excellent work by Scottish sculptors, characteristic examples of the art of Mr.

Alfred Drury, R.A., Mr. Alfred Gilbert and Mr. Epstein. ▢ ▢ ▢

J. T.

## REVIEWS.

*Bookplates by Frank Brangwyn, R.A.* Foreword by EDEN PHILLPOTTS; technical note by E. HESKETH HUBBARD. (London: Morland Press, Ltd.) Mr. Brangwyn's amazing versatility as an artist and his no less amazing craftsmanship are well shown in the seventy bookplates here gathered together and admirably presented in monochrome or in one or other agreeable combination of tints. Some are reproduced from pencil sketches of rare delicacy, but many, if not most of them, are apparently printed from wood blocks cut by the artist himself, who has designed expressly for this volume a number of initials, decorations, etc., and they reveal that "masculine forthrightness and grip" which, as Mr.



CHARLES HOLME

FROM "THE BOOKPLATES OF  
FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A."  
Morland Press, Ltd.



## REVIEWS

Eden Phillpotts remarks, are the sign-manual of Mr. Brangwyn's many-sided art. And not only does the artist show, to quote again from the foreword, "what a very big thing a little plate may be," but the collection as a whole displays in an unusual degree the resourcefulness of his alert imagination in adapting his designs to the circumstances of each case. ▀

*A Record of European Armour and Arms through Seven Centuries.* By Sir GUY FRANCIS LAKING, Bart., etc., late Keeper of the King's Armoury. Vol. II. (London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.)—From an announcement prefixed to this volume it appears that at the time of the author's death, just a year ago, all five volumes of this monumental work were already in type, although only the first was actually printed. In accordance with his wish Mr. Francis Cripps Day has taken charge of the remaining four volumes and is dealing with further material entrusted to him by the author for the purpose. In this second volume the subject of the head-piece, already dealt with in part in the first volume, is continued in four chapters, the types discussed being those known as the "salade," the "chapel-de-fer" or "chapawe," the "armet," and the helm, while in succeeding chapters chain mail, the gauntlet, the shield and buckler, and the sword of various types, including swords of ceremony, are dealt with at length. All the important examples cited under each head are illustrated by excellent photographic reproductions or drawings. ▀

*Old English Furniture and its Surroundings.* By MACIVER PERCIVAL. (London: William Heinemann.) The feature of this volume is its multitude of illustrations, the objects represented comprising not merely furniture in the usual sense of the word, but fittings and permanent decorations and a great variety of appointments and accessories with which houses of the better-class were equipped in the periods covered by the book—that is, from the Restoration down to the Regency. It goes without saying that an exhaustive treatment of the subject would require far more than a single volume of the compass of this one, and the author has therefore, in treating of each period, discussed only the typical characteristics of its productions. ▀ ▀

*School and Fireside Crafts.* By ANN MACBETH and MAY SPENCE (London: Methuen & Co.)—This eminently practical and very copiously illustrated handbook deserves a place in every school and household. The aim of the authors is "to suggest employment for mind and hand such as may without strenuous labour or expense be carried on in school or home, and such as may prove stimulating as leisure work, and to some extent pay its way as regards cost." Pottery of a simple character; basket-making, embracing mat, web, net and coil weaving; needlework, rug-making (by means of a needle or a simple loom), and cord making; decorated woodwork in relation to articles of domestic use, children's toys, etc., and finally, decorative leatherwork, are the subjects dealt with, and the technique in each case is explained with admirable clearness. ▀

*Legends and Romances of Spain.* By LEWIS SPENCE, F.R.A.I. Illustrated by OTWAY MCCANNELL, R.B.A. (London: G. G. Harrap & Co.)—This excellent conspectus of Spanish romantic literature as expressed in its *cantares de gesta*, its *romances* or ballads, its novels of chivalry, its Moorish romances and various other forms, including the immortal masterpiece of Cervantes will, it is hoped, have the result desired by the author of stimulating the study of them in the Castilian tongue, which except as a medium of modern commercial intercourse has so far remained largely a *lingua incognita* among Anglo-Saxons. It is worthy of note that while the domination of the Moors left abiding traces on all the plastic arts of which Spain has inherited such a rich legacy from the past, the romantic literature here described, originating mostly in the northern regions, is almost entirely free from Musulman influence. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

Messrs. Harrap & Co.'s publications this season also include reprints of two of the most popular modern works of fiction—*The Three Musketeers* of Dumas, presented in a new translation which corresponds more closely to the original than some of the translations current, and Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*. Both contain illustrations in colour, the first by Mr. Rowland Wheelwright and the other by the same artist and Mr. William Sewell. ▀







"A VILLAGE PROCESSION," FROM  
THE OIL PAINTING BY VALENTIN  
DE ZUBLAURRE

MODERN SPANISH PAINTING:  
VALENTIN AND RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

TOGETHER with the names of Sorolla and Zuloaga, that of Zubiaurre is beyond all doubt among the most widely known in Spanish art to-day. Representing something eminently characteristic in Spanish painting to-day, it is also among the most notable in the renaissance that has been revealing itself in our midst for some years past—and the significance of one of the most clearly defined forms of this renaissance may be realised by even a cursory study of the work of the Zubiaurres.

Spain, in truth, never knew that absolute decline which at various periods has shown itself in the artistic schools of all other countries. Of course, its "Golden Age" has not been unbroken; but even during the second and third quarters of the past century—that is to say, the most adverse period as regards art the world has ever

known—the direct descendants of Goya gave to our painting a vigour deserving of greater recognition. There is quite a pleiad of pre-Romantic painters of incontestable worth, some of whom, as, for example, the portrait painter Esquivel (1806-1857), Perez Villaamil (1807-1854), above all, the quasi-Romantic Gutierrez de la Vega (d. 1867)—devoted to half-lights, and spiritual brother of Ricard—and the draughtsman Leonardo Alenza (1807-1845) stand in the foremost rank.   ♦   ♦

A little later Eduardo Rosales (1837-1873) continued the unbroken tradition which throughout the centuries has made the Spanish school of painting, from the days of the great portraitists who were the immediate predecessors of Velasquez—Pantoja de la Cruz, Sanchez Coello and others—one of the richest in exceptional temperaments. Rosales, with his genius, anticipated the luminous discoveries of Impressionism, and his historical pictures, though academically composed, in the



"TYPES DU PAYS BASQUE"  
BY VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE





"GRANDS SEIGNEURS ET MENDIANTS"  
BY VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE

fashion of his day, reveal in their technique a modernism which in certain respects has not been surpassed even since the discoveries of Chevreuil and Helmholtz were applied to painting. In this way Rosales was truly the bridge connecting the art of Spain as it was at the beginning of the nineteenth century with that of its end, and thanks to him it was possible for latter-day evolution to come about without the abrupt shocks that in other countries made of it a veritable revolution. ■ ■

And this process was worth understanding, in order to realise how the absolute balance we observe in the works of the brothers de Zubiaurre was achieved. ■

Sorolla is all air and light. His exact application of the principles of the earlier

Impressionism, his realism, which constrains him to paint with eye and hand just that which he sees and just as he sees it, combine to make him, altogether apart from the subjects of his pictures, a painter of no definite nationality, tied to no country and to no School. And his masses of sunshine might be falling just as well on the shores of any continent as on those of Valencia. Therefore when the foreigner classes Sorolla with the Spanish School it is solely because he remembers his place of origin—which is far from being all that is necessary to determine the matter. Zuloaga, on the other hand, is Spanish wholly and intensely, and his sources of inspiration, as all can see, spring from works as essentially Spanish as it is possible for them to be—those of el Greco



"VIEILLES LOIS ET FLEUR  
NOUVELLE (BISCAYE)." BY  
VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE

and Zurbarán. Every aspect of his soil and his race he penetrates, dissects and exalts magnificently; and he shows the ineffaceable mark of that race even in his portraits of personages having nothing in common with the Castilian ideal. Between Sorolla—cosmopolitan, brilliantly superficial and endowed with an almost fantastic manual facility which necessarily limits all his subjects, whether people or landscapes to a single aspect—and Zuloaga, inquisitively deep and keen, and endowed

with a bigness of vision which instinctively attains to the very limits of the tragic, there is ample room, and many are the artists who occupy it. None have done so with more power and personality than the Zubiaurres. Hampered ever so slightly at the start by its suggestion of Zuloaga, this personality has long since come into the full rights it enjoys to-day. ■ ■ ■

The brothers Zubiaurre, in the eyes of all countries, beginning with their own, are

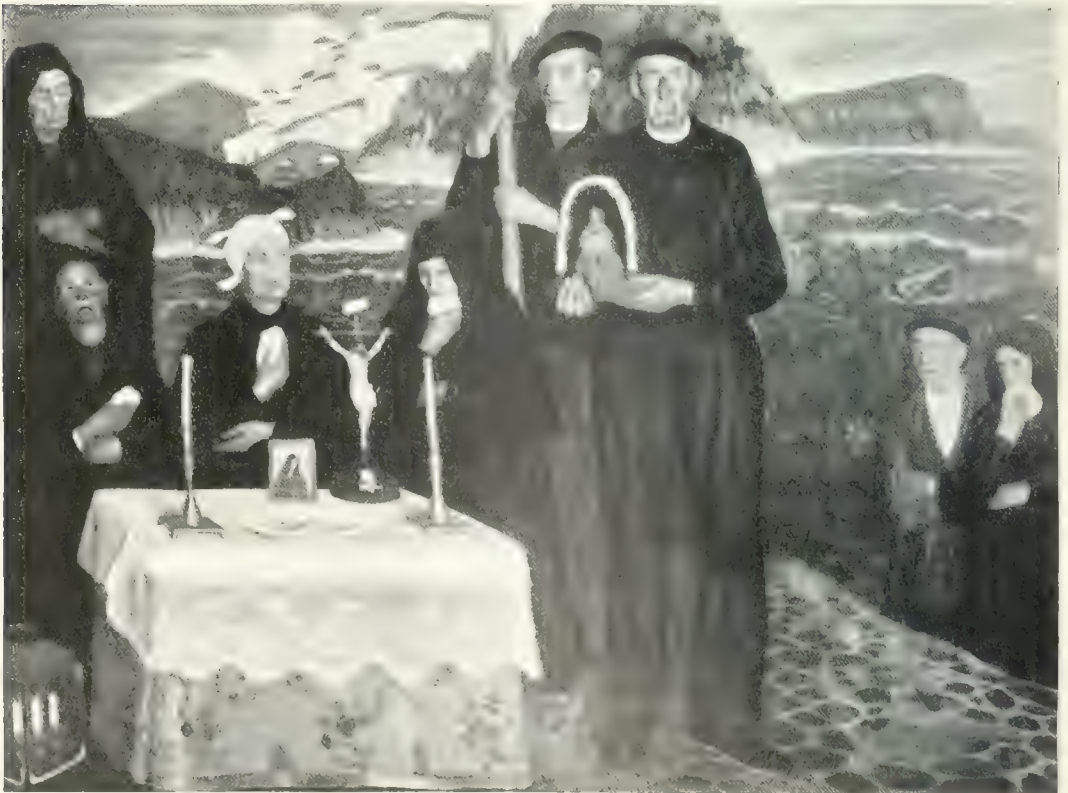
## MODERN SPANISH PAINTING

inseparably associated, just as they are in the infirmity of deafness, which serves to make still closer the communion and intimacy between their several productions. And yet each of them has his own conception, and his own very distinct method of realising it. One may—indeed, one must—associate the pair at the outset, but to confuse them later would be to show an unpardonable carelessness. ▯ ▯

By all means let them be associated and thought of together at first, especially as regards their fervour and that devotion to their art which have combined to make them real modern Primitives, absorbed in their work just as Memling was in his. Amidst all the "scamped" productions seen in the Exhibitions of to-day—paintings as rapidly achieved as conceived—these works by the Zubiaurres show like

so many acts of faith, or prayers, or renunciations—deliberate renunciations of all the facility around them. ▯ ▯

From the time of their first beginnings, and even more with each succeeding year, this fervour has grown, consolidated and intensified, deriving continually from the joys of its isolation. At first they produced just insignificant figures, fellows of those infinitely little ones which among the old Flemings reveal a devotion to their art in all they do—however imperceptible to others—akin to that of the illuminators of missals. And, like the *fonds* of Van Eyck, or like certain particularly fervent pages in the "books of hours," the Zubiaurres' stock-in-trade consists in the interminable and patient groups or processions, which attest the ecstasy of the painter who in season and out of season prostrates himself



"POUR LES VICTIMES  
DE LA MER." BY  
VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE





"MARCHANDES DE FRUITS  
À ONDARROA (BISCAYE)"  
BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE

in his dream of an art without any limits. Also they painted "still-life" subjects of ineffable candour, in which, on cloths of altar-like purity—village altars, starched and bedecked with lavender—porcelains and crystals piously displayed their whiteness and transparency. And, lastly, there were the perpetual *ex-voto* of all their works: the little piles of green apples—natural escutcheon of Biscay—which, by dint of constant appearance, serve as marks of authenticity, like the butterfly of Whistler. And these bowls, these pots, and these earthenware dishes, vibrating with rusticity, with their outlines stretching in shadows blue and golden on the stiff-ironed linen; and these innumerable blades of grass and little wild flowers, these wrinkled hands and faces, these minutely painted costumes,

all wrought with such patient care, as though in thanksgiving for the universal goodness and worth of creation. And, as with the pious Primitives, we find herein a lively renewal of the Song of St. Francis, styling himself "brother" of all the elements and all creatures, and, from devotion and love, uniting himself with everything palpitating—even though it were invisibly—around him. ❖ ❖

Valentin, the elder, is the more "reasonable," the more constructive, of the brothers. Externally his Primitivism displays itself with more force than does his brother's, and he works on his faces with such minuteness that his paintings might almost be taken for masterpieces of engraving. No, the painter of the *Vierge du Chanoine*



"LES RAMEURS VAINQUEURS"  
BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE

*Van der Paele* has done nothing better than these faces—glorified in their wrinkles and shrivellings—of *Grands Seigneurs et Mendiants*, of the *Type de Salamanque* or *L'Oncle Saturo de Ségovie*. Is this imitation? Or a desire to revive a minute style, on account of its recognised effect? Not at all! Renewal of a devotion, if you will; resumption of a spirit which, after so many centuries of synthesis and generalisation, takes delight anew in prolonged and searching analysis, in the slow realisation of the soul through the medium of all its external signs. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

And this analysis is never cold or dry.

Attempted *à froid* it would be impossible. How find the necessary patience, save in ecstasy? How choose that which must be chiefest and foremost unless the choice be first made in the depths of one's heart? There is something enveloping these faces—something in the immutability of their identical expression—which makes this clear to us; and the manner in which the humble lace-work of the altar, crudely set up for *The Victims of the Sea*, justifies what one may style the "graving" of the figures. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

And the most remarkable thing in the work of Valentin de Zubiaurre, the thing



that makes him truly kin with the Primitives of other ages, is the value acquired by the colour in his buildings. ▯ ▯

Castille, with its astounding twilights, has filled Valentin de Zubiaurre with the intoxication of its flaming skies, stretching wide over the parched lands below them. The clouds, so red, so inconceivably red (and where should they be red, if not here?) and the soil implacably yellow or light brown, and the sharp greens of the women's skirts, and the cloaks of the men, with their big round hats, so obstinately sombre—all these, with the abrupt standing-out of his silhouettes against the bare, wild landscape, have served to form, little by little, surely, and for always, the palette of an artist the meditation of whose vision of things amounts to an act of faith. And even in such of his works as are not due to direct contact with Castille itself there is an exaltation which reflects the colour

of Castille, with its blood-red night-falls. Certain of Nature's magnificences have never been better expressed than by Valentin de Zubiaurre in his comparatively small picture *Crépuscule en Castille*, in which three silhouetted priestly figures stand out, like immutable symbols against an immense background of mystical clouds. Mystical, yet very real. ▯ ▯ ▯

And colour it is precisely that more than anything else gives personality to the work of each of the two brothers. While Valentin is the more Castilian, Ramón is very much the more Basque, and his paintings right from their essence are marked by the moistened mildness of their northern province. For though the sun shines in Biscay too, it is always after recent rains, its brightness veiled by a humid curtain. Biscay is the land of green and greenish tones, and Ramón



"NOCES D'OR (PROVINCE  
DE SALAMANQUE)"  
BY RAMON DE ZUBIAURRE





"MERCEDES LA GITANE"  
BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE

de Zubiaurre lovingly interprets them every one, lingering over their varieties. There is the dark green of the herbage, with foliage of a green so dark as almost to be black, the glaucous green of river and sea in the background of his pictures, the pale green of the houses standing up in all their height like festal ornamented pastries. On all these various greens the black costumes of the old folk are lit up by reflex from the sky, while the bright bodices, the chaste white camisoles of the young girls assume the lines of the sea. And when the vision is no longer that of Biscay all this green turns little by little to blue, reflected in softened light on the whitened walls serving as background to the *Noces d'or*, marking, with rustic erudity, the outlines of the rough-coloured pots and plates, and lastly throwing out

the few light notes—buttons, or goffered shirt-fronts—relieving the monotony of the men's dress, and making even more dazzling the much-embroidered and bespangled costumes of the *charras* of Salamanca.      ♦      ♦      ♦      ♦      ♦

This refers to the present time, now that Ramón, having reached his full powers of expression, no longer hesitates on the path of his ideal. Certain scenes from Holland are nothing more than incidents in the complete and even harmony of his work, just travel notes with no particular aim outside their own action. But before this, at the start, this striving after transparent colour and liquid tones—liquid, and at the same time brilliant in places—led Ramón to see things somewhat theatrically: nocturnal serenades, with some fair lady, wrapped in her lace shawl, playing with

her sparkling fan under the dark blue sky studded with stars. Then came scenes from the world of fashion, full of a rather morbid grace. There was no affectation in this, for the Zubiaurres, coming from the *haute bourgeoisie*, sons of an illustrious composer, master of the music at Court, had no difficulty in depicting the scenes they saw continually around them. Moreover, they were very simple scenes, such as young girls enjoying their *goûter*, or taking tea in the gardens, with the artist's sister Pilar—his Egeria, guide and collaborator, full of bright intelligence and untiring devotion—always and naturally taking the leading part. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

These were but the beginnings, the tentative efforts. And how remote they are from scenes such as the *Premier Fils* or the painting of these *Rameurs Vainqueurs*, which by their very simplicity assume an epic grandeur. The *Rameurs* in particular, the artist's most highly significant work, is a glorification of the strength of the race and the beauties of the earth. The almost geometrical symmetry of the oars, the attitudes, expressly and definitely *stylisées*, and the sudden cutting-off of the arm which appears in the extreme right of the picture—these things display a daring allowed only to those who are very sure of their road, and who know beforehand whither and how far the road will lead them. ♡ ♡

MARGARITA NELKEN.

## EXHIBITION OF SPANISH PAINTINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

AS a souvenir of this important event the Editor is arranging to publish early next year a Special Number devoted to Spanish Painting from the period of El Greco down to the present day. Besides numerous full-page reproductions in monotone of works now hanging on the walls of Burlington House, the volume will contain a series of twelve plates in colour after some of the more notable exhibits. It will form a desirable record of one of the most important art exhibitions of recent years, and will be of great assistance to all students of Spanish Art. ♡ ♡

## THE FLOWER SCULPTORS OF CHINA. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

THE word "sculptor" has come to mean in the western world a man who works in that exceedingly soft and pliant substance known as "modelling clay." Having completed his clay model he hands it almost invariably to an Italian workman who casts it in plaster or bronze, or sometimes makes a more or less mechanical reproduction of the work in marble. Only then—when it returns to its author—does any real sculpture begin; this generally consists in the "sculptor" removing the indiscretions of the Italian workman! ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Now, it is a singular fact that the sculptors of hard-stones in China are, in this country, generally regarded as merely unusually skilled lapidarists, and



MAGNOLIA IN WHITE JADE  
collected by Mr. George  
Shenouh, n.p.

## THE FLOWER SCULPTORS OF CHINA

denied the title of sculptor, which in the true sense of the word they are fully entitled to ; for if any workers deserve this designation it is surely those Chinese men who worked the hardest known stones and gems into forms of imperishable beauty. ▯

The great value of the stones—Jadeite, Nephrite, Chalcedony, Rose Quartz, Rock Crystal, Agate and the like in which they worked—has perhaps been the means of diverting the attention of collectors and others from a right appreciation of these carvings to, instead, a study of the wonderful stones themselves with their intrinsic beauties. Were these sculptures to be reproduced even in modelling clay they would still remain objects for our unstinted admiration. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

It is the purpose of these notes only to dwell on the Chinese carvings of flowers and fruits in hard-stones and not to deal with the figures, vases and other objects used in ceremonies and for a thousand other purposes, which the jade workers of long past ages have bequeathed to posterity ; nor are they concerned with the large carvings of softer stone and of wood which are generally implied by "Chinese Sculpture." ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

Flowers are perhaps more deeply under-

stood and appreciated by the Chinese than by any other nation not excepting the Japanese, whose half humorous enthusiasm is so famous ; but Korin, the great Japanese artist (well known in the West), approached his flower subjects in the same spirit as the Chinese sculptors—with a reverence akin to worship. These artists are no mere copyists reproducing petal by petal some particular bloom. Rather they seem to have sought the essence of the flower-type—which each blossom reveals in part and which the flowers of the whole tree reveal complete. Take for instance the magnolia carving shown in our first illustration ; the piece is carved from a flawless block of white Jadeite—how perfect the simplification of the sheath-like petals characteristic of the flower ! Many seasons must have passed, generations of magnolias blossomed and fallen while this nameless Chinese sculptor laboured with amazing concentration and infinite patience—shaping the jade with his ruby drill and diamond-sand and never relinquishing for a moment his original conception of a flower formed from a precious stone, which should present as a single bloom the symbol and essence of all magnolia flowers. ▯ ▯



JADE GOURD  
(Victoria and Albert  
Museum)





MAGNOLIA CARVED IN RED  
AND WHITE CARNELIAN  
(VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM - ON REQUEST)  
PEONY CARVED IN ROSE QUARTZ  
COLLECTION OF MRS. GEORGE SHERINGHAM





FLOWER PIECE IN BLUE  
CHALCEDONY  
(Victoria and Albert Mu-  
seum, Florence Bequest)

In these days there is much talk of jade, the bright green variety of jadeite being the favourite in popular esteem in England and France, and certainly it has a rare and beautiful colour; but among those like the Chinese, who study jade in its great variety of colours and tones, it is not considered the most beautiful. The Chinese prefer—though it sounds somewhat paradoxical—every white jade that has a colour, and is of a size large enough to give the carver an opportunity of giving form to his ideal conceptions. Certainly of the carvings that reach this country it is not the bright green specimens that are the best as sculptures; it is generally the jade of other colours than the bright green that are the finer works of art. The high prices paid for small and often very poorly carved green pieces is due to mere fashion among wealthy ladies who regard these as “mascots” and becoming personal adornments. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

The right appreciation of jades is not confined to the single sense of sight—to handle a piece of finely sculptured jade is a keen pleasure to those whose sense of touch is developed. Indeed some collector might do well to bequeath his collection of jade to the blind of St. Dunstan's instead of to one of the museums. This aspect of

artistic appreciation, however, is being disregarded more or less nowadays by our sculptors—for the surfaces of their work are often like scrap-iron, and by our painters who leave bristles in their paint!

*Resonant* jade gives out notes of peculiar beauty, and in China a connoisseur is accustomed to hang carved resonant stones in wooden frames, so that they can be struck like gongs or bells. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

There is another quality about these hard-stone carvings which is subtly beautiful. Most people have fished up from little rock-pools what appear to be pieces of green or white jade or fragments of red agate only to find that they have secured a morsel of water-worn bottle-glass or homely red brick! Objects seen in clear water have an indefinable beauty and undoubtedly the Chinese hard-stone carvings in the quality of their surface give the peculiar beauty of things seen in a rock-pool or the bed of a clear stream; in fact as though seen through water. ▯ ▯ ▯

In the Salting, Cope and other collec-



DOUBLESTEM OF BAMBOO  
IN GREY GREEN JADE  
(Victoria and Albert Mu-  
seum, Salting Bequest)



tions at the Victoria and Albert Museum numbers of jade and hard-stone carvings can be seen lighted and arranged with great skill and taste. Here can be studied the exquisite effect of carvings of two-coloured stones (as hard as jades) in which the skill of the Chinese sculptor is revealed at its best, for here he displays his ingenuity in utilizing the natural contrast of the colours of a stone—such as the red and white of the carnelian magnolia (here reproduced), the red and white of the famous Fishes carved in agate and many examples of flowers and fruits in parti-coloured jades and other equally precious stones—an ingenuity to which he does not seem to have sacrificed any of his inspiration.

GEORGE SHERINGHAM.

(The illustrations of objects in the Victoria and Albert Museum are from official copyright photographs supplied by the Museum for the purpose of the foregoing article.)



GOURD IN LIGHT GREEN JADE  
(Victoria and Albert Museum,  
Florence Bequest)

## THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A. BY FRANK GIBSON.

EDRIDGE, an artist of the Early English Water-colour School, seems to have been rather forgotten of late years, quite undeservedly, for he was not only an excellent miniature artist but also a draughtsman with the lead pencil both in portraiture and landscape, particularly the latter.

Born in 1769, he had a very successful career as a miniaturist and portrait draughtsman, though at first he had intended to be an engraver. To acquire this art he was apprenticed to William Pether, the mezzotint engraver, who was also a landscape painter. Edridge then studied for a while under Sir Joshua Reynolds, who advised him to take up miniature painting, so he gave up the graver for the lead pencil and the brush. Success as a miniaturist and portrait draughtsman apparently came to him very quickly. His work, first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1786, seems to have been welcomed there, for he was afterwards a frequent exhibitor. Sitters flocked to his studio and he became quite the fashion and drew truthful and delicate likenesses of celebrities and others. In 1803, when he drew portraits of King George the Third, Queen Charlotte, and many others of the Royal Family, he was at the height of his fame as a portraitist. He was at that time able to move from Margaret Street, where he lived, and set up a fine house, like Romney did, in Cavendish Square, where he died in 1821, quite a successful man in a worldly as well as an artistic sense.

Edridge was undoubtedly a master with the lead pencil. His portraits in this medium consist of whole or half-length figures most delicately drawn with precision and firmness on paper or card-board. Their chief defect is that the pose of the sitters is often rather conventional. It is different, however, when the subject is one in which he was really interested. The three portrait drawings in Mr. Francis Wellesley's renowned and varied collection of portraits demonstrate the power and talent of Edridge in this

THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.



PORTRAIT OF HENRY GRATTAN  
 FROM A LEAD PENCIL DRAWING  
 BY HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.  
 (Francis Wellesley Collection)

branch of art. His representation of Henry Grattan, the most splendid figure of the old Irish Parliament, displays his interest in the man. As shown in the reproduction, he is in the act of addressing the House. With his right hand on the table and with an air of earnestness, he harangues his fellow members. The face of the orator is searchingly drawn and modelled with the pencil point, the lips and cheeks being faintly touched with red chalk. This drawing has all the spontaneity of a sketch. Another of the drawings in the Wellesley collection is a portrait of Queen Charlotte, a good

example of Edridge's portrait draughtsmanship. She stands, a tall, dignified woman, beside the conventional pillar and curtain on a terrace, a woody landscape forming the background. Her figure is well posed with naturalness and ease, and is drawn and modelled throughout with the lead pencil and black chalk, slightly reinforced with water-colour in detail, as in the cloudy sky, while her veil and black dress and parts of the scarf are tinted a blackish grey. The face is treated like a miniature, yet not niggled, for it has breadth and expression. The flesh colour and light blue eyes are pure



"NOTRE DAME, PARIS."  
LEAD PENCIL DRAWING BY  
HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.  
(Collection of Thos. Girtin, Esq.)

water-colour, the modelling above being delicately given with black chalk. Altogether it is an unusually good example of the artist's accomplished and skilled work in this way. The portrait of Lady Malmesbury, in the Wellesley collection, is full of quiet charm and spontaneity. She looks up from her work-table, needle in hand, with an air of expectancy to some visitor, whom the dog, seated by her side on the settee, also greets, but with an unfriendly look. The whole is beautifully and simply drawn with science, yet with feeling and a pure and simple draughtsmanship which reminds one of Ingres. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

The British Museum has a good many of Edridge's little portraits. These are valuable historically as well as pictorially, for among them are portraits of many of his fellow artists, namely, Girtin, Thomas Hearne, Nollekens, Bartolozzi, Stothard, and others. They are mostly drawn in pencil, and the students of this branch of Edridge's art can see and study them for themselves. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

Most of the early English water-colourists were naturally expert enough in using the lead pencil because they employed it so much; not only by itself but as a foundation for their water-colour drawings. Amongst them no one was a greater master of the instrument than Edridge. Even Turner never surpassed him in this respect; he used it principally for rapid memoranda or slight sketches. Edridge, on the other hand, did not regard his pencil drawings as sketches for more elaborate drawings such as many artists, like Prout, for example, executed. Edridge worked more like Rembrandt in this respect. Indeed, a drawing of Abbeville, which belongs to Mr. Girtin, shows him working in Rembrandt's customary method with the pen and bistre wash. There the pen gives the structural form of the architecture with singular sensitiveness and expression, and the wash renders with subtle gradations the masses of shadow of the cathedral's towers. An example of how Edridge could pictorially express a similar





"THE SCHOOLS, OXFORD, FROM HERTFORD COLLEGE GATE." LEAD PENCIL  
DRAWING BY HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.  
(Collection of Edward Marsh, Esq., C.M.G.)

architectural subject with pure pencil outline is his drawing of the *Tour de la Grosse Horloge at Evreux*, which is in the British Museum. The drawing, here reproduced, of *Notre Dame*, which also belongs to Mr. Girtin, and was no doubt executed by the artist during a visit he paid to France some four years before his death in 1821, is likewise a masterpiece in pencil work. There the richness of the architecture of the twin towers is beautifully suggested. A *View of Taunton* and *Pomeroy Church* are other drawings in Mr. Girtin's collection which point to another accomplishment which Edridge possessed, namely, his skill in drawing trees. His rendering of the yew tree in the latter drawing and his many sketches of woodlands show that he studied the character of trees carefully and had a true feeling for the beauty of their growth. Mr. Girtin

possesses a charming study of an orchard with a house beyond, in which Edridge has drawn the old trees with a pen and added washes of colour which produce a quiet and harmonious effect, the pale greens and greys of the trees contrasting agreeably with the red brick house. ▯

Edridge evidently enjoyed the study of landscape and perhaps took it up as a recreation from his portrait work. It is said that he acquired his taste for it after studying the work of Thomas Hearne, which he probably saw in the collection of his friend Dr. Munro. If he did, he chose a very good master, and his progress as a landscapist, more especially with the lead pencil, steadily continued up to the time of his death. From careful and delicate work his landscape drawings developed in vision and breadth of handling. Mr. Edward Marsh possesses a fine drawing, *The Schools, Oxford, from*



"THE MARKET PLACE, ROUEN"  
LEAD PENCIL DRAWING BY  
HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.  
(Collection of Thos. Girtin, Esq.)

*the Gate of Hertford College*, reproduced. Dated 1820, it well exemplifies the artist's fine feeling for atmosphere, and the effect of calm sunlight and its play on old buildings and figures is wonderfully expressed by such a simple instrument as the black lead pencil.   ♦   ♦   ♦

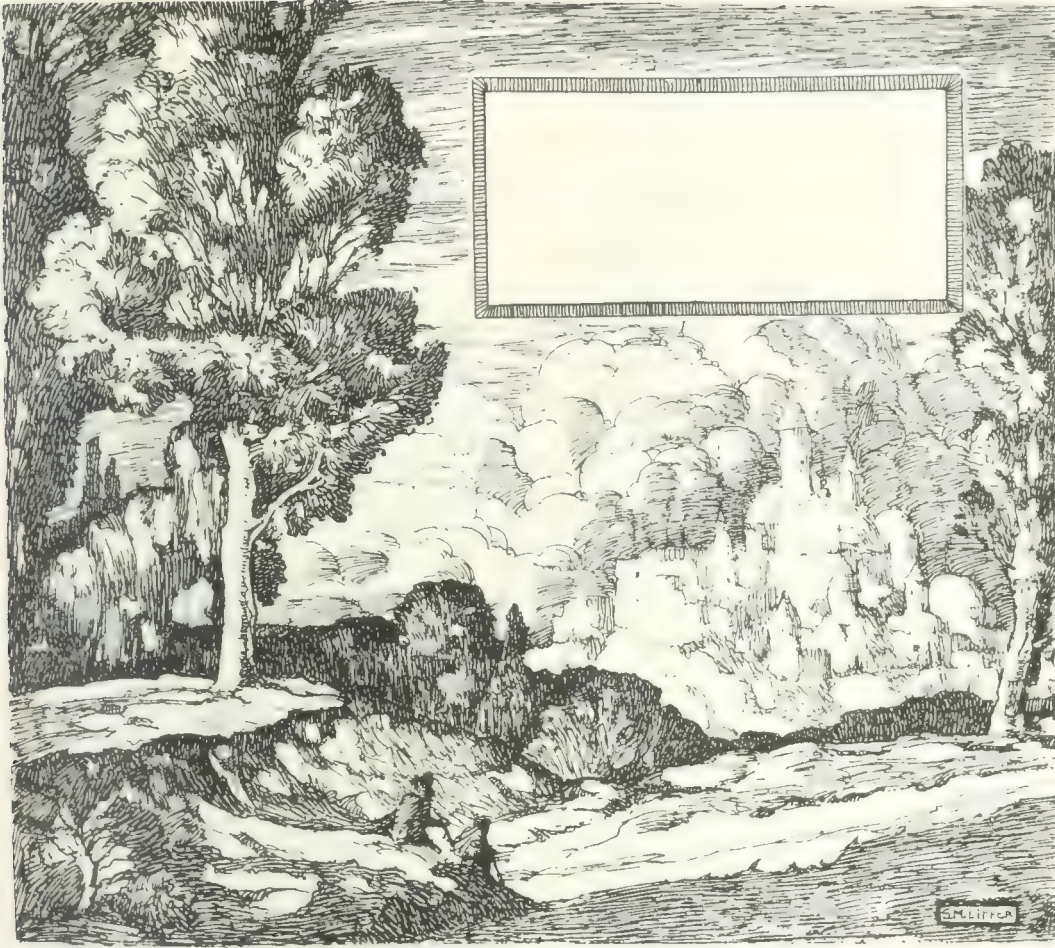
When it is considered that Henry Edridge was a good portraitist, and that he excelled still more as a landscape draughtsman, it must be acknowledged that he was an artist of rare and varied gifts, and is worthy of more respect and reputation than he has yet received.   ♦

## STUDIO TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The Wallace Collection with its priceless treasures has now been reopened after a long interval, during part of which Hertford House was occupied by the Ministry of Munitions. The building was vacated by the Ministry some time ago, but the reopening was delayed in order that the process of fire-proofing the building, begun before the War, might be completed, and in addition to this work the rooms have been re-





PEN DRAWING FOR A TITLE  
PAGE. BY S. M. LITTEN

decorated. Three of the galleries (XIV.-XVI.) and two armouries still remain temporarily closed, but as a set-off there are four new galleries. The hours of admission have been made uniform for the whole year—week days 10 to 5, and Sundays 2 to 5; on Tuesdays and Fridays a fee of sixpence will be charged. Guide lecturers have been appointed, and the catalogues have been brought up to date.

Mr. S. M. Litten is one of the artists who have recently given us yet another technique to add to the already long list; and once again we foresee that those learned professors who assure us that there is a right and a wrong way

to handle the pen, ignoring the fact that in the case of this implement, like that of the etching needle, the methods of use are almost infinite, will have to give place to the youthful spirit that will not be denied. The examples of his work here reproduced show us his imaginative vision, and also how admirably his technical accomplishment can express his very personal outlook. We shall look forward with interest to the future developments of his art. Mr. Litten, like many others, is working now with that enthusiasm natural to one who has, without doubt, gladly given some of his best years of youth to military service. ▯





PEN DRAWING  
BY S. M. LITTEN

The Professional Classes War Relief Council, whose headquarters are now at 251, Brompton Road, has decided upon a scheme of re-construction in order to become a permanent body for dealing with post-war distress among professional men and women and others of the more highly educated classes. This action was cordially endorsed at a conference of representatives of professional institutions held recently under the presidency of Lord Phillimore, and a resolution was adopted urging all bodies in touch with the professional classes to recognise the Council and to avail themselves of its services when likely to be of use.

A statement was made in more than one newspaper some time ago that, consequent on a change of proprietorship which had recently taken place, the Grafton Galleries would cease to be available for art exhibitions after the close of this year. We are glad to learn that this statement does not represent the

intentions of the new proprietor, and that these commodious and well-lighted rooms will continue to be available for the display of works of art.

Rarely, if ever, have these galleries contained such a large assemblage of exhibits as they did in October, when the work of students of the John Hassall Correspondence Art School occupied every inch of wall space. Drawings and paintings of every imaginable kind were displayed, and some really clever work could be seen amongst them; but the chief interest of the exhibition was the collection of poster designs, many of which compelled attention by their qualities of colour and arrangement.

All the Royal Societies which hold exhibitions in the last quarter of the year have been or are carrying out their customary fixtures at the usual places—the Old Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall East, the British Artists in Suffolk Street, the Institute of Oil Painters at the Prince's Gallery, and the Portrait Painters and Miniature Painters at the Grafton—and



PEN DRAWING  
BY S. M. LITTEN

Mall, in January. Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., is the president of this Society.

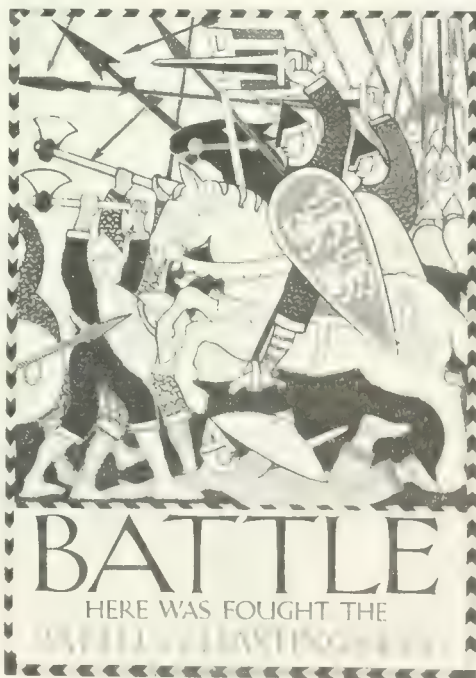
We illustrate on this page two of the designs which won prizes in the *Daily Mail* Village Signs Competition. The first prize was no less than one thousand pounds, a huge sum certainly for a design of this kind and one which might well make many a Royal Academician envious of the winner. The competition was the outcome of an observation made by H.R.H. the Duke of York in the course of his speech at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy in May last, when he suggested a revival of "that neglected branch of art which in olden times provided signs and emblems for the decoration of our villages," and to judge by the large number of good designs which figured in the exhibition at Messrs. Selfridge's, organised by the promoters, it was a great success. Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A., and Mr. Brangwyn, R.A., in their award, spoke with admiration of the



DESIGN AWARDED FIRST PRIZE  
IN "DAILY MAIL" VILLAGE  
SIGNS COMPETITION. BY  
PERCY G. MATTHEWS

while there is little of a novel character to be recorded in their respective displays it is gratifying to find the standards associated with these bodies well maintained—and in the case of the British Artists even exceeded. The newly formed Society of Wood Engravers to which we briefly referred last month has just been holding its first exhibition at the Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, and we hope to say more about this group on another occasion. The members of the group follow exclusively the traditional European technique, whether they cut with a knife on the plank, or engrave with a burin on the end of the boxwood block, and their methods, distinguished from those of the Far East, which also have a considerable vogue in this country, by the fact that prints are obtained by means of the printing press, admit of greater scope from the point of view of book production as well as for decorative purposes.

The first exhibition of the Society of Graphic Art, likewise a new formation but embracing all the various forms of black-and-white art, is to take place at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street, Pall



DESIGN AWARDED THIRD PRIZE  
IN "DAILY MAIL" VILLAGE  
SIGNS COMPETITION  
BY DOROTHY HUTTON



## STUDIO-TALK

great amount of beautiful work submitted, "showing much care, thought and invention, combined with excellent colour and craftsmanship." ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

What one would like to see is a real and concerted effort to impart a more cheerful aspect to our large towns. A writer in *The Times* not long ago called attention to the external painting of houses in the West End then in progress as usual after the end of the London season, and noted how rarely any attempt was made to depart from a more or less conventional range of colours. The colours most in favour are those which are commonly described as "neutral"—that is, neither one thing nor the other, and only occasionally are they relieved by a lively patch of bright colour—red, green or blue on the front door or elsewhere. No doubt London smoke has had much to do with the choice of tints for the outsides of houses in the Metropolis but London is now by no means the smoky town it was thirty years ago, when really "black fogs" turned day into night in November, and it would be all the better if a little less timidity were shown in the external decoration of houses. Mr. Kemp Prossor's experiments in internal decoration might well be emulated externally, for any movement which is productive of cheerfulness is a matter of social importance. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The Dorien Leigh Gallery, located until recently in Bruton Street, has now been transferred to South Kensington (Millais House, Cromwell Place), where an interesting Christmas exhibition of dolls and silhouettes is being held. We reproduce one of the dolls made of coloured paper, which are very attractive as decorations, and also (p. 193) two extraordinarily fine silhouettes cut out of paper by Miss Zamboni. It is difficult to imagine that scissors or any other cutting implement could produce such delicate work as that which we find in these two examples. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The two needlework panels which we reproduce in colours have been selected from a number of interesting examples of direct designing with the needle by pupils of Milton Mount College, near Crawley. Miss Cockburn, their instructor, tells us that this work grew out of design

lessons given to the lowest forms, children from 10 to 13 in age—lessons intended to arouse their interest in the broad principles of design as they can be seen in nature. Their attention was called to the beautiful pattern made by woods and forests, with the upright lines of tree trunks often repeated with variations, to the billowing rhythmic masses of foliage above, and to the short growth or long flat lines on the ground giving a base for it all. They were asked to paint a flower border direct with the brush, bringing in any animal or creature which might be found there, and using any colours they liked, concerned only to fill the space completely and to paint so delicately and accurately that each flower should be recognized, while keeping in mind Nature's fine laws of design. The zest and enthusiasm with which they entered into the subject



PAPER DOLL. FROM AN EXHIBITION OF DOLLS AND SILHOUETTES AT THE DORIEN LEIGH GALLERY SOUTH KENSINGTON





SUMMER. NEEDLEWORK PANEL  
DESIGNED DIRECT AND WORKED  
IN SILK BY KATHLEEN H. MAGGS,  
AGED 16, PUPIL OF MILTON MOUNT  
COLLEGE.



CUSHION COVER CENTRE. DESIGNED  
DIRECT AND WORKED IN WOOL BY  
ISABEL M. GALE, AGED 11, PUPIL OF  
MILTON MOUNT COLLEGE.



suggested that they might carry this further by designing direct with the needle and thus tackling the technical difficulties of the craft as they arose in the effort to express in suitable stitches the subtleties and differences of the forms visualized. Each child was given a strip of holland and a plait of coloured cottons of various shades. The work was done mostly in odd leisure moments, and in a few weeks some beautiful pieces of work were finished, the best of them being quite astonishing. The next year a rather more difficult subject was chosen—wild flowers so arranged as to fill an upright oblong suitable for the cover for a book on wild flowers. By this time the bigger girls had become interested in the work and at the present time throughout the school there are girls of all ages who enter with keenness upon the task of illustrating direct with the needle such subjects as the Seasons, a cottage garden, a bank of wild flowers, etc., birds or animals often being brought into the designs. Some are now working out in this way designs illustrating the stories of the Round Table, or fairy stories. This work is a striking example of what can be done by childhood with its direct vision and unhesitating expression of it, where many older people would fail through confusion of purpose and timidity in execution. ■ ■ ■

At the gallery of the British Institute of Industrial Art in Knightsbridge last month an exhibition of exceptional interest was opened under the ægis of the Save the Children Fund. Exhibits were shown from Serbia, Czecho-Slovakia and other stricken lands whose children this fund is helping; but the *pièce de resistance* was a collection of drawings and designs by children of Professor Čížek's classes at the Vienna School of Arts and Crafts. Many wonderful examples were shown, illustrating exceptional æsthetic and creative ability on the part of children whose ages range from ten to fourteen. Concerning these Mr. John Cournos, who recently visited Vienna on behalf of the Fund, writes as follows:— ■ ■ ■

"The really astonishing thing about these drawings is their high average merit which, in a large collection like

this, makes it difficult to point to the work of this or that child as the work of a prodigy. The sense of sophistication in the matter of technique cannot be explained except as a measure of Viennese old culture, ingrained in the race through ages of æsthetic practice. Not that this sophistication is unaccompanied by imaginative qualities essentially child-like. Professor Čížek himself points out the interesting fact, not unknown to artists and keen experts on child education, that children of ten, that is beginners, are almost invariably more original in imagination and stronger, if you like, in their art productions than when they get older; the common rule is that such work decreases in strength and imagination in proportion as it becomes technically perfect. Professor Čížek's genius as an art instructor consists in his realisation of the value of these youthful qualities,



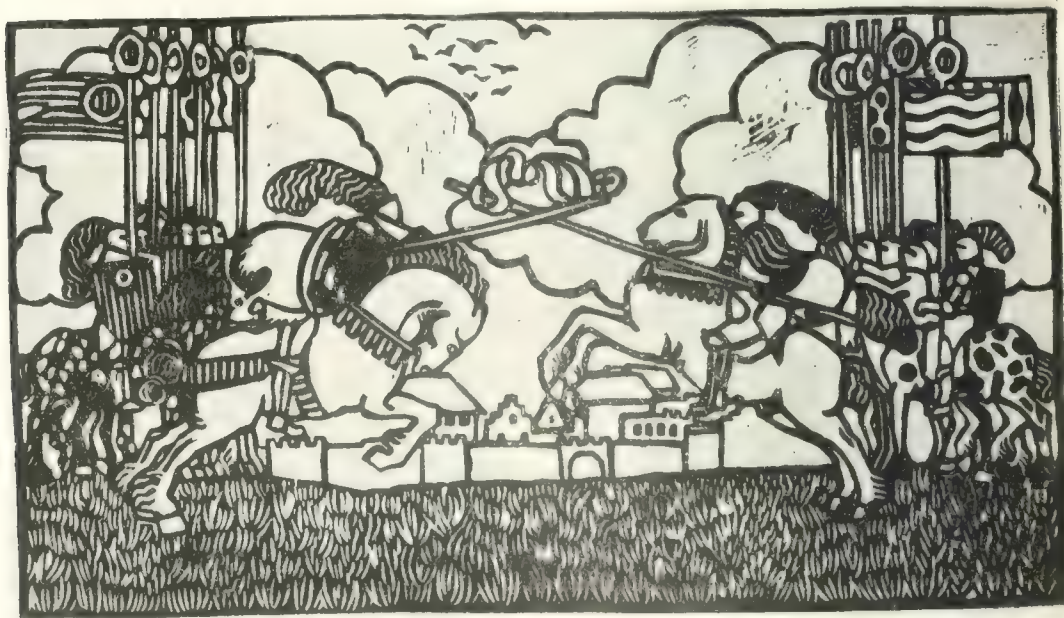
WOOD ENGRAVING BY GERTRAUD BRAUSEWETTER, AGED 13, PUPIL OF PROF. ČÍŽEK, VIENNA ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOL (exhibited at British Inst. of Industrial Art, and at "Save the Children" Fund)





FROM LINOLEUM ENGRAVINGS BY MARGARET HANUS (LEFT), AGED 14, AND ELLY STOI, (RIGHT) AGED 13, PUPILS OF PROF. ČIŽEK VIENNA ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOL

which he does his best to encourage by fostering self-reliance in his pupils and by not holding up a formula of his own for them to follow. He teaches observation, rather than art, since art, strictly speaking, cannot be taught, but can be

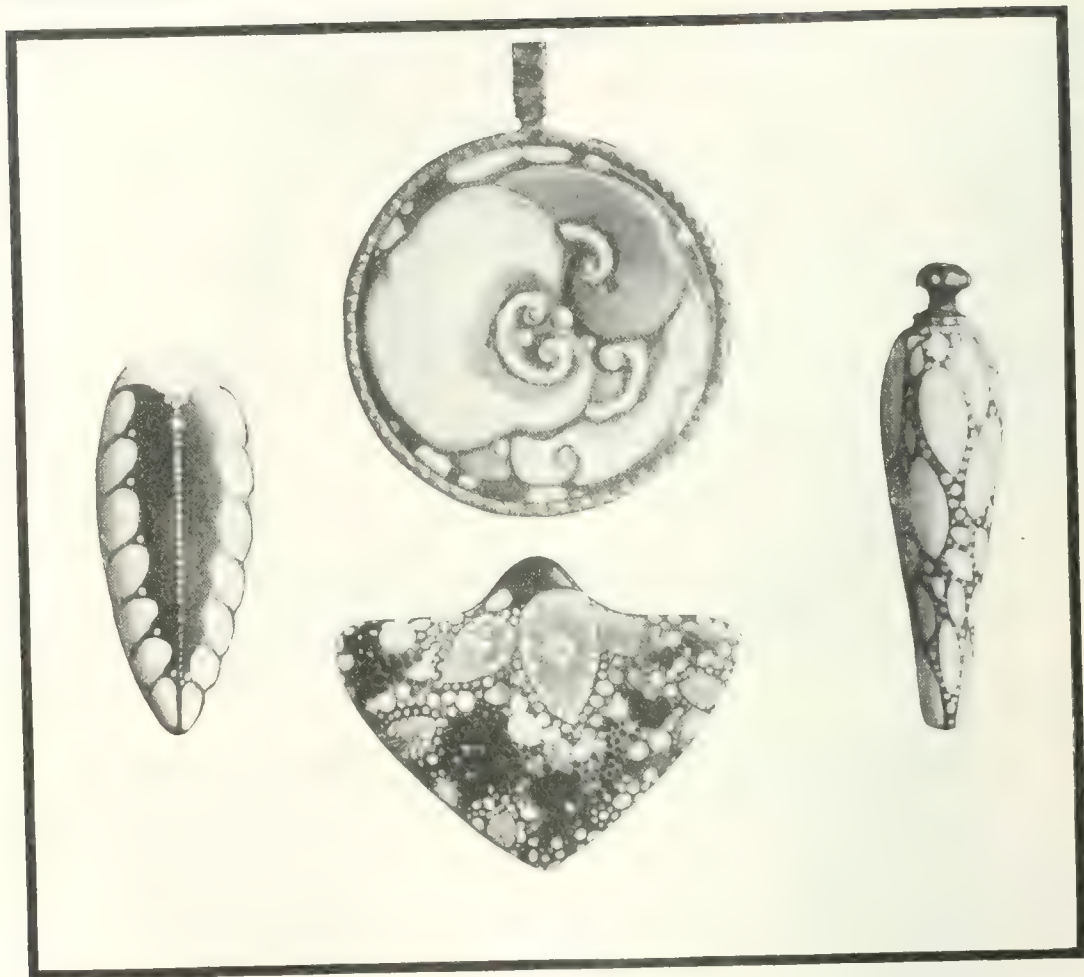


FROM A LINOLEUM ENGRAVING BY WALTER BARWIG, AGED 14 PUPIL OF PROFESSOR ČIŽEK VIENNA ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOL (Exhibited at British Institute of Industrial Art in aid of "Save the Children" Fund)



CUT-PAPER SILHOUETTES  
BY MISS ZAMBONI

From "The Gallery," South Kensington



PENDANT AND PERFUME  
FLASKS IN IVORY AND  
GOLD. BY CLEMENT MÈRE

drawn out of each individual child ; made to flourish in much the same way as a flower, starting from a seed that is properly taken care of, breaks through the earth and bursts into bloom. And the talent of one child as compared with that of another is, in its seed, as different as the rose is from the violet, the carnation from the poppy. If the inevitable question is asked as to why so little of this multiple talent develops into genius, the answer as inevitably must come that we have to deal here not with individual but national genius ; to be more precise, national taste, a common love of beautiful things. Only in this way can it be ex-

plained why in spite of lamentable food conditions the Vienna Opera continues to flourish ; the Municipal Theatre to present plays by Goethe, Grillparzer and Shakespeare ; the popular cafés to render excellent music for patrons who are content to listen while sipping a wretched milkless fluid wrongly called ' coffee. '

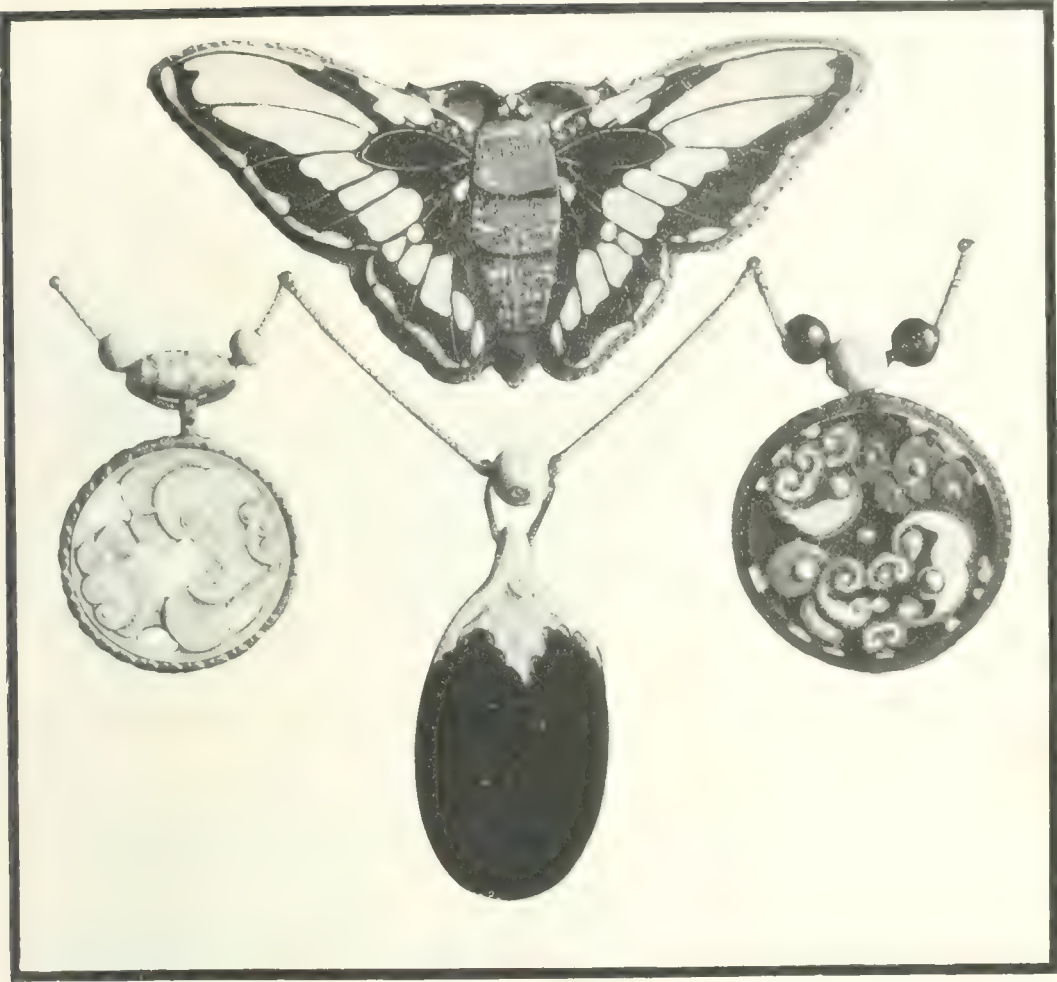
PARIS. — Among French decorative artists of the present day, M. Clément Mère is perhaps the only one whose creations bear the mark of a sensibility at once so original, so personal and so exquisitely refined as to place beyond the range of comparison with any other. His





IVORY PLAQUETTE FOR THE PANEL  
OF A JEWEL CASE BY CLEMENT MURI



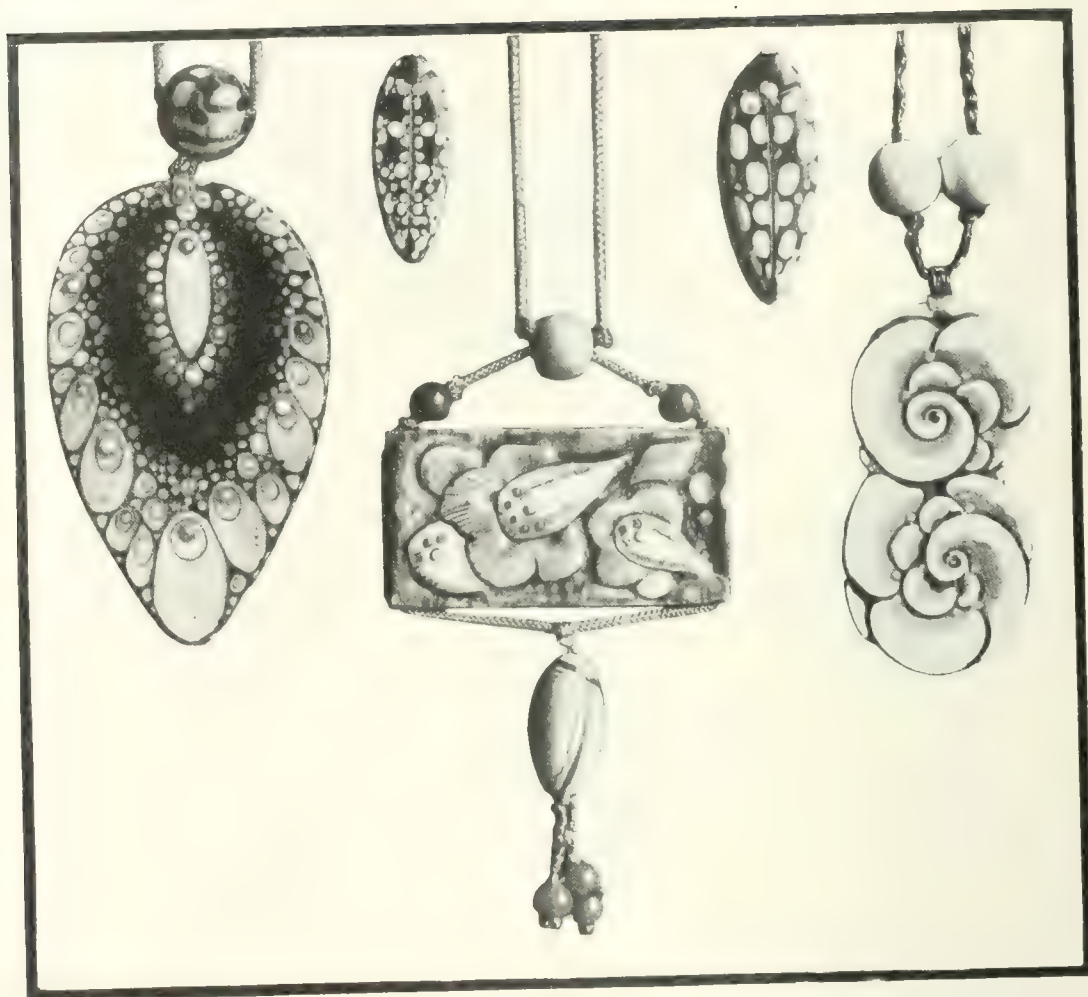


BROOCH AND PENDANTS IN IVORY  
AND GOLD. BY CLEMENT MÈRE

imagination is as brilliant as it is fertile, and his inventive resources are inexhaustible. He possesses an abundant fantasy and an equally ample sense of colour. How is one to describe his works—what idea of their remarkable diversity can be communicated by words? These boxes, these bonbonnières, these umbrella handles, these buttons, brooches, bracelets and pendants, these little perfume flasks, these fans and card cases, these bags and reticules, and these little jewel cases—one knows very well no doubt of what they are made (for M. Mère has too much respect for the materials he

employs to subject them to transformations which are incompatible with their intrinsic possibilities), and one can see clearly enough that they are made of ivory, of wood, of leather, of silk, but what is truly astonishing is the kind of effect which he succeeds in extracting from these substances; they are veritable artistic triumphs which he achieves, surpassing in a singular manner, alike by their technical perfection and by their novelty, their charm and their exquisiteness the most accomplished work of a similar nature. Thus, with a small piece of wood or ivory, or a rectangular fragment of leather or silk,





PENDANTS AND BROOCHES IN  
IVORY. BY CLEMENT MÈRE

M. Mère contrives to create a precious *biblot* which gives real delight to both eye and mind. And this is because the artist is endowed with an infinitely delicate and rare sensitiveness and with a power of suggestion which is quite exceptional.

M. Mère's aim is indeed not to reproduce reality—the reality, for example, of a butterfly, a fruit, a flower or an insect; he suggests it in the same way as a poet who by making use of a few well-chosen words, or a new or unforeseen combination of verbal tones, composes new and moving harmonies. M. Mère is a symbolist in the best sense of the term.

What, moreover, and above all gives a

particular value to the works of M. Mère is the magnificence, the sumptuousness, the refinement of the colours with which they are embellished. His palette is infinitely rich and varied, infinitely subtle and precious, and one cannot help feeling that he must experience a profound joy in playing with it just as a violinist does with his instrument. And let me further remark that his productions always have the appearance of being as it were improvised, and yet they are carried out with an extraordinary precision and regard for minute details. What I mean is that notwithstanding the exercise of a perfect craftsmanship he never loses his freshness

of inspiration, his emotional spontaneity—that the bloom of his sensations shows no sign whatever of fading while he is at work distilling the perfume from it. M. Mère is indeed in all respects an exquisite, subtle, profound and very original artist. G. M.

NEW YORK.—Mrs. Lum's work has twice been reviewed in *THE STUDIO*, and readers will remember the way in which this gifted American gravitated naturally to Japan where she mastered the technique of her medium under local instructors from the cutting of blocks to the "pulling" of prints. Finally she outstripped her masters and evolved an art of her own—no servile imitation but a refflorescence blooming upon a well-nigh withered stock. Her sure and rhythmic lines, her elimination of all unnecessary details, her pure colour and poetical charm of treatment have elicited the highest praise from Japanese critics

who hail her as a western revivor of the glories of Hiroshige and Hokusai, and it is noteworthy that at the Tokyo Exhibition of 1911 the only colour prints shown were those of Mrs. Lum. ♦ ♦ ♦

There have been other foreign artists who have done good work along similar lines, but hers possesses a subjective element which raises it to a plane of pre-eminence. Not that she despises little every-day scenes—far from it—for she seizes upon familiar subjects and endows them with a strange and haunting beauty. The forces of nature make themselves felt. The wind really blows, trees bend, and one can almost hear them groan—the rain lashes or the sun shines upon wet and glistening streets. But perhaps she is most happy in her interpretation of those beautiful Chinese legends, which adapted by the Japanese, have been made known to the Anglo-Saxon reader through the jewelled prose of Lafcadio Hearn.



"THE PIPER." BY  
BERTHA LUM  
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"THE LAND OF THE BLUE  
BIRD." BY BERTHA LUM





THE  
STU-  
DIO

"THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA."  
BY BERTHA LUM.



Especially successful is the one in which Tana-Bata, the Weaving Goddess, is seen passing over the Milky Way by means of a bridge of birds—a swaying figure in the purple night, her scarf caught up rhythmically by the breeze, the yellow light of her lantern reflected in the swirling water below. In *The Blue Bird* and *The Piper*, of which reproductions are here given, we find that though the general treatment suggests the Orient, the children and fairies are undoubtedly of the Occident. Hand in hand with them and with *The Spirit of the Sea*, who gazes wistfully at the bubble of foam fallen from the curling sprite-haunted wave, we may enter a magic world to which Mrs. Lum possesses a key. C. E.

One of the most gifted interior decorators in America, Mrs. Ruby Ross Goodnow, is mainly responsible for the creation of "Belmaison," a house of beauty, built as an integral part of the Wanamaker Stores in New York. "Belmaison" is in no sense a model house, but a house of ideas and inspiration. No two of its twelve rooms are alike. Each expresses a distinct thought and purpose. A charmingly refreshing room is the nursery. This room is built like a circus tent, with a striped yellow and white canvas ceiling, upheld by a blue and red striped pole. The floor is green carpet with a large red circle inset, which gives the children a definite circle around which they may dance the Maypole dance or play their games. The four corners of the room are fitted with the gayest of cupboards built with glass doors, and made to hold books and toys and dolls. The walls are decorated with bright panels (painted by Mr. Paul Thevenaz), representing the wonders of the world. One of them, most vividly drawn, shows a bold seafaring man in the centre contemplating their splendour; everything is there—the pagodas of China, the skyscrapers of New York, darkest Africa, and the Eskimo with his sled dogs. Another panel, equally gay, shows the hunter and his guide and around them the animals of the forest. The third panel represents a charming lady, surrounded by her flowers, and a fourth (reproduced) shows birds of various species with gay coloured plumage. There are seven panels in all; each gay and amusing. H.

## REVIEWS.

*A Catalogue of Etchings by Augustus John, 1901-1914.* By CAMPBELL DODGSON. (London: Charles Chenil & Co., Ltd.) It is given to very few artists to attain celebrity so early in life as Mr. Augustus John. Born in 1879, he was by 1901, as Mr. Dodgson remarks in his introduction to this catalogue, "already an artist of considerable achievement, as well as of the highest promise," and there are few who would deny that that promise has been amply fulfilled in the intervening nineteen years. The secret of his success has, of course, been that wonderful talent for draughtsmanship which was manifested when he was a student at the Slade School



DECORATIVE PANEL FOR THE  
NURSERY OF "BELMAISON"  
(WANAMAKER STORE, NEW YORK)  
PAINTED BY PAUL THEVENAZ



## REVIEWS

and is abundantly exemplified in the long series of etchings reproduced in this catalogue. This series, comprising 134 plates, includes every etching by the artist of which a proof is known to exist, considerably more than half of these were etched prior to 1906; while the latest essay is the artist's portrait of himself which, executed quite recently, appears as a half-tone frontispiece to the catalogue and is here reproduced by courtesy of the publishers. The lack of certainty as to dates has dictated an other than chronological classification, and so without much turning over of pages it is not easy to study the artist's progress as an etcher, but the grouping according to subject has advantages of its own. Mr. Dodgson's judgment on the work as a whole is marked by candour and entire impartiality. After discussing some of the leading traits which distinguish these etchings and criticising unfavourably certain of them, especially those composed of groups of figures, he concludes that it is "by the vivid insight, and skill of hand as well as eye, with which he records some being that he has actually seen, be it a pony grazing on Dartmoor, or a *Romani Chai* with arms akimbo, a country girl, a village idiot, a dramatist, a sculptor, a model posed for the nude, a girl whose eyes have bewitched him for a moment, or a woman whom he has loved," that the art of Augustus John will live. □ □ □

*On Making and Collecting Etchings.* Written by members of the Print Society and edited by E. HESKETH HUBBARD, A.R.W.A. (London: Morland Press; Ringwood: the Print Society.)—The aim of Mr. Hubbard and his collaborators has been to produce a book that shall be of real practical value to students of the art of etching and also to collectors, and this aim is amply fulfilled in the volume before us. The various papers contributed by Mr. E. W. Charlton, Mr. Percy Smith, Miss Stella Langdale, Mr. Hugh Paton and Mr. Reginald Green on the processes of etching, dry point, aquatint, soft ground, mezzotint, etc., are admirably clear and cannot but prove very helpful to beginners, and especially to those who have to gain experience without the aid of an instructor. The value of etchings

from a decorative point of view is ably discussed by Mr. Leslie Ward, and Mr. Hubbard, besides giving some useful hints on collecting and storing prints, has compiled an excellent analytic bibliography of publications in English. The illustrations include a proof etching by Mr. Henderson and a glass paper proof by Mr. Paton, and numerous clearly drawn diagrams of tools and implements are added. The volume as a whole is an admirable example of high-class book production. □ □ □ □ □

*The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* Illustrated by RONALD BALFOUR. (London: Constable & Co.)—Most of the numerous illustrations to this attractive edition of the *Rubaiyat* as rendered by Fitzgerald are pen drawings of the type which made Beardsley famous and attracted many disciples in many countries. But while they reveal a generic kinship with this master's bewitching draughtsmanship, Mr. Balfour's black-and-white drawings have qualities of their own for which full



"ROMANI CHAI" (FIRST STATE)  
ETCHING BY AUGUSTUS JOHN  
(From Mr. Campbell Dodgson's  
"Catalogue of Etchings by Augustus John," Constable & Co.)



4010

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST  
(1920). BY AUGUSTUS JOHN  
(from Mr. Campbell Dodgson's "Catalogue of  
Etchings by Augustus John," Chenil & Co.)



## REVIEWS



DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR RACKHAM TO "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY"  
(WM. HEINEMANN)

credit should be given, and he is particularly happy in imparting vivacity to them with a well-placed touch or two of colour. His feeling for colour is particularly evident in the six illustrations executed wholly in colour. The text is printed on stout paper of a light brown tint, and the same paper serves as mounts for the illustrations. ■ ■ ■

*Bengal Fairy Tales.* By F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT. Illustrated by ABANINDRANATH TAGORE. (John Lane.)—*The Sleeping Beauty.* Re-told by C. S. EVANS, and illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (Heinemann.)—*Irish Fairy Tales.* By JAMES STEPHENS. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (Macmillan.)—*Hansel and Grethel and Other Tales and Snowdrop and Other Tales.* By the Brothers GRIMM. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (Constable & Co.)—*Polish Fairy Tales.* Translated by MAUDE ASHURST BIGGS. Illustrated by CECILE WALTON. (John Lane.)—With the exception of two—the selections from Grimm's Tales which are reprints from the rather unwieldy complete edition with Mr. Rackham's illustrations previously published—all these books are new this season and they are all very attractively illustrated. The really ideal illustrator of this kind of literature is, of course, the artist who is himself a product

of the land which has given birth to it, and from this point of view the book illustrated by Mr. Tagore is of special interest. Mr. Rackham's drawings in "The Sleeping Beauty" are of the silhouette type which he has latterly adopted with such good results, and in some a little colour is introduced with pleasing effect, while in the Irish book his drawings are of much the same character as his earlier work. Though some of the stories as told by Mr. Stephens appear to be more in the nature of historic legends rather than fairy tales, the collection provides good reading in which humour of a subtle kind abounds. The Polish stories are selected from Glinski's collection published in 1863, and the vivacious illustrations by Cecile Walton show a conscientious striving to interpret these unfamiliar themes. ■ ■ ■

*The Miniature Collector* by Dr. G. C. Williamson is a recent addition to the "Collectors' Series," edited by Mr. H. W. LEWER, F.S.A., and published by Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., and is replete with information about all the leading and many of the minor painters of portrait miniatures. The volume is abundantly illustrated and an appendix gives for the first time a complete list of the many hundreds of persons who sat to William Wood (1768-1809). ■ ■







8  
7  
PORTRAIT OF A LADY OF  
THE DE PALAVICINO FAMILY.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY JUAN  
PANTOJA DE LA CRUZ.

# THE STUDIO

## SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE    ♣    ♣    ♣

THE preliminary announcements relative to this exhibition aroused expectations which have not been realised. The impression was given that the treasures of the Prado Museum and other important institutions in Spain would be drawn upon, and that we should see on the walls of the Royal Academy's galleries some at least of those masterpieces of the art of painting which hitherto it has been the privilege of only a comparatively small number in Great Britain to see and study directly. But if the non-fulfilment of these hopes has naturally caused disappointment, still the exhibition as a whole may assuredly be reckoned as an event of first-rate importance, and though it is still necessary to visit Madrid, Toledo

and other Spanish cities to see the greatest achievements of Velázquez, El Greco, Murillo, Ribera, Goya and other famous masters of the Spanish School, the serious student has every reason to be grateful for such facilities as are provided by the collection for studying at first hand the development of this great school from its beginning to the present day.    ♣    ♣

Among the great old masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who are represented in this exhibition, the group of ten works of Domenico Theotocopuli, now universally known as El Greco, has undoubtedly excited paramount interest, partly because he is not so well known as the great founder of the naturalistic school in Spain, Diego Velázquez, represented here by an equal number of works (though the authenticity of two of them has been challenged), but



"A PEST HOUSE." BY FRANCISCO DE GOYA Y LUCIENTES.  
(Marquis de la Romana, Madrid)





**"JUAN DE PAREJA, PAINTER"**  
**BY DON DIEGO VELÁZQUEZ**  
(Earl of Radnor's Collection)

SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



"A GIRL WITH A MIRROR"  
BY JOSE RIBERA  
(Sir Herbert Cook, Bart.)

more particularly because of the representative character of the group, containing as it does some of his best portraits and one complex composition which ranks among his most important efforts of this character—*The Glory of Philip II.*, lent by the King of Spain from the Escorial. From his own days down to the present time an extraordinary diversity of opinion has existed among critics in regard to El Greco's merits as a painter. A summary of these opinions is given by Cossio in his exhaustive study of the artist published in 1908.\* Noting with satisfaction that

\*"El Greco," por Manuel B. Cossio, Madrid, 1908. In the second volume of this work nearly 200 paintings of El Greco are reproduced.

England has led the way in penetrating the character of El Greco and the importance of his work, he cites a passage written by Sir J. C. Robinson in 1868, which is well worth quoting here :

"At all times and in all countries the works of this master will appeal to the artist and true connoisseur with an imperative voice, while it is perhaps equally certain they will always remain 'caviare to the multitude.' In the dim twilight of Spanish churches and convents there are still scores of weird-looking canvasses of El Greco which the uninitiated observer passes over with wonder and bewilderment, the grim angular figures and draperies and the flickering unrest of all the details affecting him almost as would a harsh tumult of discordant sounds. But to the possessor of real art appreciation, a closer examination of even these unpromising specimens reveals passages of admirable harmony which he will dwell upon as on sweet music heard

## SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



"THE LATIN QUARTER"  
BY NICOLÁS RAURICH

fitfully amidst the howling of a tempest. Il Greco's style is altogether peculiar and indescribable."

Of the ten works assigned to Velázquez, five have been brought from Spain for the exhibition, while the others belong to English collections, and three of them have been exhibited before in London; while as to two, there are, as mentioned above, some doubts as to their authenticity. Though hardly so representative as the El Greco group, the selection contains a superb example of the master's painting, the portrait of *Juan de Pareja, Painter*, belonging to the Earl of Radnor, and a scarcely inferior work, the portrait of *An Unknown Gentleman*, from the Duke

of Wellington's collection, as well as the painter's portrait of himself lent by the Fine Art Museum, Valencia, and said to be the most poetical of the portraits which Velázquez painted of himself. Among his other paintings *The Cook* (Mr. Otto Beit's collection), an early work, painted when he was a youth of nineteen, is of great interest as a study of still life. There does not appear to be any reference to this particular work in Beruete's treatise published in English in 1906, but it is evidently one of several paintings of a somewhat similar character executed while Velázquez was studying under his future father-in-law, Francisco Pacheco,





"A BASQUE COUNTRYMAN"  
BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA

## SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



"TWO MASKS." BY  
CLAUDIO CASTELUCHO

who, to judge from a passage in his "Art of Painting," set great store by exercises of this kind. The exhibition contains one example of Pacheco's own paintings. ▀

Of painters other than El Greco whose careers preceded either wholly or mainly that of Velázquez, all those of any note are represented by one or more examples. The self-portrait of Pedro Berruguete, a Castilian primitive who died in 1504, is worthy of the best traditions of the Spanish School. By Luis de Morales, "the divine," there are two panels of *The Fifth Dolour*, the larger of the two being remarkable for the tragically realistic painting of the dead Christ's face. Of the work of Sánchez Coello (d. 1588) there are eight examples, all portraits, and one of them is of special interest as having possibly suggested the painting of *Las Meninas* by Velázquez. Coello's pupil

and successor as Court Painter, Juan Pantoja de la Cruz, is represented by three exceedingly interesting portraits, one of which, the *Portrait of a Lady of the De Palavicino Family*, is here reproduced in colour. His full length Philip II. (lent by the King of Spain) is a very striking presentment of that monarch, in whose sad features the shadow of approaching death is seen, and it provides a strong contrast with Coello's Prado half-length portrait, painted also in the King's declining years. ▀ ▀

Ribera and Zurbarán are the chief contemporaries of Velázquez. By the first there are three works, one of which, *A Girl with a Mirror*, is reproduced on p. 5. The Prado collection contains somewhere about sixty paintings of this artist, nearly all of them portraits of apostles and saints. He was greatly influenced by Caravaggio,



"THE CAMELLIA"  
BY JULIO MOISES



## SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



"THE BOWER." BY  
SANTIAGO RUSIÑOL

and all the latter part of his life was spent in Italy. Zurbarán is more fully represented, and in some respects the most interesting example is an early work, *The Virgin as a young girl doing needlework*. A large Crucifixion, by Alonso Cano, a fellow pupil of Velázquez in Pacheco's studio, bears a certain resemblance to a similar painting by the greater master in the Prado. Del Mazo, assistant and son-in-law of Velázquez, is not seen to great advantage in the two works assigned to him. Murillo, pre-eminent among painters of the generation that grew up under the influence of Velázquez and famous for his many paintings of *Immaculadas*, of which one example, from Lord Lansdowne's collection, is in the exhibition, was also a great painter of landscape, animals and still life, as well as portraits, but the seven works at Burlington House give only a faint hint of this diversity. ▀

Numerically it is to Goya that has fallen the lion's share in this display, one gallery having been set apart for a group of some twenty-four paintings by him, all of which with one exception (a portrait lent by Mr. Otto Beit) have been sent from Spain. This group may, in fact, be justly regarded as the *clou* of the exhibition, for though Goya is well known to many connoisseurs here by his wonderful etchings, as a painter he has hitherto been almost a total stranger. A worthy descendant of the great masters who preceded him by two centuries, he is here seen in the rôle of painter of portraits, of landscapes, and open-air scenes, and especially of those grimly realistic subject pictures in which his true genius expressed itself with so much energy. ▀ ▀ ▀

It is by no means a homogeneous collection of work that confronts the visitor in the galleries set apart for the



THIRTY AND YEARS FROM  
THE PAINTING BY JOSÉ  
MARTÍ GONZÁLEZ (1935)





painters of to-day and their immediate predecessors. The number of them is well over a hundred, and the only notable omission is Anglada. Among this assemblage the small Basque or Biscayan group, with Zuloaga at its head, and including among others the brothers Zubiaurre, whose work was discussed at length in our last issue, presents the most marked differentiation from the general body. The Barcelona contingent, much more numerous, is well represented, and among these Santiago Rusiñol is conspicuous with a series of those delightful garden paintings on which for years past he has concentrated his very personal gifts. As to the rest, all that can be said in a brief summary like this is that while no very pronounced national traits are conspicuous—except in so far as subjects are concerned—there is to be discerned a susceptibility to the charms of colour which though often accompanied by a deficient sense of form is productive of an atmosphere of animation and vivacity.

#### SOME FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS OF "THE STUDIO"

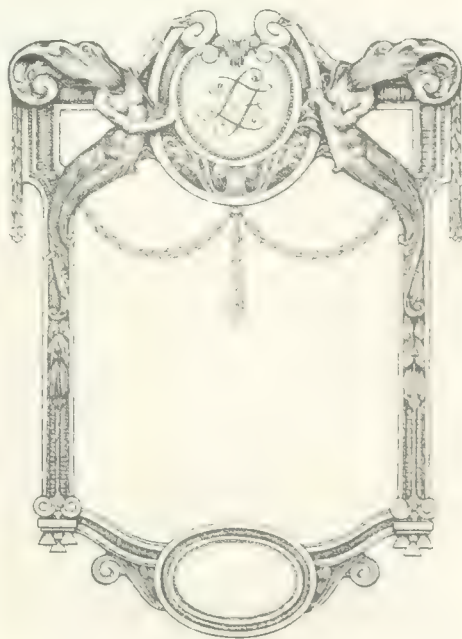
THE sixteenth annual issue of "THE STUDIO Year-Book of Decorative Art" is now in the hands of the printers, and will, it is expected, be ready for publication early in March.

The series of portfolios containing reproductions in colour of pictures by distinguished living painters, of which three numbers have already appeared with selections from the water-colours of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, R.A., Mr. W. Russell Flint, and Mr. C. J. Holmes, will be continued with numbers containing reproductions of paintings or drawings by Mr. Arnesby Brown, R.A., Mr. Harold Knight and Mrs. Knight, Mr. P. A. de Laszlo and Mr. L. Campbell Taylor respectively.

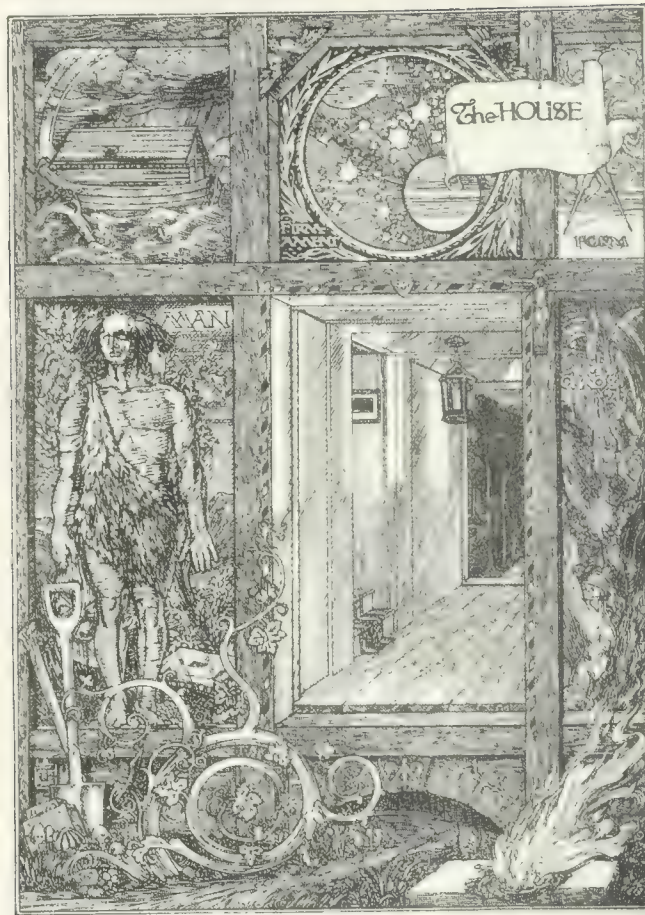
The Editor also hopes to deal in a Special Number on Spanish Painting much more fully with the important display at Burlington House briefly noticed in this month's issue, but at the time of going to press the arrangements in regard to this had not been completed, and a definite announcement must therefore be postponed.

#### THE SOCIETY OF GRAPHIC ART. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

THE time was ripe for the formation of a society of the exponents of the graphic arts, since recent years have seen public appreciation and encouragement of free expression through all the mediums steadily on the increase. But though graphic artists are many in the land, their opportunities for getting into actual touch with the public that loves pictorial art are limited. The "black and white men" may establish a popular familiarity through reproductive appearances week after week in the illustrated press, or they may adapt their illustrative imaginations to the embellishment of books; but true artistic intimacy is usually blocked by the harmless necessary half-tone. If they be etchers or engravers, membership of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers will open its annual exhibitions to their works, the recent admission of the woodcut counting to the Society for artistic righteousness; though



DESIGN FOR A WAR RECORD  
BY H. GRANVILLE FELL



"THE HOUSE" [(AS THE ARBITRARY FRAMEWORK, THE MATERIAL AND INTELLECTUAL BOUNDARY WITHIN WHICH MAN THINKS, INVENTS AND EXISTS). BY JAMES GUTHRIE]

the newly-founded Society of Wood-Engravers offers naturally wider scope and a more generous independence to the spreading revival of this oldest of all forms of engraving, while to those who seek expression through lithography the Senefelder Club may afford its limited welcome. But if they claim as artists the right to express themselves through any graphic medium that the particular pictorial motive of their artistic mood seems to demand, the chances of appeal to the public, for any but the favoured members of the Society of Twelve, are decidedly restricted. The Royal Academy remains

as niggardly as ever in its award of space to expression in black and white prints and drawings; nor are the opportunities offered by the New English Art Club or the International Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers sufficient; while the alternative of the "one man show" is too risky and expensive for the majority.

The new Society of Graphic Art purports to change all this, its formation being, to quote its official pronouncement, "for the purpose of holding periodical exhibitions of all the various forms of black and white art in a comprehensive and dignified manner. Its aim will be to



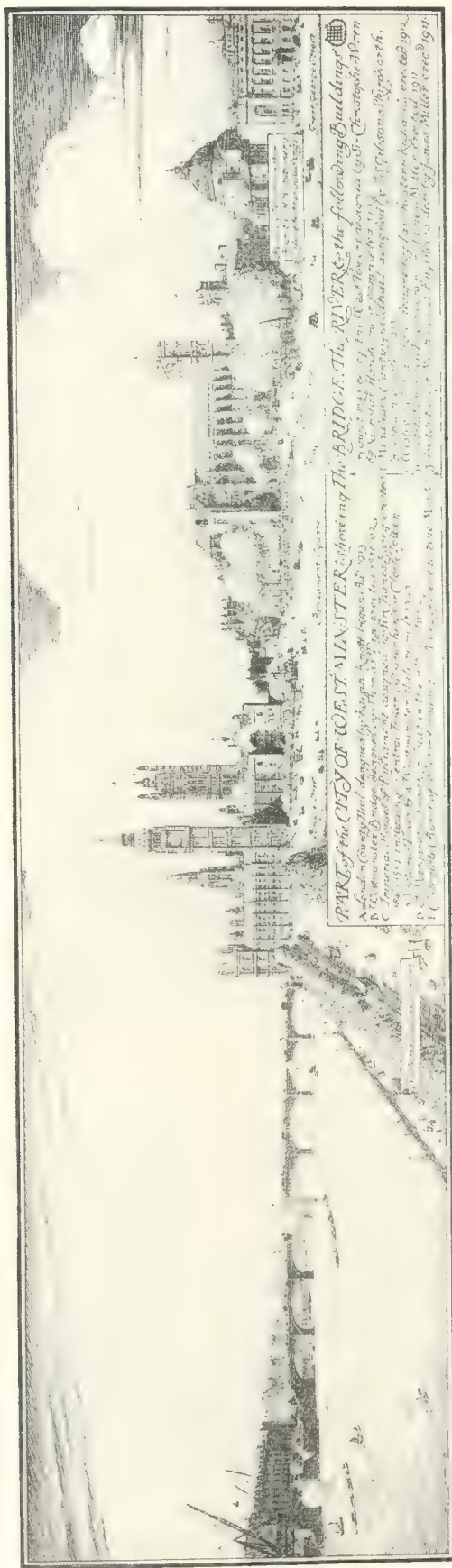


ILLUSTRATION TO "A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"  
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON  
(BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.)

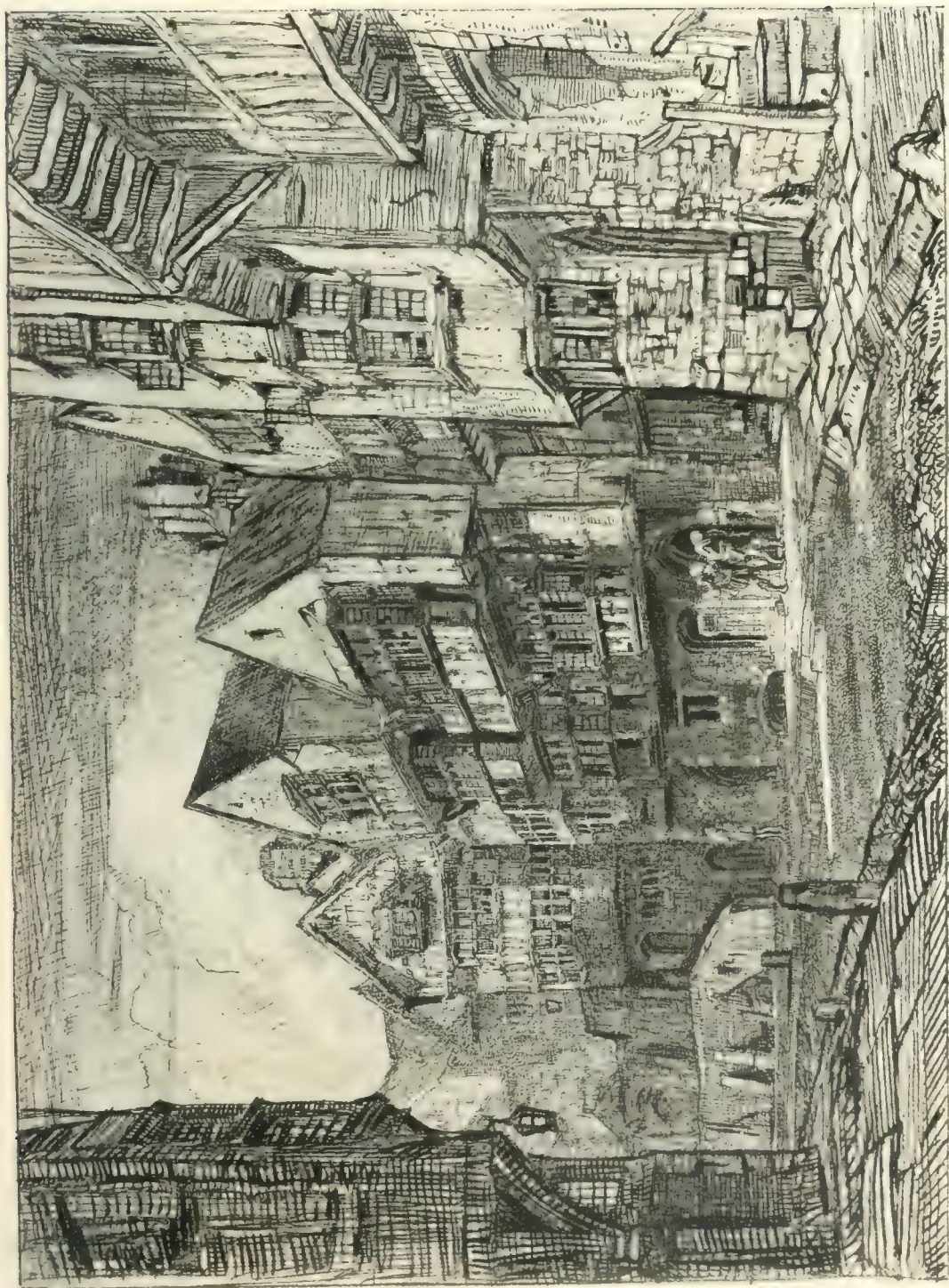
further the interests of British and Colonial artists who produce, in monochrome, examples of sound draughtsmanship in pencil, pen-and-ink, chalk, charcoal, water or oil colour, monotype, silver-point, dry-point, and in the various methods of engraving on metal, wood, stone, etc. The scope and scale of the scheme is purposely large, as it is desired to form, for the first time in this country"—I am still quoting the Society's own proclamation—"a powerful and thoroughly comprehensive body representing what has truly been described as the most potent and varied side of British art." The

scheme originated with Mr. Frank L. Emanuel, himself an artist whose sound accomplishment in draughtsmanship, at home with many mediums, is happiest with pencil, and best seen in pictorial interpretations of architecture. For years he had had in mind the formation of such a society for the benefit of black-and-white draughtsmen, but only now when the artists have pleasant proof that there are collectors ready to buy good modern drawings and original etchings, aquatints, mezzotints, woodcuts and lithographs, has the scheme seemed to come within the range of practical politics. Mr. Emanuel's





"WESTMINSTER." PEN DRAW-  
ING BY EDMUND HORT NEW



"OLD LONDON" A STUDY.  
BY F. L. GRIGGS, R.E.









"A.D. 1918." DRAWING  
BY HAROLD NELSON

enthusiasm, supported by the sympathetic encouragement of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, and helped by his own personal popularity, imbued a group of graphic artists with the feeling that they and their fellows really needed such an association. They met one evening at Mr. Emanuel's house to discuss the idea, and a Provisional Committee to promote the scheme was the result. To all intents and purposes the Society of Graphic Art was born there and then, for the response of the graphic artists invited to membership was practically general. And now it starts its career as a very numerous, if

not entirely representative, body, starts auspiciously under the presidency of an artist of world-wide fame. It is, indeed, no small asset for a society that intends to exhibit its members' works abroad as well as at home to have at its head an artist of Mr. Brangwyn's stature and fame, whose various accomplishments on wood, copper and stone, as well as with the materials of the decorative painter, has won recognition from all artistic Europe. That Mr. Emanuel should be vice-president is only right and proper, considering that without his enthusiasm and energy the Society would never have



"THE FUGITIVES." BY  
D. W. HAWKSLEY, R.I.

come into being. But the list of honorary members, I must confess, gives me pause. There are seventeen of them, and every one is a member of the Royal Academy, albeit there are graphic artists of fine and vital talent and wide repute outside the academic fold. Among these honorary members are, of course, artists of unquestioned power and distinction, and certainly it is well that they should all belong to a representative British Society of Graphic Art; but why should they not associate themselves with it as active exhibiting members, thus helping to further its aims? Their individual merits would add to the prestige and influence of the

Society far more than can their exclusively academical honorary membership. It is reasonable that this official compliment should be offered to the Presidents of the Royal Academy, the Royal Society of Painter-Engravers, and the other artistic royal societies; but, even accepting the wholly academic character of the honorary members, one looks in vain among the two hundred and twenty-four original members, including as these do artists of high degree in their various modes of graphic utterance, for any of those artists who have identified themselves with the so-called "advanced" movements, artists, as a matter of fact,



PENCIL DRAWING  
BY FRED PEGRAM



seeking with sincerity individual expression through new adventures in vision and unacademic ways of graphic art. One is constrained to wonder, therefore, whether the promoters of the society have sufficiently kept in view the broadly representative character and the catholic artistic spirit that should claim for this numerous body a place of real and vital importance in the world of art. For here is a unique opportunity to co-ordinate diverse artistic ideals, to stimulate the independence of their utterances, and, by offering them equal means of publicity, to help to keep the graphic arts ever alive.

In the hope, therefore, that this will be the spirit and principle of the Society's activities, *THE STUDIO* offers a cordial welcome to this latest addition to the many associations in which British artists find community of interests, believing that if the encouragement of artistic vitality in sincere individual expression through any medium or honestly expressive formula be its primary aim, whether the motive be realistic illustration or abstract design, the Society's exhibitions may be of real service. By the time these words appear in print the first of these exhibitions will be on view in the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

## STUDIO-TALK.

*(From our own Correspondents.)*

LONDON.—The Goupil Gallery Salon was instituted by the proprietors of that gallery in the year 1906, and thereafter took its place among the chief events of the autumn season. The annual sequence remained uninterrupted until the fateful year 1914, and a resumption was not made till a year after the Armistice. If the exhibition of 1919 could not, for obvious reasons, compare with those of pre-war years, the tenth of the series, which was held during the last two months of the past year, may be said to have definitely re-established the prestige of this salon and to have provided a sure augury of its continuance in years to come. What gives to this exhibition its peculiar and distinctive character is the discriminating eclecticism which governs the selection of artists invited to contribute to it. Thus among those who were represented in the recent display—numbering more than a hundred and fifty in all—one found along with the names of artists belonging to one or other society or group, such as the three Royal Academies, the New English Art Club, the Institute, the British Artists, the



"THE NOMADS." OIL PAINTING  
BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM  
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)



**"THE BROKEN JUG"**  
**OIL PAINTING BY**  
**WILLIAM NICHOLSON**  
Compton Gallery, London, 1929

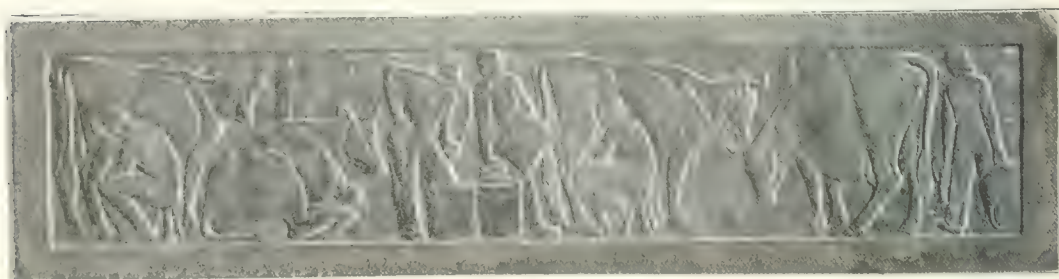


"STREET MARKET." WATER-COLOUR BY MABEL LAYNG  
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)

London Group, and so forth, not a few who hold aloof from all organised bodies and prefer to pursue an entirely independent path. In its general complexion the Goupil Salon approximates, perhaps, more nearly to the International Society's exhibitions, and that was particularly the case with the Salon of 1920, in which

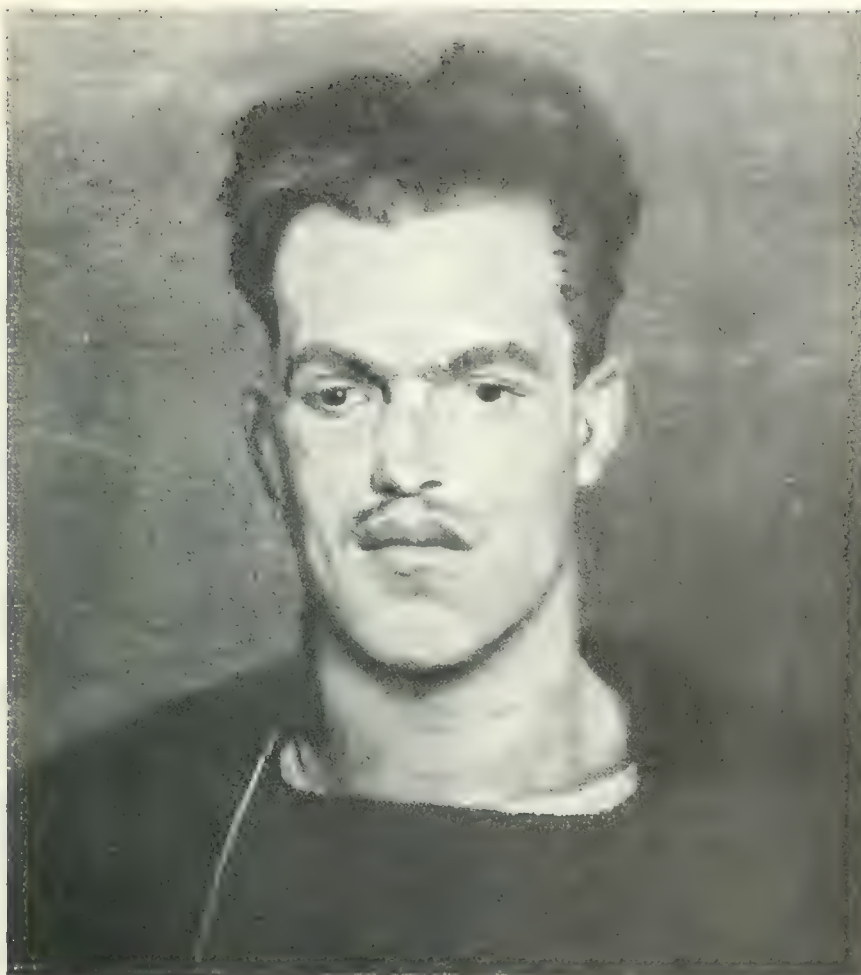
several well-known French artists were represented—including Maurice Denis, Lucien Simon, Forain, Henri Matisse, Paul Signac, Félix Vallotton, and Albert Lebourg.

Among the 380 odd works in the recent exhibition a feature of special interest was a group of still-life paintings by Mr.



DECORATION FOR FIREPLACE  
BY ARNRUD B. JOHNSTON  
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)





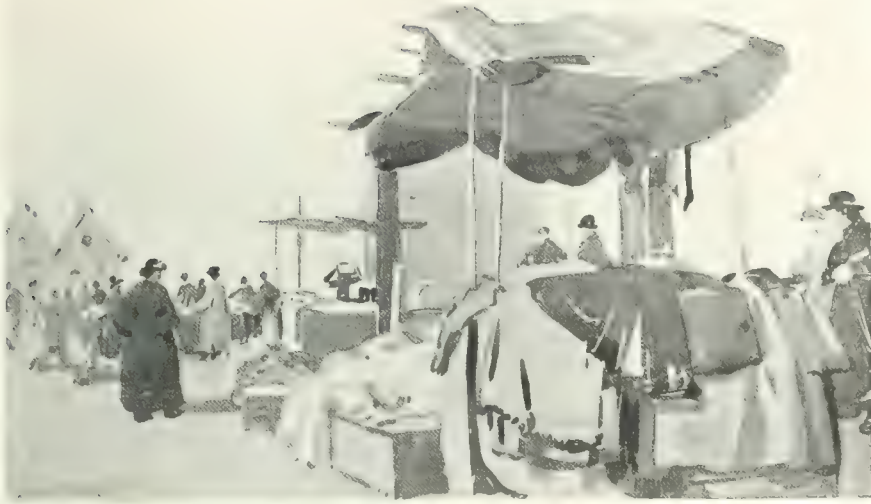
"ALI BEN AMOR BEN  
M'RAD, NO. 2." OIL  
PAINTING BY GLYN  
PHILPOT, A.R.A.  
(Goupil Gallery Sales, 1907)



"VENETIAN HOUSES." WATER-COLOUR BY C. MARESCO PEARCE  
(Grouped Gallery Salon, 1920)

William Nicholson, of one of which a reproduction is here given. An accomplished painter of human portraiture, as his *Pamela* in this exhibition proved, this artist is in the realm of *nature morte* without a compeer, and the five paintings of this description which he contributed at this exhibition—*The Silver Casket*, *The Broken Jug*, *The Striped Shawl*, *Rose Lustre*, and *The Magenta Feather*—rank among his best achievements. Three marine paintings by Mr. Wilson Steer, all admirable as studies of atmospheric effects, were among the chief features of interest on this occasion. The sole ex-

ample of Mr. Augustus John's painting was a *Motif pour Décoration*, but elsewhere in the exhibition his genius as a draughtsman was evinced in a dozen characteristic studies of various types of humanity, nude and otherwise. Mr. Glyn Philpot's virile art was likewise exemplified by a single painting—the vigorously characterized head of *Ali ben Amor ben M'rad No. 2*, reproduced among our illustrations. The number of paintings and drawings of interiors in this exhibition may be taken as an indication that this class of subject is attracting increased attention among artists.



"FASHION AT THE CALEDONIAN MARKET." WATER-COLOUR  
BY H. DAVIS RICHTER  
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)

Besides Mr. Patrick Adam, R.S.A., who specialises almost exclusively in this kind of theme, Mr. W. B. Ranken, Mr. de Glehn, Mr. Davis Richter, Mr. David Neave and Mr. Frank Carter contributed interesting essays in the portrayal of rooms—more than one of them being rooms associated with prominent personages. Among paintings of a predominantly decorative character Mr. George Sheringham's vivacious *Nomads*, reproduced on page 22, was specially attractive. Of flower and still-life studies, apart from Mr. Nicholson's, there was a good sprinkling, adding greatly to the variety of the display. Mr. Davis Richter was among those represented in this direction, and besides an essay in interior painting—*The Lady Katherine Somerset's Dining Room*—his contribution to the show included also a capital study of modern London life—*Fashion at the Caledonian Market*, and an equally good drawing of that relic of old London, *Fountain Court, Temple*. ■ ■ ■

The works mentioned above are, however, but a few among the many items

of interest in the Goupil Gallery Salon of 1920, and while reluctantly passing over many things which helped to make the show a success, it must suffice if we mention in addition Mr. Howard Somerville's portrait study, *Joyce*, Mr. W. J. Leech's *The Lady of Kensington Gardens*, Miss Thea Proctor's *The Shawl* and two fan compositions, *The Lagoon* and *L'Oiseau d'Or*, two west country landscapes by Mr. Ginner, Mr. Walter Bayes's *The Good Humoured Lady*, M. Lebourg's riverside scenes from Paris and Rouen, Miss Mabel Layng's *Street Market* (reproduced), Mr. Maresco Pearce's *Venetian Houses* (also reproduced), and Miss Ruth Hollingsworth's still-life painting *Blue China*. A small group of sculpture included six works in stone by Mr. Eric Gill, and two reliefs by Mr. Arnrid Johnston, whose *Decoration for a Fireplace* is shown among our illustrations.

Mr. Charles Shannon, A.R.A., who at a General Assembly of the Royal Academy held a few weeks ago was promoted to full membership of that body, has throughout his career been a staunch upholder





PAIR OF HAND WROUGHT  
BRASS ALTAR CANDLE-  
STICKS SET WITH OPALS  
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED  
BY ALEX. J. SMITH

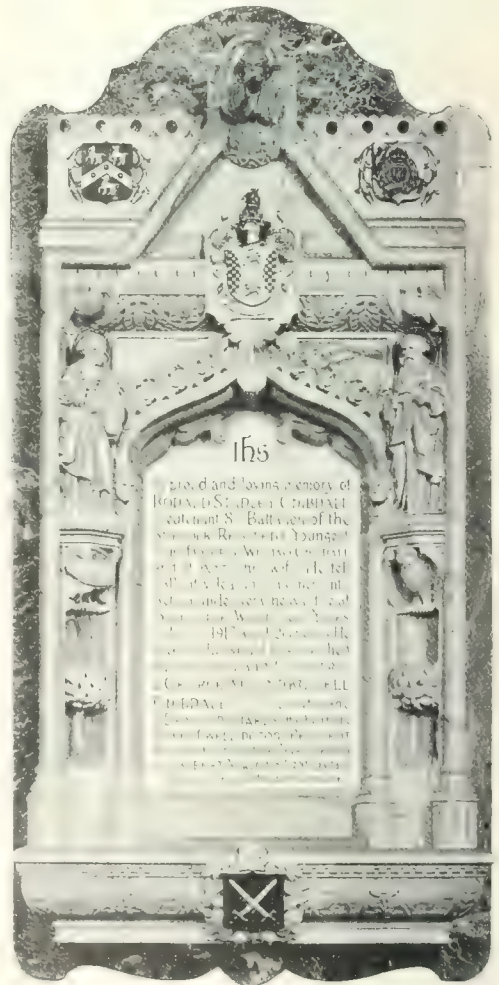
of the graphic arts. Trained at the School of Wood Engraving, Lambeth, he made a name for himself in that branch of art quite early, and all along he has been an ardent devotee of lithography. ♦ ♦

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours was for the greater part of last year without a President to fill the place occupied by Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A. for six years until his death last January. In the interval Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, R.A., its Vice-President, has acted as the official head of the Society, and now at a recent assembly of the members he has been elected President. ♦ ♦ ♦

We include among our illustrations this month a well modelled study of old age in relief by Mr. F. W. Sargent, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1919, and three works of a memorial character. The pair of brass altar candlesticks by Mr. Alex. J. Smith was presented by Mr. J. C. Eastburn of Bradford to a local church as a memorial to his wife. Mr. Maurice Adams's memorial, erected in St. Paul's, Hammersmith, fittingly commemorates the heroic death of Lieut.

Ronald Stanley Chibnall and his brother, who fell on the battlefield in France. Mr. Reid Dick's design was, we believe, one of those sent in for the Zeebrugge Memorial and gained distinction in that competition. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

One of the few celebrated law suits in which artists have taken a prominent part was recalled by the death in November of Mr. Richard Belt, a sculptor who, during the late seventies and early eighties, had gained a prominent position in the art world as the author of portrait busts and statues of leading personages. Publicly



WAR MEMORIAL IN ST. PAUL'S  
CHURCH, HAMMERSMITH.  
DESIGNED BY MAURICE B.  
ADAMS, F.R.I.B.A., EXECUTED BY  
MESSRS. FARMER AND BRINDLEY



"KATARINA." RELIEF IN MARBLE.  
BY F. W. SARGANT







DESIGN FOR A WAR MEMORIAL  
BY W. REID DICK, R.B.S.

accused by Mr. Charles Lawes (afterwards Sir Charles Lawes-Wittewronge) of earning a reputation by false pretences—it was alleged that the work which he passed off as his own was in reality executed by persons employed by him, and that instead of being a creative artist he was nothing more than a “statue jobber”—he brought an action for libel in 1882, and the trial before Baron

Hudleston was the great sensation of the day. Mr. Belt successfully vindicated his *bona-fides* and was awarded £5,000 damages. In the long interval since this case was tried Mr. Belt's name has rarely been heard of, but during the war it became prominent once more when he exhibited a bust in clay of the late Earl Kitchener.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

Mr. Herbert Draper, who also passed



FROM A WOOD-CUT BY  
GWENDOLEN RAVERAT

away in the autumn of 1920, was, like Mr. Belt, a student in the Royal Academy Schools, in which he won the Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship in 1889. As a painter of subject pictures and, in later years more especially, of portraits, his work has been a recurring feature of the Royal Academy Exhibitions for thirty years. He excelled as a draughtsman, and the numerous studies which we have reproduced from time to time in these pages—mostly executed in preparation for subject paintings—have been warmly appreciated by those who value good drawing. He is represented at the Tate Gallery by the *Lament for Icarus*, purchased by the Chantrey Trustees in 1898.

We referred briefly in our last issue to the fact that the newly formed Society of Wood Engravers was holding its first annual exhibition in December at the Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, and it is now our pleasant duty to report that the ex-

hibition was a gratifying success. As already mentioned, the Society consists of ten members—Messrs. Gordon Craig, E. M. O'R. Dickey, Robert Gibbings, Eric Gill, Philip Hagreen, Sydney Lee, John Nash, Lucien Pissarro, Noel Rooke, and Mrs. Gwendolen Raverat, all of whom, together with seven non-members in sympathy with the aims of the Society and pursuing the same methods as the members, were represented in the show, and the quality of the work there exhibited is the best augury for the future of this co-operative venture. Their methods were also briefly alluded to in our previous note; they follow the traditional European technique, cutting with a knife on the wood plankwise or engraving with a burin on the end of a block of hard wood like box. The woodcuts so largely used for illustrating books and periodicals before the introduction of half-tone metal "blocks" (also often called "cuts" by printers)



"FROM THE  
WALLS OF  
THELEME"  
WOODCUT  
BY PHILIP  
HAGREEN







FROM A WOOD-CUT BY  
GWENDOLEN RAVERAT

were almost invariably produced by professional wood-engravers who were not responsible for the drawings they reproduced as nearly as possible in facsimile, but the woodcuts or engravings produced by the members of this new group and others who practise the art as a medium of original expression are the work of the individual artist from beginning to end. ▀

We were pleased to see that a considerable number of the prints displayed on the walls of Messrs. Chenil's Gallery were labelled as having been acquired by the Contemporary Art Society, presumably for presentation to public collections, and if this example is generously followed as it ought to be, by individual collectors, there is every reason to anticipate that the woodcut as a work of art will flourish again in a way worthy of that illustrious past which Mr. Campbell Dodgson recalls in his introduction to the catalogue of this first exhibition of the new Society. Mr. Dodgson points out that the collecting public mostly consists of persons who frame prints and hang them on their walls, and says that it is for the modern wood-engraver to convince the public that a woodcut looks as well on a wall as an etching, if not better. His hope that the exhibition would prove the suitability of the woodcut for this purpose has been amply fulfilled. With a few exceptions all the woodcuts shown were printed in

black on white or nearly white paper, and the decorative effect of the rich contrasts they presented was very striking. But even with a single block the range of variation is very wide, as regards both ink and paper, while with two or more blocks the possibilities are practically unlimited. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

At the sale early last month of an extensive collection of prints and drawings forming presumably the stock of Mr. Richard Gutekunst, art dealer, which Messrs. Garland-Smith & Co. put up to auction by order of the Public Trustee, some high prices were realised for work by modern etchers such as Whistler, Anders Zorn, D. Y. Cameron, Muirhead Bone and James McBey. A signed proof of Whistler's *The Palaces* fetched 315 guineas, the highest sum bid for an etching at this sale, and not far behind was Mr. Cameron's *Ben Ledi*, which brought 310 guineas. Zorn's record at this sale was 270 guineas for a signed proof of his portrait of Renan, while 240 guineas was bid for his *Maja*. For Mr. Muirhead Bone's *Ayr Prison* Messrs. Colnaghi & Co. paid 180 guineas, and Messrs. Connell & Son gave 72 guineas for Mr. McBey's *The Pool* and 66 guineas for the same artist's *Lion Brewery*. A large number of Rembrandts were put up, and the highest sum realised was 280 guineas for a signed proof of *The Three Crosses*. ▀



"BASQUE LANDSCAPE"  
BY LEON KROLL

NEW YORK.—Mr. Leon Kroll is an American artist whose work shows a sincere reverence for Goya and Cézanne, combined with fresh and personal characteristics. If he had to be labelled, one might class him with the best of the Post-Impressionists, although some among them have a keener sense of design as a thing in itself than he has. He is at the same time original, and by no means a plagiarist. His art is natural and unforced and free. It falls into two groups, portraiture and landscape, with an occasional adventure into the nude. On occasions there is a sign that he has not overlooked the best in Hals, but he is of our own day. All his portraits are very fine in feeling. *Orstein at the piano*, for instance, which has lately been acquired by the Art Institute of Chicago, has a quality of emotion hard to describe, but evident

to any one who has watched a serious and sensitive composer at work. Another notable portrait records a typical Russian of the Bolshevik intellectual type—a man of mystery and of unpractical ideals. He has painted his best landscapes in Spain, which seems to suit Kroll's personality better than America; his treatment of trees is one of the most striking characteristics of his compositions, in which he seems to a certain extent to carry on what Cézanne, Van Gogh and Eugene Laermanns began. The emotion gathered by the sense of sight stirs him most, though his colour and line show his musical nature as well. Of his portraits of American cities, one which he calls *Building New York* has already been reproduced in this magazine, while another striking example is the picture of the *North River Front, Chicago*. A. M. D.





"NORTH RIVER FRONT  
CHICAGO." BY LEON KROLL



"THE BLIND GIRL"  
BY LEON KROLL



ENGRAVED GLASS BOWL  
BY EDWARD HALD  
(Onefors Factory)

STOCKHOLM.—The recent visit to London of Mr. Erik Wettergren, Director of the National Museum, Stockholm, makes it opportune to touch upon some of the new developments that have lately taken place in the production of new designs and technical treatment in artistic table, ornamental and useful glass articles, both rich cut crystal and engraved glass. Like the old German peasant art glass, much of the new work is distinguished by the vigour of its decorative forms, as well as the excellence of lineal patterning in the engraved examples, which is well brought out in the engraved glass decanter, designed by Mr. Simon Gate, illustrated on p. 40. But there is this difference, that the work of the modern Swedish handicraftsmen has none of the crudity of finish that characterised some of the peasant industrial art produced in Northern Europe early in the eighteenth century. Whilst the grotesque figures are still noticeable, as, for example, in Mr. Gate's engraved glass bowl, as well as in the engraved plate by Mr. Edward Hald, the whole conception of balance and arrangement is new, which gives to this class of work an interest quite outside of Sweden. Then, again, in the engraved glass plate

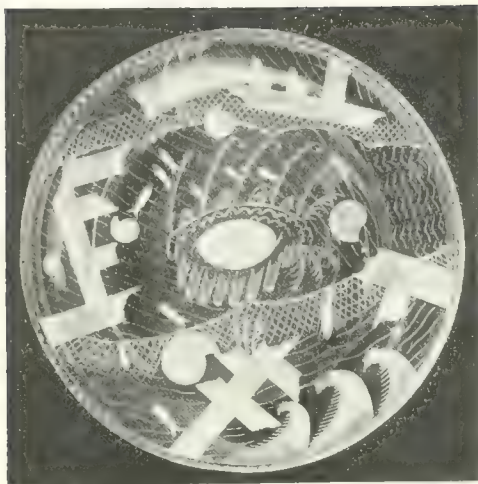
designed by Mr. Hald, it will be noticed that he has, whilst endeavouring to modulate his forms to the technical limitations of the engraver's art and the more difficult task of the nature of the glass itself, produced an entirely original conception. To some it will appeal as Cubist in feeling, inspired by Ibsen, but Mr. Hald has in naming his decorative scheme *The Broken Bridge*, done more than give it a name; he has embodied the idea in the design, depicting symbolically a ship, with the movement of the water by means of the delicate waved lines, and its living things. ■ ■ ■

When it is remembered that the glass



ENGRAVED GLASS PRIZE  
CUP. BY SIMON GATE  
(Onefors Factory)





"THE BROKEN BRIDGE." ENGRAVED  
GLASS PLATE BY EDWARD HALD  
(Orrefors Factory)



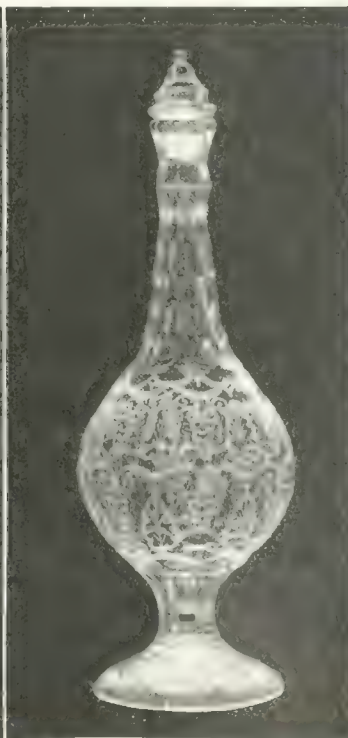
ENGRAVED GLASS PLATE  
BY EDWARD HALD  
(Orrefors Factory)

works from which the articles illustrated here have emanated, namely, the Orrefors Factory, was but a few years ago making

only window glass and soda-water bottles, it will be seen that the revolution that has taken place is as great as that now taking



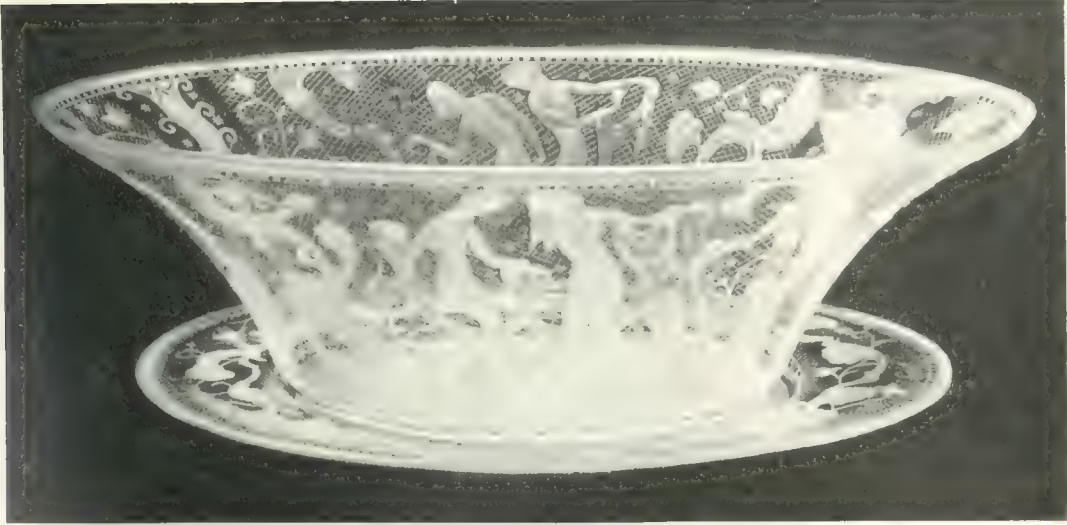
ENGRAVED GLASS CUP  
BY EDWARD HALD  
(Orrefors Factory)



ENGRAVED GLASS DECANTER  
BY EDWARD HALD  
(Orrefors Factory)



ENGRAVED GLASS DECANTER.  
BY SIMON GATE  
(Orrefors Factory)



ENGRAVED GLASS BOWL  
BY SIMON GATE  
(COURTESY: LONDON)

place in the English glass industry. But Sweden's revolution is of an entirely upward and artistic character; whilst in England some of the factories producing artistic table-glass in the past, have now begun to make glass bottles and tumblers by mass production! In Sweden the change is due to the new movement begun by the Swedish Handicraft Society, now 75 years old. Like your own Design and Industries Association, in Sweden the "Förmedlingsbyrå" (Bureau of Mediation) has successfully secured co-operation between the manufacturer and the designer, especially in the ceramic industrial arts. The results in beauty of form are observable in the built-up baluster treatment of stem in the engraved glass bowl designed by Mr. Hald, one of the most promising of the Swedish craftsmen, as well as in Mr. Gate's glass cup, both illustrated, even if the engraved capitals, though in keeping with the classical treatment of the Graces, are too pronounced in a medium so transparent and delicate for decorative effects as glass. In technique one of the most interesting departures of the Orrefors Works is in their making of grail-glass. First a lump of glass, formed of one layer upon the other of different coloured glass, receives an etched design, which is then

heated and blown into the desired shape. Many of the examples of domed feet and baluster stem treatments are exceptionally good, and also the neat engraved leaf *motifs* on small articles. Of the interesting developments in cut glass, it will be necessary to write on some other occasion.

A. F.

## REVIEWS.

*Modern Movements in Painting.* By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd.). It is a little difficult, in reading Mr. Marriott's discussion of modern movements in painting, to escape the impression that he is himself not quite sure about the meaning of these movements or the direction in which they are tending. Perhaps this was to be expected. It is too soon to attempt a serious analysis of the present-day restlessness in art or to decide whether it is merely a symptom of decadence and a sign of the impending destruction of all that is sane and stable in pictorial expression, or whether it is a real reconstruction from which will come greater principles and finer traditions than were known in the past. Mr. Marriott seems



## REVIEWS

to be rather in the position of a soldier who cannot say whether the battle in which he is engaged will end in victory or defeat, because all he can see of it is the turmoil and confusion immediately around him. But what he can see he discusses thoughtfully and with reasonably dispassionate judgment, and for that reason his book will be valuable for reference in years to come, when the agitations of to-day have become a matter of history. In many ways the best things in the book are the criticisms of prominent modern artists—criticisms which can be frankly commended for their shrewdness of insight and their judicial fairness of statement. Here Mr. Marriott is admirably sure of his ground, and says what he has to say with the sincerest conviction.     ♦     ♦     ♦     ♦     ♦

*The Eighteenth Century in London.* By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR, M.A., F.R.Hist. Soc. (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd.)—Few among the modern writers on London of the past are so well primed with knowledge of the subject as Mr. Beresford Chancellor, and his latest contribution, accompanied as it is by a very large number of excellent and well-chosen illustrations, the majority of them reproductions of contemporary prints and drawings, makes a strong appeal to the many who find in London's history an interesting field of study. Largely concerned with various aspects of the social life of the period, his sketch takes in also the topographical features of the Metropolis at that date, especially in the West End, and special reference is made to churches and other public edifices erected as well as to some of the more important residential buildings, while to complete the picture there is a brief but interesting account of the artistic developments which distinguished the eighteenth century.     ♦

*An Embroidery Book.* By ANNE KNOX ARTHUR. (London: A. & C. Black.) Like several other excellent handbooks of the crafts issued in recent years, this one emanates from the teaching staff of the Glasgow School of Art, where the craft of the needleworker especially is zealously cultivated and encouraged. Some charming examples of the craft are shown in the numerous coloured and other

illustrations, most of them being articles of daily use, and the large number of clearly drawn diagrams and clear and concise explanations of a hundred and one methods of using the needle and other implements will be appreciated by those who consult the book.     ♦     ♦     ♦

*Nollekens and his Times.* By JOHN THOMAS SMITH. New edition edited and annotated by WILFRED WHITTEN. 2 vols. (London: John Lane.)—This reprint is from the second edition of Smith's book, published in 1829, and includes a series of memoirs of contemporary artists from the time of Roubiliac, Hogarth and Reynolds to that of Fuseli, Flaxman and Blake, which formed a sort of appendix to the biography of Nollekens. Smith—known as "Rainy Day" Smith and "Antiquity" Smith—was a topographical draughtsman of some note and became Keeper of Prints at the British Museum. He had previously been a pupil of Nollekens and continued an intimate friend of the sculptor till his death in 1823. His disappointment at not sharing as he had expected in the huge fortune which Nollekens had amassed appears to have prompted the publication of this biography, described by Mr. Gosse "as the most candid biography in the English language," but crammed as it is with gossip and tittle-tattle, it is generally accepted as a truthful narrative. Apart, however, from the purely biographical details in connection with the chief figure and many other notable people of the period, the book is of great interest for its information about the topography of London west of the City, and Mr. Whitten's numerous notes enable the reader to identify many places and buildings which in the course of a century have changed or disappeared. Both volumes are lavishly illustrated.     ♦     ♦

Every year since 1903 Mr. WILLIAM MONK, R.E., has issued a *Calendarium Londineuse* comprising on a convenient sized sheet an original etching by him of a London subject with a calendar of the year in simple classic type. This year the subject of the etching is London Bridge viewed from the Southwark side. The Calendar for 1920 bore an etching of the Cenotaph in Whitehall.     ♦     ♦



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# The INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

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## *Without Prejudice*

**D**URING the past month one of the most popular figures in American painting has died—J. Francis Murphy. It was not my privilege to know Mr. Murphy personally, but those who knew him, and his circle of friends was large, tell me that they have lost in him one of the most lovable of men, modest, kindly, a true friend.

And so it is of his work that I must speak. Yet I would not. Mr. Murphy had the unfortunate faculty of making as many enemies with his work, as with his charm of personality he made friends. But Mr. Murphy is not without followers. His pictures have never lacked a market, and critics of standing have seen in his landscapes great art. Of these, Mr. Buchanan, who contributes to this number, is one, and for a sign that the heading *Without Prejudice* is not a mere phrase, his article is gladly included. Whether the finesse, the delicacy of treatment, the poetry, the wistfulness, the sense of impermanence; whether these qualities which Mr. Murphy's work undoubtedly possesses, will with the years outweigh his more obvious deficiencies, time alone will show. Mr. Buchanan has told me that he finds in Murphy the same qualities that he finds in Grieg. But then, Grieg is not a great musician. . . .

Recently many critics have been deploring the artificiality of American Art. This point of view was admirably put by James N. Rosenberg in his article "Ghosts" in the December number. "It seems to me that American Art shrinks from contact with American life. And I wonder whether such an art can be vital. . . . Art is not an escape from, but an approach to, life. And this gigantic life of capitalism, of the machine that has become a Frankenstein, has it nothing for art? . . . Yet the American painter turns his back on stuff of such a sort, seeks refuge at Woodstock or Gloucester and buries himself in Cézanne."

A formidable charge, and only too true in many cases. But not all. Not in Miss Eberle's case, for instance. George Luks pleads "Not guilty," and Gerrit Beneker, who paints in a steel mill, is acquitted without a trial.

Miss Eberle's contact with "life" dates from some years back when she went to live among the Russian Jews in Madison Street, on the Lower East Side. Her apartment consisted mainly of two large rooms on the ground floor, one of which she turned into a playroom for the children of the neighbourhood, and the other she kept as a studio. An assumed widowhood guaranteed her respectability and

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AN APPLE FOR  
THE BABY

ANASTASIA  
ST. LEGER EBERLE

admitted her into the social life of the street, while a wide circle drawn around the model's stand, within which no child not posing was admitted, ensured a plentiful supply of models. Miss Eberle was established.

Looking at the small sculptures now on exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery I became conscious of several things. I found that what had pleased me most on first view left me dissatisfied on closer acquaintance. Life is not enough. It is of no more value, artistically, to translate into terms of bronze the inhabitants of Madison Street than the householders of Fifth Avenue. Something must happen in the process of translation before they can take their place as art.

And that is why some of Miss Eberle's work does not gain, as all art should, on closer knowledge. It is too near to life, life undigested. Miss Eberle realizes this and in her later compositions has forsaken actuality in the search for artistic reality. Look for example at her *An Apple for the Baby*. This composition in her earlier manner would have been *Mrs. Jacobs peeling an apple for little Isaiah*. Now the personality of the sitter has been merged and while Mrs. Jacobs remains Mrs. Jacobs, she is also something more, she is *A Mother peeling an Apple for her Baby*. Something has been gained in the process, a

significance has been acquired. Mrs. Jacobs admitted her into the social life of the street, motherhood is more important to art.

Something has been lost, too. Mrs. Jacobs has had to leave some of her ego behind. And this suggests that Miss Eberle is still developing. In her first period (I omit all mention of her student days under George Grey Barnard, when she essayed classicism), she set out to model the East Side, *as it is*. Here is her description of Madison Street: "Italians were south of me; Poles were east; Greeks were west; and here and there were the lingering remnants of the earlier Irish races.

"The life of these races overflows into the street. The children play and quarrel there, the mothers buy, nurse their babies, and gossip, the old men creep out on to the front step to sit in the sun. Those who stay at home in Madison Street wear their clothes until time and use have shaped them to the vigorous full bodies beneath. They act what they feel. Life is always visibly interesting."

She achieved what she set out to do. Children, old men and women, mothers and babies



ANNIE WAX

A. ST. L. EBERLE

## Without Prejudice



THE STRAY CAT

A. S. L. EBERLE

present is that she is working too much from the outside. Life is not enough, but neither is form. It is from the fusion of life with form that art springs. And fusion implies fire.

If Miss Eberle is seeking for style, for a fusion of life with form, George Luks, to judge from his exhibition at the Kraushaar Gallery, seems no longer to care for anything but vitality. Vitality his pictures possess in plenty. From *In the Corner*, that delightful study of two children plotting mischief, to the *Baseball Fan*, his canvases are alive. They



YETTA AND THE CAT  
WAKE UP

A. S. L.  
EBERLE

found their way into bronze, a lively collection of characters. Then illness intervened and she came back to the studio with a fresh mind, her memory of the originals dimmed. And was dissatisfied. She was conscious of a lack of form, of solidity. So she set to work to mould out of the memory of Madison Street something that should have both form and flavour, that should possess, in fine, permanent artistic significance apart from its subject. In this she has not quite succeeded. But that she will succeed, given the necessary strength, I have no doubt at all. In her *Yetta and the Cat Wake Up* and *The Stray Cat* on the one hand, and in *An Apple for the Baby* on the other, I see a very definite promise of something worth while. As an example of her power of direct portraiture I have included the *Annie Wax*. Combine the eye that saw this with the brain that achieved the *Apple for the Baby* and possibilities become apparent. Perhaps Miss Eberle's fault at



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MATCHES MARY

G. B. LUKS

stimulate. Almost speak from the walls. One visit and I came away chuckling and rubbing my hands. "Luks is a big man, doing big things."

But a second visit brought doubts. I took the pictures one by one. Only one seemed entirely satisfactory, *The Old Duchess*, a canvas dated 1905. This had not struck me at first blush, but later it grew upon me. That old red-nosed hag drawing her cloak about her as she turns to disappear into the centre of the composition might have been painted by some old Dutchman. The colours have improved with years. They have gained a mellowness that contrasts with the somewhat harsh colouring of the later pictures. A picture to own, I would say.

At the other extreme the three large portrait canvases, the *Polish Dancer*, the *Portrait of a Lady*, and the *Czecho-Slovak Chieftain*, all painted recently. Frankly, I can make nothing of these. They seem to me sheer waste of good canvas. Enormous canvases, like posters for a movie show. Not even painting, simply drawing in paint, cartoons. Why? Why?

And then the two here reproduced, and other studies of old women and children. It is the old Luks still, masterly, vigorous, but

even more devil-may-care. Luks seems to have gotten a contempt for his public, which, however justified, will in the end react upon his work. It is as though some aspect of the subject had intrigued him, a head, hands, a basket of flowers. The rest is "filled in," hurriedly, contemptuously. Take *Matches Mary*. A fine head. Body solid, supported by the hand and stick. A perfect pose. But look at the rest. Look at the left arm. Is that Luk's masterly drawing? It's slipshod work, nothing more nor less. Or take the *Baseball Fan*. That has the makings of a big picture and is—a study for one. Will George Luks let his name rest on such work? Yet these are as fine as anything in the show. Even *In the Corner* is not a "finished" work. It is a brilliant sketch in oils. And it will not wear. Devil-may-care Luks had best look to his laurels.

The presiding genius at the Pennsylvania Academy this year is, in more ways than one, John Singer Sargent. Perhaps the Hanging Committee felt this, for they induced Messrs. Knoedler to loan them two magnificent portraits, the *Carolus Duran* and the *Mrs. Kate Moore*. These now hang in the places of honour and survey their vassals.



THE BASEBALL FAN

G. B. LUKS

## Without Prejudice



A MODEL

LEOPOLD SEYFFERT

All of which is not to say that Melchers, Bellows, Sloan and Co., have dropped their own particular idiom and adopted the Sargent formula. Far from it. They have only, temporarily I hope, omitted from their artistic recipe that indefinable quality which, as we saw in the last number, make Whistler and Sargent extremely uneasy bedfellows.

About the leaders then, there is little to be said. Bellows shows his *Elcanor*, *Joan and Anna* (December number), and another strong portrait. Melchers, a large canvas *MacPherson and Macdonald*, a Scottish piper and drummer. Hassam his ubiquitous *Lady and Bust*, and characteristic landscapes, and so on, down the list. All running true to form.

The interest of the exhibition centres in the lesser men. Probably Seyffert will resent being included under this heading, but his dignity may be appeased when I say that, in my opinion at least, the two portraits *A Federal Judge* and *Mr. W. H. Barnes*, together with the nude *A Model* place him finally in the front rank—of *painters*, remember.

Another man who comes out very strong is Robert Susan, who shows two portraits, *The Golden Screen* and *The Connoisseur*, the latter of Mr. Eugene Castello. Probably *The Golden Screen* has attracted more attention on account of its vivid colouring and bold modeling of the head. It is extraordinarily clever,



WYOMING

C.  
RUNGJUS

RAIN,  
THUNDER  
AND  
LIGHTNING



HORATIO  
WALKER



## Without Prejudice



AUTUMN

WALTER UFER

but I wished that Mr. Susan had not let his line tail off in the treatment of the hands. This was the more striking that Sargent's *Carolus Duran* hung close by, and in the composition of each the hands and head are balanced.

Walter Ufer strikes an original note. I like his work immensely. It is strong and supple, both as regards line and colouring. It gives the effect of ease, which so many painters lack. Rungius, for example, although his *Wyoming* pleased me. Theatrical, some one remarked, and that hits it. But very alive, all the same.

Horatio Walker is uneven, but his four canvases make a good showing. He too tends to exaggerate. His night scenes would need very little adaptation to be used as settings for

ghost stories. Perhaps he rolls his r's too much. Still, in a prose exhibition a little ranting is agreeable.

Chauncey Ryder shows a really fine landscape, *Mount Lovewell*. Utterly simple, it is the most refreshing picture in the exhibition. "Clever, clever" is not written all over it. Consequently it got no prize.

I like Hawthorne's work. His *Mother and Child* contrasts with the other figure pieces in its utter lack of assumption. There is no scene painting, almost no third dimension. The paint is laid on very thinly, so that the texture of the canvas is visible. The whole has a delicate charm conspicuously lacking in the exhibition as a whole.

Perhaps Ipsen's *A. D. 1867* has in it more of real poetry than any other picture there, if

## Without Prejudice



THE CONNOISSEUR

ROBERT SUSAN

we agree to exclude from discussion the Murphy, Crane, Dewing room. Style, one exclaims, and on second thoughts romance too. A subtle romance. Which means that the romance was in the artist, not in the means employed.

Of course, all Carlsen's work has poetry, and especially his seascapes. But he is happier in quiet or frolicky seas. His storms do not convince.

On the whole, however, a decidedly prose exhibition. Few surprises, if we except Glackens' Renoir *Child in Chinese Dress* and Symons' two non-snow pictures. The hanging is excellent, though I should like to have seen Johansen's *Approaching Storm* on the line.

I have received the following note on the Segantini in the Swiss Exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum, which is reproduced on page xxxiv:

"Although widely known and highly esteemed on the Continent and also in England, where a fine example of his work hangs in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, it is a singular fact that America has proved notably backward in appreciation of the art of the great Italian-Swiss master, Giovanni Segantini. There can, however, be no question but that the virtual founder of divisionism whose luminous views of Alpine scenes have long been famous abroad is one of the enduring figures in contemporary art. Although Segantini died in September, 1899, at the age of forty-one, he left behind him works that take their place alongside the production of the foremost modern masters—beside that of Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, with the latter of whose aims and technique he displays certain natural affinities. Yet whereas Van Gogh was troubled and intensive, the pictorial inspiration of Segantini rises to a plane of serene and exalted universality which has no parallel in contemporary painting.

"Unusual interest attaches in the current exhibition of contemporary Swiss art now on view at the Brooklyn Museum to the important canvas by Segantini herewith reproduced. A fitting companion to its predecessor entitled *Spring in the Alps*, which is in the possession of J. Stern, Esq., of San Francisco, *Spring Pastures*, is by many considered to be the finest of Segantini's Alpine cycle. In his 'Modern Artists,' Dr. Christian Brinton refers to the series in the following terms: 'Whatever be the claims of his earlier work, it is certain that with *Ploughing in the Engadin*, *Spring in the Alps*, *Alpine Pastures*, and *Spring Pastures*, Segantini attained his fullest vision of definite, external beauty expressed in its simplest, most enduring terms.' Luigi Villari in his volume devoted to the life and art of Segantini speaks of *Spring Pastures* as being perhaps 'the most beautiful of the whole series.'

"It would indeed be unfortunate should this painting not find a permanent home in one of the leading Museum or private galleries of the country."

## *J. Francis Murphy*



BARN AND STUBBLE

J. FRANCIS MURPHY

### J. FRANCIS MURPHY BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

THERE is no doubt that an ideal criticism should concern itself with a sheerly abstract consideration of esthetic principles. In an ideal world this would be possible. Unfortunately, we live in a world where the peculiarly perverse passion for destruction still persists. Criticism appears curiously obsessed by a kind of rankling animosity towards all conspicuous achievement. Its essential inclination seems to be to disparage rather than to commend. As a result, one is sometimes forced into combative and belligerent attitudes, and compelled to adopt the tactics of the press-agent and the propagandist.

The case of J. Francis Murphy—in the opinion of the present writer one of the loveliest painters of landscape that this or any other country has produced—is a conspicuous case in point. The history of art, full to over-

flowing though it is with anomalous and distortive appraisals, has nothing to show more provocative than the attitude of condescension and overt hostility to which he was subjected. No consideration of Murphy's record that failed to emphasize this matter would be complete. I call attention to it in no spirit of petty antagonism, but simply because it is absolutely necessary to refute the stereotyped opinions that refused Murphy an open trial, so to speak; condemning him, often, without even so much as a casual consideration. One of the foremost papers of this city consistently withheld a mention of his name from its pages: the thing was obviously premeditated, and everyone perceived its significance. One of the leading critics of this city—the only one, in fact, that has consistently broken a lance for American painting—detected a "formula" in Murphy: the impeccable beauty of Murphy's craftsmanship did not claim his attention. As for our cognoscenti—well, one dared not mention Murphy's name in their presence.



## *J. Francis Murphy*

To any one with an instinctive knack for apprehending the essential gist of things, it was perfectly apparent that the irrational and virulent abuse heaped upon Murphy was the surest indication one could have of his essential significance. Murphy incurred the penalty paid by all men of genius for their deplorable mistake in achieving a conspicuous popularity. It is a fundamental tenet of a certain kind of ultra artistic cult that art and a popular appeal are incompatible. "It is easy enough for me to like Murphy," someone once said to me, "but I do not allow myself to." These exquisite persons, who gather together in precious and exclusive conclave, cannot conceive of art as anything other than a kind of factitious, esoteric thing. They have transcended our mortal sentimentalities: not quite certain in their own minds as to those subjective and arbitrary formulas by which they shall define their ideals of an authentic art, they are yet implacably determined that nothing that appeals to us shall appeal to them. They dare not admit the obvious for fear of compromising themselves, and, in common with a large majority of mankind, they will invariably prefer a complex explanation where a simple explanation would serve the purpose just as well.

Curiously enough, Murphy occupied a position strikingly similar to that occupied by the composer Grieg during his life-time. It will be readily recalled that Grieg was dismissed by the rank and file of professional critics and musicians as quite beneath contempt. "Very pretty," they would say, "but"—and, as Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason has it, a significant shoulder-shrug completed the sentence. Grieg was "small." He had confined himself to the sterilizing limits of an "idiom." His music was popular with "amateurs." The very same sort of thing was said of Chopin, one of the world's half dozen greatest musicians. This sort of thing always has been and always will be said by the professional contemporaries of the artist as regards any art that is fundamentally human in its appeal. It is very easy to see that a Debussy or a Scriabin, a Francis Thompson or a Walter Pater, a Davies or a Gauguin (if I may be allowed these somewhat incongruous juxtapositions) are "artistic."

These men are concerned with a sheerly decorative kind of loveliness, and in accepting them we secure ourselves against the risk of being suspected of naive and sentimental inclinations. It is not so easy to perceive that back of the apparent simplicity of Murphy there was a consummate craftsmanship that transcended a mere obvious artifice. As is the case with all great art, Murphy's simplicity was a deceptive simplicity. The fundamental humanness of his point of view deceived his critics. It was perfectly apparent to them that Mr. Tryon or Mr. Alden Weir were delightful and accomplished artists: these gentlemen were concerned with the old tradition of subjecting nature to artful transpositions wherein it became a pleasing and decorative thing through the process of divesting it of its inherent identity. Murphy, to the contrary, took a bald, stark, actual nature, and put it on canvas, retaining and revealing its intrinsic characteristics. The thing had simply never been done before. Other painters had subjected nature to exquisite re-adjustments; Murphy's art never sought to repudiate its elemental affiliations. It rose out of the soil with something of the heartfelt quality of a folk-song. It was a veritable dialect of painting. It was dismissed as prosaic, timid, inconsequential.

Yet the fact remains that this alleged replica of outworn modes, this "formulist," this "standardized pot-boiler" (what has Murphy not been called!) developed from a patently imitative early and middle period into the most sheerly original landscape painter this country has produced. The seeming extravagance of this statement will arouse resentment and ridicule: the writer makes it out of a profound conviction. There can be no question but that Murphy supplies us with a unique something at once so peculiarly lovely and deceitfully simple that it is safe to say we have not yet scratched the outer surface of its significance. The essential Murphy (not the commercial Murphy of the sunset and the pool of water, but the incomparable Murphy of stark, infinite uplands; of arid, frugal desolations) is as yet practically undiscovered. True, certain persons have apprehended some part of Murphy's strange and recondite

## J. Francis Murphy

significance, but they have been few in number. Honorable mention must be accorded the reviewer who wrote in "Town Topics," issue of May 4, 1911, as follows: "English landscapists are far superior to the modern French, but the best of them sinks to insignificance compared, for instance, with the imaginative clothing with which our own J. Francis Murphy has invested his capital *On the Brow of the Knoll*. Artistically, there is nothing finer in the show. How Pittsburgh juries, so far, have sidestepped honouring Mr. Murphy's art is worthy of lengthy comment." Bloomers, the Dutch painter, ranked Murphy above Inness. "Depend upon it," he said to me, "he is your greatest painter." I have never gone so far as this. It is obvious that Murphy did not reach the heights of spiritual exaltation, of exalted vision that mark the art of Inness a sovereign and incomparable thing. The point that a future, free from hostility and prejudice, will make clear, is that Murphy achieved a miraculous equilibrium maintained between a uniquely literal point of view and an impeccably beautiful workmanship. It is possible to contend that what Murphy expressed was not worth expressing; it is unthinkable that his extraordinary technical equipment should pass unheeded. Other painters have achieved infinitely higher reaches of imagination and a more copious and plausible sensuous appeal: no painter has accomplished so superlative a fusing of a consummate loveliness and a fundamental veracity. Paint with Murphy seemed to transcend its medium and to take on a kind of occult quality. Looking at a picture of Murphy's best period, one is not conscious of paint; paint ceases, so to speak, to represent nature; it becomes nature; and yet it accomplishes this miraculous transformation without a loss of its sheerly decorative beauty. For there can be no doubt that Murphy's "texture" is as permeated with that mystic, marvellous, indefinable something we call beauty as is Vermeer's; cut a square of canvas out of one of Murphy's pictures, and you have a something that will elicit wonder and admiration and proclaim its kinship with loveliness if you found it in the middle of the Sahara Desert. But Murphy's appeal was a human appeal; as in the case of Inness,

though less comprehensively, it penetrated to the very innermost core of our recollections ("I paint the woods I saw as a boy," he once said to me); and, as a result, it was dismissed as unworthy of serious consideration.

As one looks over the charges that have been brought against Murphy, the thing that strikes one is the superficiality of sophisticated artistic opinion. The commonest charge brought against him—namely, that he painted according to a kind of formula, repeating himself monotonously—is the sort of thing that has been said of every artist from time immemorial that has expressed himself through a sharply individualized and unmistakable idiom. When Percy Grainger played Debussy in Berlin years ago, the famous pianist, Busoni, after looking over the score a moment said: "Ah, he has a system!" Every page of Debussy proclaims its origin. The same thing may be said of Grieg, of Chopin, of Swinburne, of a hundred others. In painting, one thinks instantaneously of Corot. The amusing thing is that when Corot repaints Corot, or when our own Mr. Tryon turns out with a stultifying persistence his middle distance line of trees, or when Mr. Dewing gives us his inevitable figure, it is all right; when Murphy repeats himself it is all wrong. The truth is that the very greatest artists escape the rut of stereotyped expression because of the all-inclusiveness of their point of view. But as art gains in breadth, it loses, often, a kind of exquisite fineness of personality. It is a question whether Murphy's vision—primitive and parochial though it was—did not achieve a deeper penetration into the truths of nature than any other painter of whom we have record. Certainly, no one has observed more finely or represented with a more inspired accuracy the infinitely subtle play of local colour in a tangle of branches thrown against the sky, or detected so cunningly the infinitesimal variations and gradations of colour contained in a clump of underbrush. Certainly, no one has ever painted a foreground as Murphy paints it. And certainly, no one ever surpassed him in beauty of line. In this connection he has been compared to Corot; but a significant aspect of the matter has been overlooked. Corot

## *J. Francis Murphy*



*Courtesy: Milch Gallery*

UPLAND PASTURES

J. FRANCIS MURPHY

achieved the invariable beauty of his line by a partial subordinating of fact to the exactions of a decorative loveliness; Murphy achieved a decorative loveliness as a kind of side issue to his essential intention of placing before us the intrinsic qualities and characteristics of an elemental actuality.

It is possible to argue that our standards of art are fallacious. It is possible that we have been absurdly in error in assuming that art had anything whatsoever to do with the facts, the emotions, the experiences of human existence. To those persons that are dismayed and intimidated by the intricate theorizings and wholesale disparagements of the "modernists" there is only this to be said: If the premise of the modernist is correct—namely, that art is a thing absolutely aside from human emotion, that it is a sheerly abstract thing—then, it stands to reason that the conclusions they draw are correct. Of course, this means that eight-five percent. of the art of the last four hundred years will have to be thrown into the great cosmic discard. The entire

Barbizon School and the Dutchman will have to go. In music, Stravinsky, Debussy and Ornstein will witness the elimination of such impossible banalities as Tchaikovsky, Wagner and Richard Strauss. Poetry? But I must desist. The reader will get my meaning and pardon a seeming discursiveness, necessitated, to a certain extent, by the prevalence today of certain radical theories essentially sophisticated, artificial and excessive. Our modernist friends look upon those of us that believe art to be a sublimated record of the hurts, wants and idealizations of humanity as childish creatures pathetically avid for familiar satisfactions: we, for our part, think that their attitude is essentially cheap, and that they are lacking in that degree of fineness necessary for an appreciation of elemental grandeurs and spiritual implications. However this may be, we know that, judged by the standards that have come down to us through the past, Murphy was a superlatively beautiful painter. He achieved the highest distinction that can come to the artist—namely, to be misunder-



## J. Francis Murphy

stood and depreciated by the critics of his own time and generation. He succeeded in satisfying neither the radicals nor the academicians. "There remained in his work the faintest hint of a studio gesture," says the excellent Mr. Royal Cortissoz—a point of view, by the way, that deserves to stand in the front rank of the myriad oddities and anomalies of the history of art criticism. A studio gesture, indeed! Why one of the things that stood between Murphy and a conventional comprehension was the fact that he put on canvas the very *feel* of nature! No one has ever interpreted with so affectionate and inspired a divination, the homely aspects of naked and disabled areas, of disconsolate uplands, of the loneliness and the peculiarly wistful pathos of field and farm. Compared to the sheer, stark reality of these primitive and aboriginal representations, a Corot would

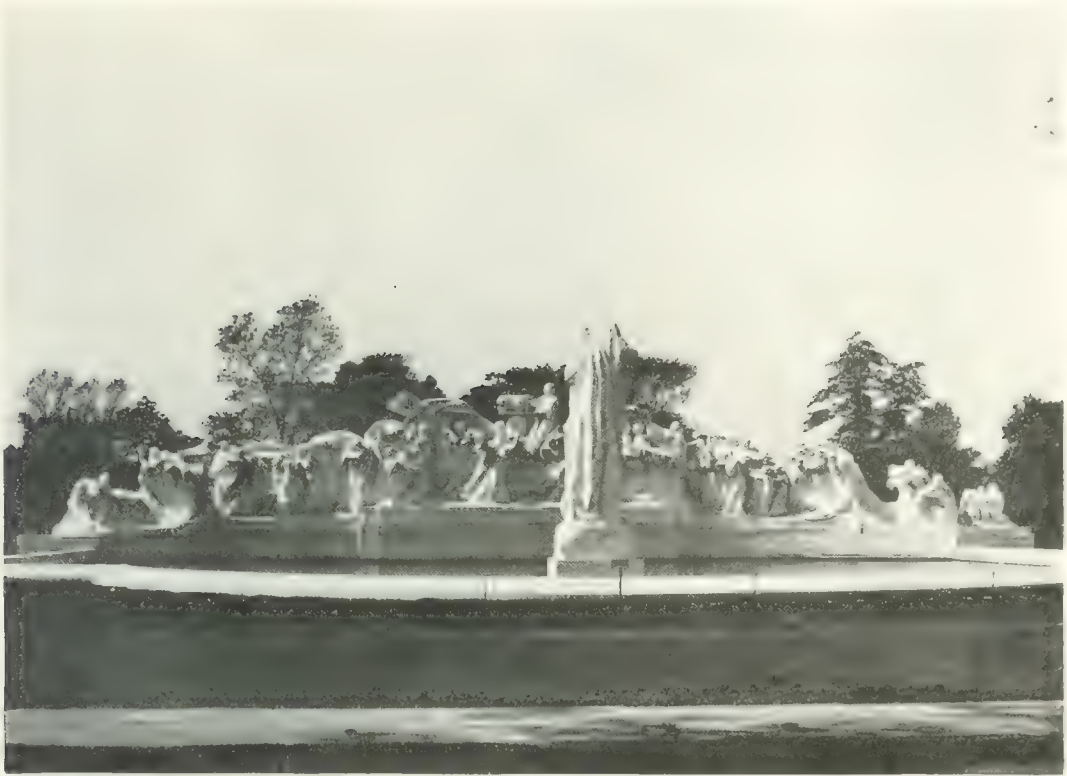
seem cursive and artificial, a Monet essentially factitious, an Alden Weir experimental and unconvincing, a Tryon plausibly and fluently insincere. Murphy never lost the original vigour of the pioneer type; he grew out of a humble, necessitous environment, and he retained something of that kind of clairvoyant shrewdness which one observes at times in the peasant, the back-woodsman, the sea-faring man. Of an alert, nervous, inquisitive type of temperament, he developed, artistically speaking, to the day of his death. Personally, I do not doubt that he will eventually rank higher than any other painter of landscape this country has produced, with the possible exception of George Inness. His position is unassailable so long as the human race retains its capacity for the appreciation of fundamental truth and genuine beauty.



Courtesy N. F. Montross



## *A Magnificent Conception: Lorado Taft's Fountain of Time*



THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME

LORADO TAFT

### **A** MAGNIFICENT CONCEPTION LORADO TAFT'S FOUNTAIN OF TIME BY DELIA AUSTRIAN

When I visited Lorado Taft in his studio he was hard at work on the head of an old man, and so engrossed on the model that I had the pleasure of watching his deft fingers smoothing down the clay without being observed.

Suddenly, his long, slight face, noticeable for the high arched eyebrows and the expressive eyes met mine. He remarked, "I suppose you are here to learn something definite about my group 'Fountain of Time.'"

I answered that it was this exactly. I knew that the great model has been in the Midway, erected with a part of the proceeds left by the Ferguson fund; and what was to happen next?"

Without any further delay Mr. Taft led me up a short flight of steps to his large

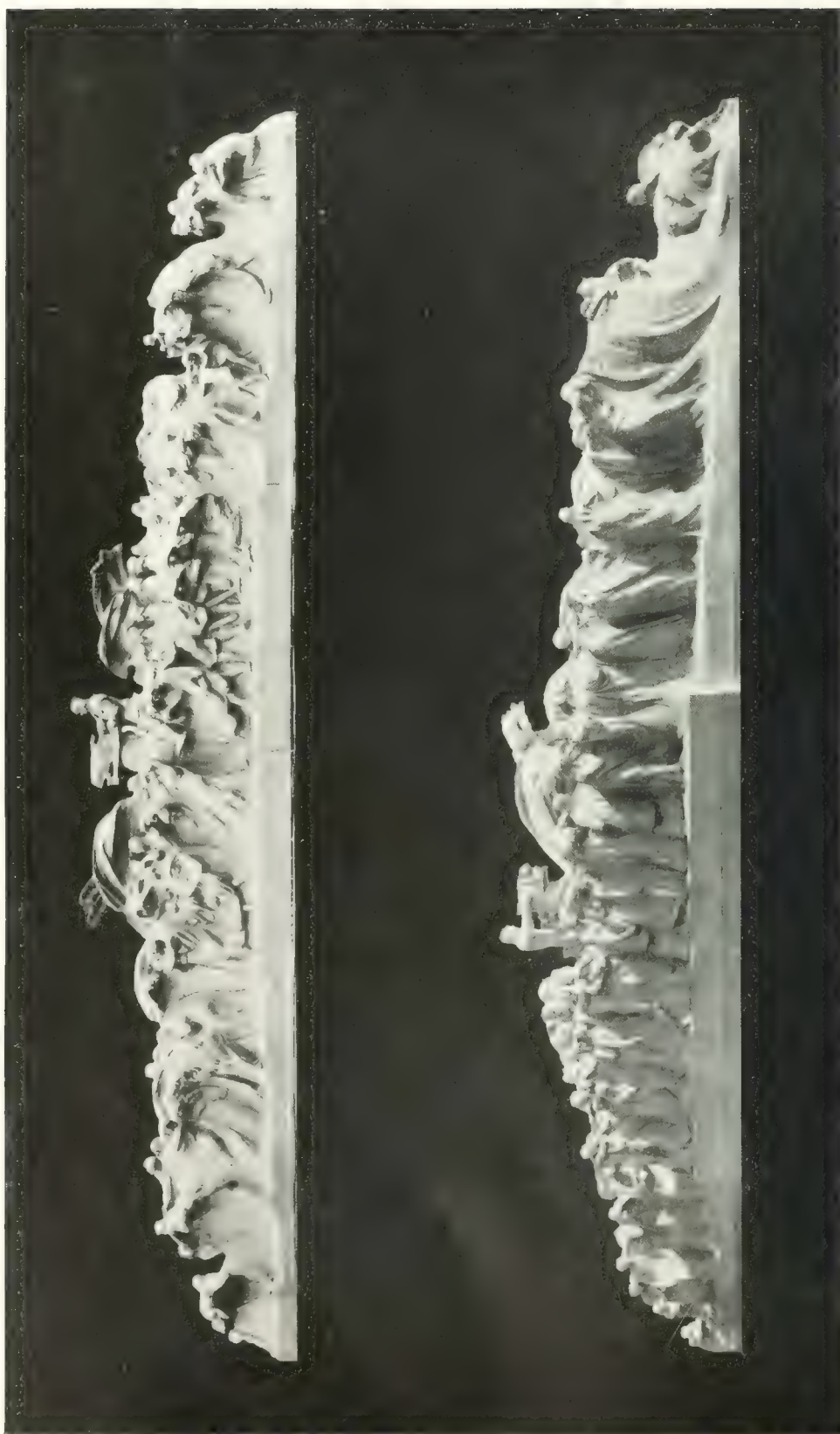
study and business office which commands a beautiful view of the Midway. On the walls hung photographs and friezes and everywhere were models of Mr. Taft's groups.

Glancing out of a window the sculptor pointed with his long index finger across the great avenue which Chicagoans call the "Midway," as he explained how suitable the background was for the gigantic work which he has been working on steadily for the last ten years.

"You see," he explained in his even, well modulated voice, "'The Fountain of Time,' is one of the two fountains, which we hope may still adorn this Midway.

"The model from which this picture is taken is in semi-circular form and is nearly twenty-eight feet long. The full size plaster enlargement is four times as large or about one hundred and twelve feet long. The idea is a figure of Father Time, facing, across the pool and waters of the fountain.





MODEL OF "THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME"

LORADO TAFT

## *A Magnificent Conception: Lorado Taft's Fountain of Time*

This procession of wave-enshrouded forms who play their little parts in life and pass on. There are one hundred figures in the group, some but partly disclosed, others complete."

The explanation stopped there for some ten minutes and the creator of this wonderful throng of giant figures gave me a chance to view, like Father Time, that weird multitude, which is shown hurrying and crowding towards a goal they can not see. One group quivering with action is a warrior on horseback, flanked by banners and soldiers. This forms the centre of a composition which fades off at the ends into creeping infancy and again into bent and withered figures of age. At the south end of the fountain is a group of lovely, graceful women and sturdy men pressing on towards older men and women. No less interesting though less beautiful is a group of refugees, the central figure of which is an old man, old beyond years, bent and tottering, supported by a younger man and woman, whose figures are more erect, and whose worn faces are still illuminated with the light of hope, for something better awaiting them in the future.

This splendid assembly of figures representing so many types, ages and ideals is so wonderfully conceived that it seems almost incredible that one artist could have carried out the idea in five years' time.

When I asked Lorado Taft what thought, if any had brought this great master-piece into being, his slender face wore a reflective expression.

"It was a vagrant line or two of Austin Dobson's which many years ago made a great impression upon me; when the poet says,

'Times goes, you say? Ah, no,  
Alas, time stays; we go.'

"The words brought before me a picture which fancy speedily transformed into a colossal work of sculpture. I saw a mighty crag-like figure of Time, mantled like one of Sargent's prophets. Leaning upon his staff, his chin upon his hands, he watched with cynical, inscrutable gaze the endless march of humanity.

"A majestic relief of marble I saw first swinging in a wide circle, around the form of the lone sentinel; shapes of hurrying men and women and children in endless procession, ever impelled by 'the winds of destiny' in the inexorable lock-step of the ages. Theirs the 'fateful forward movement' which has not ceased since time began. In that crowded concourse how few detach themselves from the greyness of the dusky caravan; how few there are who even lift their head! Here an overtaxed body falls—and a place is vacant for a moment, there a strong man turns to the silent shrouded reviewer and with lifted arm utters the cry gladiator, 'Hail Caesar, we who go to our death salute thee,' and press forward."

The Fountain of Time is a symbol of the passing of life, so the treatment is more or less impressionistic. The details are lost occasionally in waves of drapery. The figures emerge from mystery and go down again into mystery. According to Lorado Taft, the composition illustrates the thought of Huxley, "The individual drops rise and fall—the wave sweeps on."

Mr. Taft interrupted his explanation of his theme for a moment. His voice took a higher register and his earnest eyes wore a merry glance as he went on to explain that some critics had said that this work was pessimistic, lacking in hope. "I hardly think that their criticism is justifiable, but I do believe that life is the mystery of all mysteries. We know not whence we go, nor what it is all about.

"At the right I show the tragedy of birth; the struggle for existence; or the survival of the fittest. In contrast follows a sweeter note, family life, a child carried on the back of the father, dancing children and young girls. The religious motif is illustrated by monks and nuns in their distinct costume. A poet setting out to conquer the world makes an eager gesture. In the centre, seated on an armoured horse and surrounded by soldiers with floating banners, tattered refugees and lawless camp followers, rides the conqueror. From this height in the composition the waves gradually diminish on

## *A Magnificent Conception: Lorado Taft's Fountain of Time*



SOUTH END OF  
"THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME"

LORADO  
TAFT

either side. I had no thought of exalting the military side of life, but rather saw temporary power as of little importance when viewed by the eye of Father Time."

The three young girls in the foreground were at first thought of as three fates or furies of the battlefields, but later took shape as the spirit of youth, peering forward and trying to outstrip the current of life itself. It has been said that the figures and faces of these girls suggest Mr. Taft's own daughters.

The remaining groups of the front side show lovers, old age and a dancing girl who indulges in a last transport of merriment near the brink of the unknown, while the final wave portrays a young man, resisting as youth does, the advent of death. The last figure however is an old man with arms

eagerly outstretched, welcoming death as a release and a fulfillment.

The back of the fountain on a single plane, is more like a frieze, without the wave forms excepting at the extreme ends. The light and shadow is more uniform, when seen in the sunlight. A smile plays about the sculptor's sensitive mouth as he recalls the time and cost required to work out this great array of figures, which when carved in stone will be the largest sculptural composition in America.

Lorado Taft developed the model at his own risk, but when the trustees of the Ferguson fund saw it they were so pleased that they decided this fountain should adorn the Midway.

"But this is not all of my dreams," the western sculptor insists; "if the entire scheme

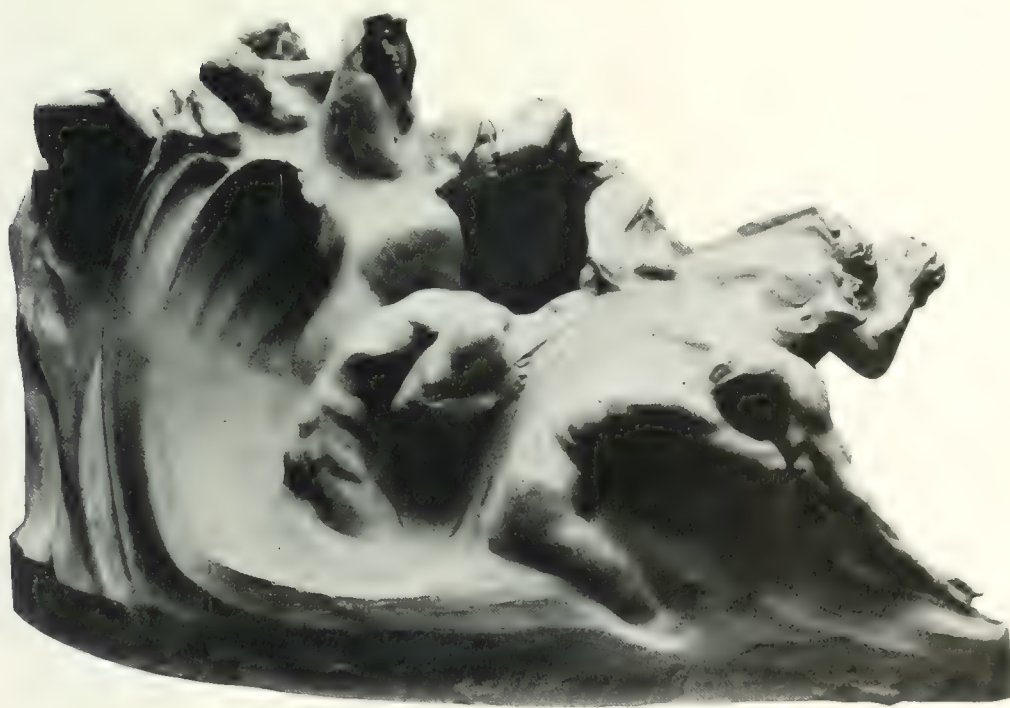


## *A Magnificent Conception: Lorado Taft's Fountain of Time*

comes true the Fountain of Creation will be placed at the other end of the Midway. This work, which is well advanced already, is founded on the myth of Deucalion, the Greek Noah, who repopled the earth by throwing stones, which the gods transformed into men. This primaeva! theme will call for a Rodinesque treatment for the subject matter lends itself to bold contrasts of rock and flesh. The composition commences with creatures half formed, vague and prostrate emerging from the boulders. They grope in darkness strugg-

ling and wandering until they reach a group on the summit representing the solidarity of society."

An eminent writer recently paid Mr. Taft the following sincere tribute, "There is a man in Chicago who has been called the greatest artistic educative personality in the central west to-day. He has done more to inspire a knowledge of art and a love of beautiful sculpture and painting than any man of his age in America. His name is Lorado Taft."



LAST WAVE—SOUTH END  
OF "THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME"

LORADO  
TAFT

## *Degas---Pur Sang*



THREE JOCKEYS

PASTEL BY DEGAS

### **D**EGAS—PUR SANG BY JAMES N. ROSENBERG

WHAT is there about Degas that makes him a great figure? Look at his ballerinas; are they beautiful? Beautiful? Contrast them with the dancers you watch at the theatre—bewitching butterflies seen through a gold and purple mist. Look at his laundresses, bent awkwardly over their burdens, or yawning over their work. Look at his milliners' shops. A milliner's shop. What a ravishing place it ought to be; flowers, fluff, feathers, pretty women, ribbons, audacious sales girls, birds of paradise. Are Degas' shops like that?

His nudes. A woman getting out of a bath tub, a woman bending over a wash-stand, a woman at her toilet, a woman sponging her breast, a woman sponging her back, a woman drying her hair. Where is the nymph of

yester-year? What of the delicate reticences of slender young bodies, half hidden in a vernal glade?

His portraits. His jockeys. These are less difficult to comprehend. Yet his title in art is inextricably tied up with the nudes and the ballerinas.

"Why not? Look at the drawing in them," said a friend of mine. "What an extraordinary draftsman he is. That's why he's great." Nonsense. That is never enough. Art schools and academies are full of excellent draftsmen who amount to nothing. We must search further.

My search ended with Keats. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." I do not apologize for quoting such a commonplace. I am so mid-Victorian that I require beauty in all forms of art expressions. And I find beauty of the highest kind in the quality of Degas' truth.

Degas does not rightly belong to the Impressionist group. Theirs was a different

## *Degas---Pur Sang*

point of view, a different attitude toward life.

Degas belongs to the school of Molière and Zola. Degas' truth, like theirs, is an essence distilled from the life about him. His is the Gallic wit of Molière, his the Gallic clarity of perception of Zola.

"Beautiful ballet girls," I can fancy Degas exclaiming, "Beautiful nudes. I will show them. I will give them a dose of the truth."

And so, nonchalant and hidden, I choose these adjectives with intention, as will later appear. He developed his amazing technique, learned to draw in colour, to discard all mere prettiness, learned that often a full canvas is an empty picture, becomes a master craftsman whose craft is never his master, but is so perfect a servant that many of his pictures, the pastels particularly, seem positively to be self-

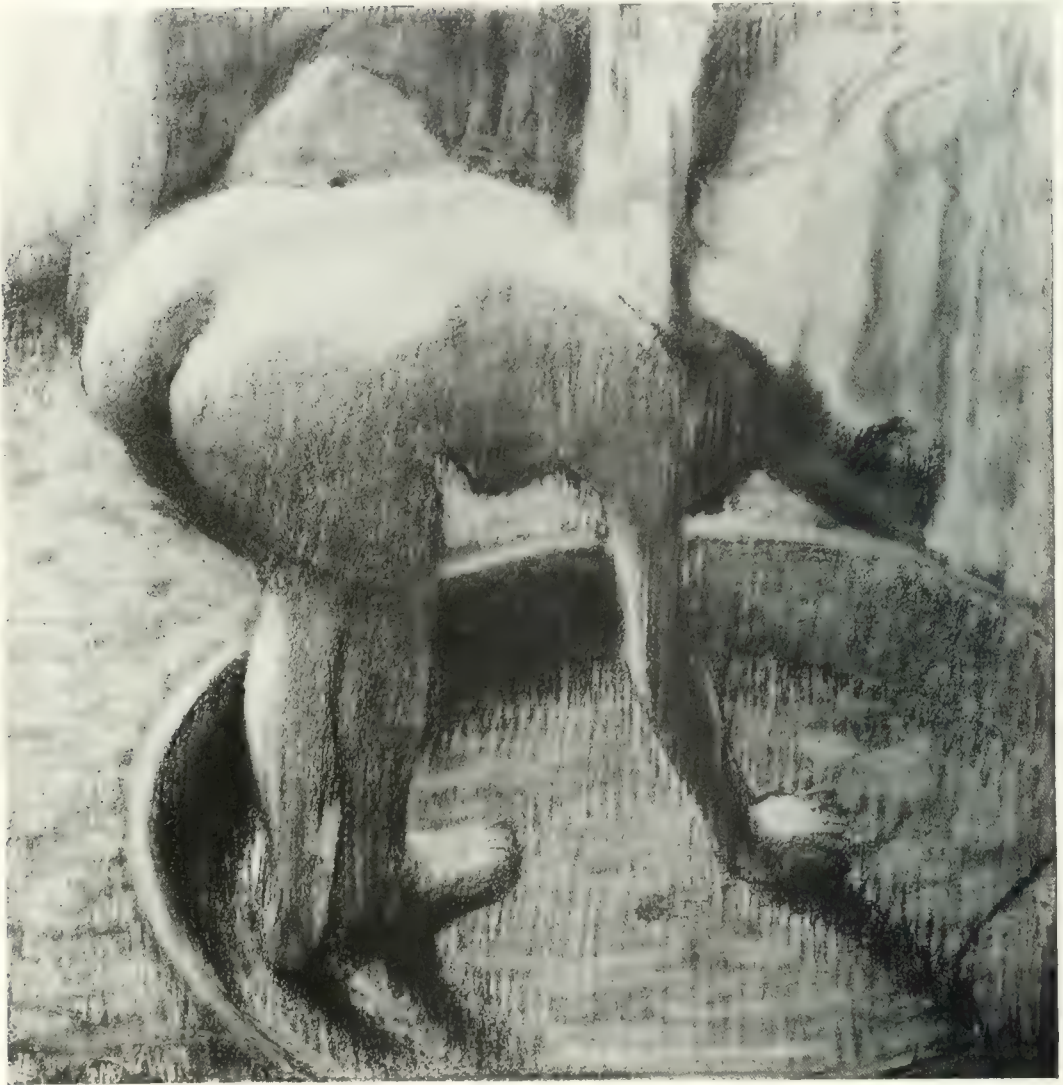


THREE DANCERS

100-101



## *Degas---Pur Sang*



FEMME AU TUB

DEGAS

created. This is Degas, a veritable Jonathan Swift of brush and chalk and charcoal. A Jonathan Swift? No, the comparison's inaccurate. Swift revelled in the Rabelaisian. A broad, humorous, pornographic vein ran through Swift. Not so Degas. We come to the title of this essay. "Pur Sang." It means pure blood. Pure blood—the thoroughbred.

Degas, who was a great reader of the classics, occasionally wrote verse. Lafond's work on Degas contains several of his sonnets. Of these, one is named "Pur Sang." It is a vivid description of a race horse. Degas pic-

tures the horse prancing at dawn as the jockey brings him out into the paddock. He speaks of the animal's strength, its delicacy, power and speed. "Nonchalant and hidden," says Degas—"With a step which seems slow, the thoroughbred is none the less ready, standing in his gown of silk."

So Degas himself. Nonchalant and hidden, he is the thoroughbred, the pure, the aristocrat; that is the final explanation of his enormous achievement in introducing us to the modern woman.

A woman in a bath tub. A woman sponging

## *Degas---Pur Sang*



PORTRAIT IN WHITE

DEGAS

her back. Do these things belong to art? We have come to accept Degas. So we do not question such themes. Does the artist of today realize what a contribution to art these pictures constitute; what a daring and difficult accomplishment was Degas'? The nude in art was an idealized nymph. We looked on woman as Don Quixote looked on Dulcinea. It took Degas to make woman in the nude a flesh and blood reality of modern art. It was a feat reserved for a thoroughbred—for a man who could steer between the Scylla of sentimentality and the Charybdis of the vulgar.

The Seligmann sale conducted by the American Art Galleries at the Plaza Hotel on January 27th was a most interesting event. It presented Degas to the country in a striking and dramatic way. But the prices showed that

the American collector has not yet learned to appreciate Degas.

Neither has the American artist. But Degas will be the next great influence. We have produced several hundred first-class, second-class Monets and Renoirs, and more recently, Cézannes. It is Degas' turn.

But I trust that Degas' influence will be of a different sort. I can best express the meaning of this remark by quoting a remark Arnold Genthe told me Theodore Roosevelt once made to him. Roosevelt was complaining because American artists went over to France and painted French models, landscapes, portraits and so forth. "Why," exclaimed Roosevelt, "don't they go out and paint Michigan lumber jacks?"

The point of my story is too obvious to require sharpening. Nevertheless, I take the liberty of expressing the hope that the in-

## *Degas---Pur Sang*



*Degas, "Pur Sang"*

THEY ARE

DEGAS

fluence of Degas will be not to make us try to paint as he did, but to try to see life as he did—to see it with the clear and piercing eyes of truth—truth without gloss, sentimentality, tradition, prejudice.

To all of which Degas would say to me, if he were still alive—for it is what he once said to a critic: "My art; what do you want to

say about it? Do you think you can explain the merits of a picture to those who do not see them?"

Then don't read the rest of this article, but just go and see the pictures themselves. And since the Seligmann pictures have been sold, go to the Kelekian galleries. It will be worth your while.



## Some Masters in Aquatint



PLATE 6 OF THE STUDY OF  
OF CLAUDE LORRAINE

FROM THE AQUATINT BY  
F. C. LEWIS

### SOME MASTERS IN AQUATINT BY F. WITTENKAMPF

AQUATINT is one of the graphic arts least familiar. Its rôle has been a secondary one. It has been primarily and essentially the handmaid of etching. A process particularly adapted to, and first of all employed for, the reproduction of flat washes of water-colour or sepia, such as the traveller-draughtsman in the early days of the Nineteenth Century might have brought with him. Particularly interesting examples of its use for this purpose are *Microcosm of London*, with plates after Rowlandson and Pugin, and Ayton's *Views Around Great Britain*. The more or less sharply circumscribed tints are quite noticeable here, bringing up mental pictures of stage scenery, without delicate gradations. Hand colouring, however, served somewhat to soften the passage from one tone to another.

In France, Debuicourt, Descourties, and others utilized the process for colour-printing, with a super-imposition of technical manipulation under which the trace of the aquatint grain is quite lost in a completeness of tonal effect. But the medium in its most familiar form, since its introduction into England by Paul Sandby, has the characteristics already indicated, in a frank display of its peculiar grain.

The flat tints show more or less clearly (sometimes, indeed, only through the magnifying glass), in their little white dots, the nature of the process. The latter—an etching process—is simple enough in a way. Finely powdered resin is dusted over a copper plate, or, in solution in alcohol, poured over it. The plate is then heated slightly, so that the grains adhere, and is then placed in an acid bath. Obviously, the grains of resin take the place of the etching ground, and just as obviously the acid acts on the bare portions of the plate between the dots formed by the grain. If

## *Some Masters in Aquatint*

some portions of the plate are to appear lighter than others, they can be "stopped out" after sufficient "biting"—that is, they are covered with a protective varnish and the plate may then again be subjected to the action of the acid. This process may of course be repeated so as to produce various strengths of tone, each of which will be more or less sharply defined. But modifications and manipulations are possible whereby this characteristic of flat tone with little gradation is considerably moderated. And, in the hands of some of the modern artists who use aquatint as a tone-giving adjunct to etching, or almost by itself, or in combination with dry-point or other methods, the old-time sharp outlines often quite disappear.

In the early days, aquatint served mainly as a reproductive art, multiplying sporting and



*El Beque por un noble*

FROM THE "CAPRICHIOS"

GOYA



BLACKSMITH

DELACROIX

coaching scenes, landscape views. Even paintings were occasionally reproduced by this method, not with signal success; but F. C. Lewis appropriately and well used the aquatint ground in rendering wash drawings by Claude Lorraine.

But the possibilities of aquatint came to be appreciated and utilized also by "painter-etchers"; its use in original work being, naturally, mainly as an adjunct,—but an often effective one, and varied in its effects to an extent to which the traditional manner of application would hardly have seemed to lead. There is delicate and appropriate application of aquatint to gain tender sky-effects, in a few plates—*Dunstanborough Castle*, for instance—in J. M. W. Turner's mezzotinted *Liber Studiorum*. *The Bridge and Goats* is the one work of this series done entirely in aqua int.

A more consistent use of aquatint appears

## *Some Masters in Aquatint*



BRIDGE AND GOATS

J. M. W. TURNER

in the *Caprichos* of Goya, where the process, in combination with lightly shaded etched outlines, is used in its purity, with a frank acceptance of its limits, but, as Wm. M. Ivins, Jr., puts it, "with audacity and resolution and success." The ground, applied by him apparently in rough and ready manner, yet somehow palpitates its flat tones into a vivacity of effect that adds its own strong accent to each plate. Delacroix's noted figure of a blacksmith has the circumscribed definiteness of stencil-work, but there is a strength in it that makes all the difference possible between it and the conventional earlier jobs. The manner of Goya animated some plates by Manet, while the great Spaniard's fellow countryman, Fortuny, handled the medium with "diabolical cleverness," with the dexterity of an eye-deluding juggler, a sort of technical thimble-rig, "now you see it and now you don't."

As we approach artists of more recent date, names crowd on one much more than one might at first suppose, and one realizes the

very large part which aquatint has been and is playing in the production of etchings.

In France there have been experimenters such as Buhot, Guerard, Goeneutte, Bracquemond; the master of still-life, Jacquemart, Lepère, Jacque, Legrand, Steinlen, C. Pissarro, E. Bédot, who has used aquatint "in discreet patches"; and that group of men who have utilized it as a vehicle for more or less complete colour effects: Robbe, Ranft, Houdard, Thaulow, Osterlind, Latenay.

Crossing the Rhine one finds in Germany and Austria, with difference in natural outlook, a similar diversity in individual temperament. There are Klinger (*Bear and Elf*, with incisive outlines and flat masses of tint), Heinrich Wolff, Oskar Graf, Hegenbart, (who did the weird *Art and Mammon*, a female figure being dragged down by an octopus), Michalek, Kasimir, Nolde, Otto Gampert, Liebermann and others more. Opportunity for speculation there is, to, as to the way in which certain others, scumbling the possibili-





BEAR AND ELF

MAX KLINGER

## Some Masters in Aquatint

ries of etching, got their results. For that, look up plates such as Munch's *Bathers*; not a few such appeared in the Leipzig "Bugra" show in 1914.

One may pick out at random, from other countries, say Rassenfosse, or Haig. The last named spent much of his life in England, where Sir Frank Short, master of processes, has used aquatint with the tact, the appropriateness which determines his choice of a given medium for a given subject. He has used it with frank acceptance of its flat tones, as in *A Silver Tide*, or with freedom, as in *Sunrise O'er Whitby Scour*, where the light-scattered clouds and shadows call for a delicacy in gradation which he has forced from the medium with an easy touch. Like Goya, William Strang, in some of his illustrations for *Don Quixote* and Kipling's *Short Stories*, backs his vigorously drawn figures by vibrant flat tints. One may turn, too, to younger men, such as C. H. Baskett (whose *Quai du Rosaire, Bruges* is a good example of his broad, straight manner), or W. P. Robins (pupil of Short), whose work shows "soundness and sincerity" in plates such as *Norfolk Landscape* and *Headley Downs*, the latter executed in a simple big sweep in harmony with the scene. Here, too, there is the use of aquatint in colour plates, such as those by W. Lee Hankey, Lucien Pissarro, Nelson, Dawson, F. Marriott or Alfred Hartley.

Joseph Pennell has produced what Campbell Dodgson has referred to as "the fascinating aquatints of the skyscraper period, *Mists of Morning, New York* or *Courtland Street Ferry*." With us, long after those early nineteenth century days when St. Memin was doing his profile portraits in aquatint and roulette, and John Hill and W. J. Bennett were aquatinting new world landscapes in the *Hudson River Portfolio* and other plates, the value of the process to the original or "painter" etcher has been realized with individual diversity. Hill's grandson, John Henry Hill, applied aquatint in part, and delicately, in his view of Niagara, and undiluted by etching in his *Moonlight on the Androscoggin*.

James D. Smillie's technical mastery, in pure aquatints such as *An Old Dam Near Montrose* and *Old Houses Near Boulogne*,

while frankly showing flat tints, offers a degree of gradation, and a measure of unctuousness, which we had not been accustomed to see. He showed, too, the possibility of variation of method, in the crayon-like effect of *Fairground, Montrose*, or the very coarse grain of *Pansies*.

Charles F. W. Mielatz, out of a wide and thorough technical knowledge based on an experimentative spirit, akin to that of Buhot or of Guerard, went yet farther. In *The Wave*, scraping and other manipulations have given to aquatint a quite unusual pliancy, a delicacy of gradation that might have seemed out of the question at one time. This piece, by the way, is printed in two tints, bluish green above and yellowish below, running together in the centre. In that remarkable piece of reproductive work *Woman and Macaw* after George Luks, the process is used with like freedom for complete colour effect. In *Winter Night* he regulated the grain of the aquatint by first laying a textile (organdy or the like) on to a grounded plate and running both through the press, a process akin to "sand paper mezzotint." Of course, the textile was pressed through the ground by this operation, thus baring the plate for biting. In the etching *Grand Central Depot at Night*, again, a light tint of aquatint, put on after the etched lines, softened the sharpness of the latter into something like the effect of soft-ground etching. Aquatint in its more usual form was employed by Mielatz in the series of New York City views, after pictures on Staffordshire pottery, done for the "Society of Iconophiles."

The example of Mielatz's work here reproduced is exceedingly rare, only four prints having been made. Mr. Mielatz thought very highly of the plate and was loath to part with prints, so placed upon them an exorbitant price. Two, however, were snapped up at once. The print is in four colours and the colour gradation exceedingly delicate, which made reproduction difficult.

A more restricted use of the medium as an accessory is found in etchings by C. A. Vanderhorf, in reproductive plates by J. S. King (who applied acid with a brush in order to avoid sharp outlines), and in book-plates by W. F. Hopson. Or, as a final contrast, take

## *Some Masters in Aquatint*

the free drawing in the late A. T. Millar's *The Winding Way*. Once more, also, the use of aquatint for colour prints is to be noted. A series of dry-points by Mary Cassatt, of Japanese inspiration, show the possibilities of flat tints of colour with frame-work of simple lines.

Vaughan Trowbridge produced a certain aquarelle-like vivacity by "stopping out" on practically pure aquatint plates, while George Senseney, likewise aiming at completeness of effect, has employed a blending of the process with soft-ground etching. This combination has served also Lester G. Hornby, both for colour work and black-and-white.

These few notes have barely skimmed over the subject, but, perhaps, they have at least made clear that here is a by-path in the field of prints that repays the stroll. And that this process of aquatint, serving so often as an adjunct to the etched line, or as a means of printing flat tints of colour, has also been elevated by various artists to the rank of a distinct idiom in graphic art.

[Editor's note: The New York Public Library will have an exhibition, in the near future, devoted to "The Making of an Aquatint." As usual the technique side will be amply illustrated, and the finest examples of the process obtainable displayed.]



MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON

CH. F. W. MIELATZ



## Book Reviews

### BOOK REVIEWS

CONSTRUCTIVE ANATOMY. By George B. Bridgman.

THE BOOK OF A HUNDRED HANDS. By George B. Bridgman.

Published at Pelham, New York. Edward C. Bridgman.

THE MEDALLIC PORTRAITS OF CHRIST. By G. F. Hill. And

HELLENISTIC SCULPTURE. By Guy Dickins. With a Preface by Percy Gardner.

Oxford. At the Clarendon Press.

When, after studying with admiration the two books on anatomy by George Bridgman, I turned to Guy Dickins' book on "Hellenistic Sculpture," a passage in the chapter on Rhodian Art at once struck me as summing up my attitude towards Bridgman's teaching. "The anatomical structure of the male form can not be rendered more perfectly than in the Statue of Agasias, so well known to all art students, but the statue affects us with a feeling of strain and discomfort from its want of unity. . . . The desire to display newly acquired scientific knowledge invariably demands a strained and therefore disquieting motive."

Now, no one today will affirm that too much knowledge is harmful, but too little knowledge is fatal. And Bridgman's pupils seem to be afflicted with just this trouble. They do not know to the point of forgetting their knowledge. They are conscious that a hand has so many bones and so many muscles of such a size. And they draw the bones and muscles, not the hand.

A warning, therefore, to those who would study from George Bridgman. Remember, the human body is a unity. No part may be studied except in the light of the whole. With this reservation, the books could not be better.

Mr. Hill's work is erudite and exhaustive, but I would hesitate to recommend it to any save the student. To quote his own words, "Religious medals, considered as a whole, may be placed on the same artistic level as hymns."

Guy Dickins was still a young man when he died, from wounds received in the battle of the Somme, July, 1916. His work, therefore, must be regarded as only a fragment of a far greater whole which he had planned.

Doubtless too had he lived his manuscript would have been amplified and the whole cast in a much more leisurely and discursive form. For it must be owned that to a layman Dickins' archaeological deductions make in places difficult reading. Dickins demands of his readers considerable erudition.

But I am not concerned here with archaeology. Dickins was happily something more, and it is for that reason that I recommend his book. Archaeological students will read him in any case, and in so doing will learn something about art. The art students should read him for his criticism and may learn something of archaeology. It is interesting to note how this young man, dedicating his life to the discovery of parallels and influences, could not repress the instinct for art that was in him. In particular the last chapter contains what may be considered as his creed, and it is so well written that I cannot resist quoting a part.

"When we ask what is the debt of modern art to Greek art, there is no reply. We can not point to this idea or that, and say this is Hellenic and that is non-Hellenic. . . . Every statue which is made with sincere love of beauty and unmixed desire for its attainment is Greek in spirit; every statue, however cunning and ingenious, which is merely frivolous or hypocritical or untrue, is a crime against Hellenism and a sin against the light. . . ."

For to the Greeks art was a vital part of life. "It is fair to assume that the average modern man regards statues with indifference slightly flavoured with amusement." But "The Cridian goddess of Praxiteles was more than a statue, it was an idea. The victory of Sanothrace was Triumph itself, not a mere masterpiece." *We have destroyed our gods.*

Other books received include:

AMONG ITALIAN PEASANTS. Written and illustrated by Tony Cyriax. With an introduction by Muirhead Bone. E. P. Dutton & Co.

OLD BRISTOL POTTERIES. By W. J. Pounteney. With Foreward by R. L. Hobson and Bernard Rackham. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.



*See page x*

SPRING PASTURES

SEGANTINI

# The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

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## *Quo Vadis?*

THE Exhibition of "Our Choice from the Independents" which opens in May at the Anderson Galleries under the auspices of the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is an event of some importance.

The need for such a selection has long been apparent, where large exhibitions are concerned. Even given fair minded jury, and a Hanging Committee of superlative taste, the effect upon the wider public of several hundreds of pictures is merely bewildering. The average person goes to exhibitions of this kind from a sense of duty and to acquire a fund of small talk. He takes away with him a catalogue and a headache. In the case of the Independents, thousands of catalogues must have been sold and several times that number of headaches. We ourselves bought three. Over one thousand pictures were plastered over a wall-space adequate for at the most two hundred. They were hung alphabetically, which means worse than the worst Hanging Committee. No jury passed on them. At a conservative estimate then, nine out of every ten were valueless. What chance did the innocent and guileless public stand of finding the tenth? Obviously, none whatever. Or of seeing that tenth if pointed out to them? Again none. The thousands who visited the exhibition could readily be divided into two classes, those who hold "The Faith" and those who do not. The former class swallowed the exhibition in its totality as an expression of "Mod-

ernism," much as a child swallows castor-oil. The latter rejected it for the same reason as a piece of wanton impertinence. Of course the truth is that both were acting on an entirely false hypothesis. The Society of Independent Artists is not a "modern" organization. At least fifty per cent. of its members are as conventional as Mrs. Grundy. It is simply an organization for exhibiting the work of its members, irrespective of creed, nationality, technical or artistic merit. The true spirit of the public in viewing its exhibitions should be therefore the spirit of Abraham as he searched the streets of Sodom and Gomorrah for "ten just men."

The purpose of the promoters of this selection has been to prove to the world that work of value is done outside of the Academy door, and to show that work where it may be seen and appraised at its full value.

The selection has been prompted by a desire to find the essential tendencies in the work of the present towards the work of the future.

The exhibition is held at the Anderson Galleries to whose president, Mr. Mitchell Kennerly, an expression of appreciation is due for his ever-keen support of the vital in art.

As a whole the exhibition speaks for itself, but the work in water-colour of Mary Rogers deserves a very special word. We are too prone to value an artist's work only after his or her decease. Mary Roger's early death is truly a loss to American Art.



## *Quo Vadis?*



*Courtesy Ferargil Gallery*  
CANAL LANE

JOHN FOLINSBEE

I have been twice to see John Folinsbee's exhibition at the Ferargil Galleries and I am intrigued. The man interests me. Not that the pictures shown are in any way great. They are not even different, so far as subject-matter and technique go. Barges at twilight, canal locks, factories seen across the water, trains in a shunting yard.

As we entered the gallery the second time my friend said: "That is not an American landscape." I looked. It certainly was not. Nor was it Europe. We looked more closely. The difference lay in the lighting. There are certain half-lights that are not obtained in America.

And so, puzzled, we asked for information, and as we asked I remembered having heard something about Folinsbee's history. John Folinsbee is a young man, whom fate has dowered with the will to paint, and yet holds him a prisoner in his own studio. And as is

the way with prisoners he paints, not what he sees, but what he would like to see, what perhaps he has seen and strives to remember.

I am intrigued. What will come of it? Will he degenerate into a mere copyist? There is a hint of the photograph in some of his work. Or will he, released from the burden of actuality, paint with the inner vision?

Of Robert Henri's work at the Milch Galleries one can only report "All Clear." Robert Henri is one of the cleverest painters in America, and one of the most disappointing. I never saw a really bad picture of his, and never a really fine one. Probably his children are his most successful studies, but here too there is a uniformity. "Isn't that cute?" said a young girl behind me. And it was. They all are. But children are more than just "cute," as Henri must know. They are potentiality. Fun, solemnity (no one can

*Quo Vadis?*



*Courtesy Milch Gallery*

HAWAII AND NAVAJO

ROBERT HENRI

be as solemn as a child), deviltry, sheer wickedness. The whole gamut of human life is covered in the nursery. One of these days I will give a children's tea-party, and Robert Henri shall be the chief guest.

Henri's women are in a different predica-

ment. Henri never seems to get round his subject, much less inside. His portraits have vigour, but the vigour remains the vigour of the painter, it is never transmitted to the sitter. *Hawaii and Navajo* shows both his faults and his virtues.



PIETÀ

ALFEO FAGGI



## *Alfeo Faggi--Sculptor*

### A LFEO FAGGI SCULPTOR BY GUY C. EGLINGTON

The work of Alfeo Faggi fills me with humility. I feel like one who is making his affidavit, conscious that every word he speaks may be brought up in evidence against him. Yet I comfort myself. Whatever I may say, the work of Alfeo Faggi will stand, when time has covered my words with her veil of oblivion.

Astonishing things happen in this twentieth century of ours. I walk down Fifth Avenue, through gallery upon gallery of pictures whose only merit is in their newness; past a cathedral that is at once a mimic and a mockery of all that Gothic means; through a doorway and hall that tell of nothing but of the dollars that were spent upon their embellishment; into an elevator that is ashamed of its presence and yet has least cause for shame; up five stories; and then, after all this sham, find myself a worshipper in a thirteenth century cathedral.

For that is what the sculptures of Alfeo Faggi have made of the three small rooms which constitute Mr. Bourgeois' galleries.

I call the cathedral thirteenth century, for those who speak with authority on these matters tell me that the sculpture of Alfeo Faggi is in the tradition of Niccolo Pisano. It may be. The spirit of devotion, which is the spirit of art, is of no time and no place. It enters into the heart of man and dwells there. So that man cries out for the pain and the joy that it brings. And of that crying out art is born.

Not that tradition is of no account. In the case of Faggi it is all important. But it is not a mode. It is not technique. It cannot be learnt by diligent study of great masters. It is not a robe that can be donned by whomever will, like the gown of a schoolmaster. It is born in the bones. It is inherited memory. A hundred buildings in New York prove that to take the shell of an old form is to court certain disaster. Art is of the spirit. Every great work of art is built from within. The eye of the artist seizes the essential form and builds outwards. Given the structure of

the bones, the body will clothe itself with its own flesh.

So that while it is doubtless true that Faggi is of the lineage of Pisano, the matter is of no grave importance. That is his birthright as an Italian. What is of importance is how he has used his birthright.

I have said that Faggi is an Italian. He is. But his work has been achieved in Chicago. In Italy, according to his own account, Faggi was a conventional sculptor. The weight of tradition bowed him down. Few men can write a poem beneath a waterfall, or paint amid the glories of the Rockies. So it was that Faggi came to leave Italy eight years ago. Here he is free, free from the Ghosts of the Great Dead who haunt Italian cities. Their work he sees as it were in perspective. Their spirit, that was born in him, still works within him. But he is freed from their eyes looking over his shoulder as he works, and at last he creates.

That is how Faggi explains his development, and to us who have gotten out of the way of crediting America with any magical qualities, it brings a message of hope. Is there, after all, a spirit of freedom here that Europe lacks? In other words, is America's contribution to the work of Faggi a positive one, or is it merely negative? And what place has America for the art of an Italian Primitive?

Up at the Metropolitan Museum the other day I sat long before the cast of the Michelangelo *Pietà*, which is being shown together with the other Michelangelo casts in the Room of Special Exhibitions (see page lxviii). [It is an astounding exhibition. For the first time I realized what could be done with casts, given light, air and intelligent grouping. I recommend the idea to other less wealthy museums.] And sitting before the *Pietà* the thought struck me that I might compare it with the photograph of the Faggi *Pietà* which I had by me. I took it from its envelope and looked.

How different. The Michelangelo supple, balanced and nobly human, a consummate expression of the love and pity with which centuries of Christianity have endowed Our Lady of Sorrows. The Faggi more formal and

## Alfeo Faggi--Sculptor



MOTHER AND CHILD

ALFEO FAGGI

restrained, austere to the point of repression, yet moving to the point of tears. Michelangelo achieving nobility through his glorification of the human form, the very embodiment of the Renaissance ideal of beauty-worship that found its highest expression in him. Faggi, looking deeper into the mystery of life, concerned with the things that lie hidden, not neglecting indeed the outward form, in through form is all beauty expressed, but creating from within forms that shall call

attention not to their own intrinsic loveliness, but beyond to the spirit that gave them life. Classic and Primitive, Renaissance and Mediæval, Michelangelo and Pisano, Form and Spirit, the eternal choice. All art demands sacrifice, it seems. Beauty itself obscuring beauty. This the answer to those whom the Christ Head hurts.

And on my way back I thought of that other great work in sculpture that was shown just a year ago in London, the *Christ* of Jacob



NINO

ALFEO FAGGI

## Alfeo Faggi--Sculptor

Epstein. In England Epstein, in America Faggi. The contrast. Epstein's Christ, man of men, bursting from the tomb by his indomitable will. His body emaciated with suffering. His brow drawn tight, and hard lip. The eyes alone of all, to tell that he is God. It is not love that Epstein's *Christ* demands, but surrender. "His state is kingly." At the other extreme the *Pietà* holding "the great sacrifice enveloped by her body, bowed but unsaddened by earthly bereavement." The great sacrifice and the great conqueror. These two statues symbolize the whole life of Christ.

And for the other works. They stand on their own feet, having no need of interpretation. The monumental *Mother and Child*, the exquisitely sensitive *Saint Francis*, the praying *Child*, and marvellously vigorous *Nino*, the *Tagore* and other portraits, and last but not least the *Beatrice*, as Dante saw her passing through the streets of Florence on her way to immortality. The greatness of these works lies in the fact that they were conceived



SAINT FRANCIS

ALFEO FAGGI



CHILD PRAYING

ALFEO FAGGI

from within. The spirit has taken its own inevitable form.

Inevitable form. Clive Bell writes of significant form. I prefer to think of it as inevitable, growing out of the inner need. For form cannot be imposed from without. One cannot paint as Cézanne. To each his own vision. And Faggi is still an experimenter. An experimenter in the only true sense. An Experimenter of the Spirit. And like all travellers he returns at intervals. Finds the need of stating first principles. So we have the *Nogugi* head, and if before we had doubted, and it is well to doubt in the interest of faith, this portrait will convince us that the house of Faggi is truly builded on the rock.





BALLET

MARY ROGERS

## *The Womb and the Cemetery*



STILL LIFE

FLORENCE KANE

### **T**HE WOMB AND THE CEMETERY. BY JAMES N. ROSENBERG. I.

"Satan was like a man of sixty, or it might be sixty-two, in all things save that he was covered with gray fur, and had horns like those of a stag. He wore a breech-clout of very dark gray, and he sat in a chair of black marble on a dais . . . And his eyes were like light shining upon little pools of ink, for they had no whites to them."

This is James Branch Cabell's description of the devil in that proscribed and therefore doubly delightful book, "Jurgen." It might have been a description of me as I see myself in the rôle of critic.

It is an uncomfortable rôle. Believe it or not, I prefer to be roasted rather than to do the roasting. And I don't like that cold seat of authority, the black marble chair.

But I take comfort in what Eglington said to me the day before yesterday.

He was dining with me (it is thus I bribe my Editor).

"What did they say about my December article in the Studio?" I asked him.

"They?" he queried, balancing a bit of mallard duck upon his fork.

"The artists."

"They said you don't know a damn thing about art."

### II.

My job is to criticize fifteen hundred pictures. I am to do it in about three thou-

## *The Womb and the Cemetery*

sand words. Either it's two words to each picture or I've got to do the thing wholesale, and as I'm about to commit wholesale murder, I invite my victims—and the Editor of the Studio gives me permission to issue this invitation—to murder me in return, provided they do it entertainingly. If you artists disagree with me, say so to the Studio. I issue a challenge, a *défi*. Life thrives on controversy. A league of nations is only a convenient arrangement for provoking battle. And art is a part of life. A very big part it ought to be. So art will prosper by conflict.

### III.

In her old age, a noble woman whom once I knew became demented. "I am dead," she wailed. "Dead. Dead. For years I have been dead."

The pitiful picture of this wretched creature who died in a mad-house kept recurring to me as I walked through the cemetery which is otherwise known as the Academy Show.

Why?

The funeral wreaths around one of J. Francis Murphy's pictures started my mind a-going along such channels.

The pictures did the rest.

First I examined them separately.

I believe I looked at every picture.

Then I strolled through the galleries, trying to gain a totality of impressions from the whole show—trying to see it in its entirety.

Here and there a picture escaped from the grave. Moffett, Hawthorne, Levy, Kendall, Meyers, Blumenschein, Genth—to name a few—were imbued with life and personality. Rosen, experimenting, struck me—not that I cared for his performance, but for his intention. If he isn't careful, they'll expel him. Van Boskerck shutting his eyes and painting every leaf on every tree with invincible fidelity to the unimportant, gained my respect. Others, here and there, slipped away from the machine-shop.

Yet, all in all, the thing to me wore the aspect of death.

### IV.

When Monet and his contemporaries be-

gan to paint the world in purpled violets, rose and ultramarine, when they made trees and hillsides and fields and houses and water shimmer like an opal, Paris jeered at them.

Why? Because Paris had never seen such colours in nature. People don't see things like that. Their eyes are adjusted to the necessities of life. People see motor-cars approaching when they cross a street. But they see nothing of the fading mauve of distant sky-scrapers. It was because of this truth—and it is a truth—that the people jeered at Monet. The reason that those who came to scoff learned at last to pray, is that Monet finally opened people's eyes. People get their preconceptions of landscape, not from nature, but from pictures. Fifty years ago, people saw landscape mainly in the terms, say, of Ruysdael and Hobbema, somewhat perhaps through the eyes of Corot and Courbet. So it was that it took fifty years and pictures of a half century to spread before the picture-loving public the splendour of colour in nature. Nature herself never pointed out these splendours. She is a detached old woman except in her obvious moments of rising, making her toilette and retiring; or when she shows off with her thunder and lightning. So it remained for the artist to show nature to her children. This was the great gift Monet and his group gave the world. Monet was a realist, an humble worshipper before nature. He didn't compose or create great canvases as Rubens and Rembrandt did. He merely set down the aspects of nature as his sensitive eye caught them.

What has this to do with the Academy Show?

The Academy Show, taken by and large, is a group of paintings by skilful craftsmen—there is hardly a bad picture in the show—who have learned to look at nature somewhat as Monet did. No, that says too much for them. They have turned the vital impressionist outlook toward nature into a dead formula. That formula they have applied with extraordinary skill.

They have had nothing to say and have said it with perfect felicity.





## *The Womb and the Cemetery*

### V.

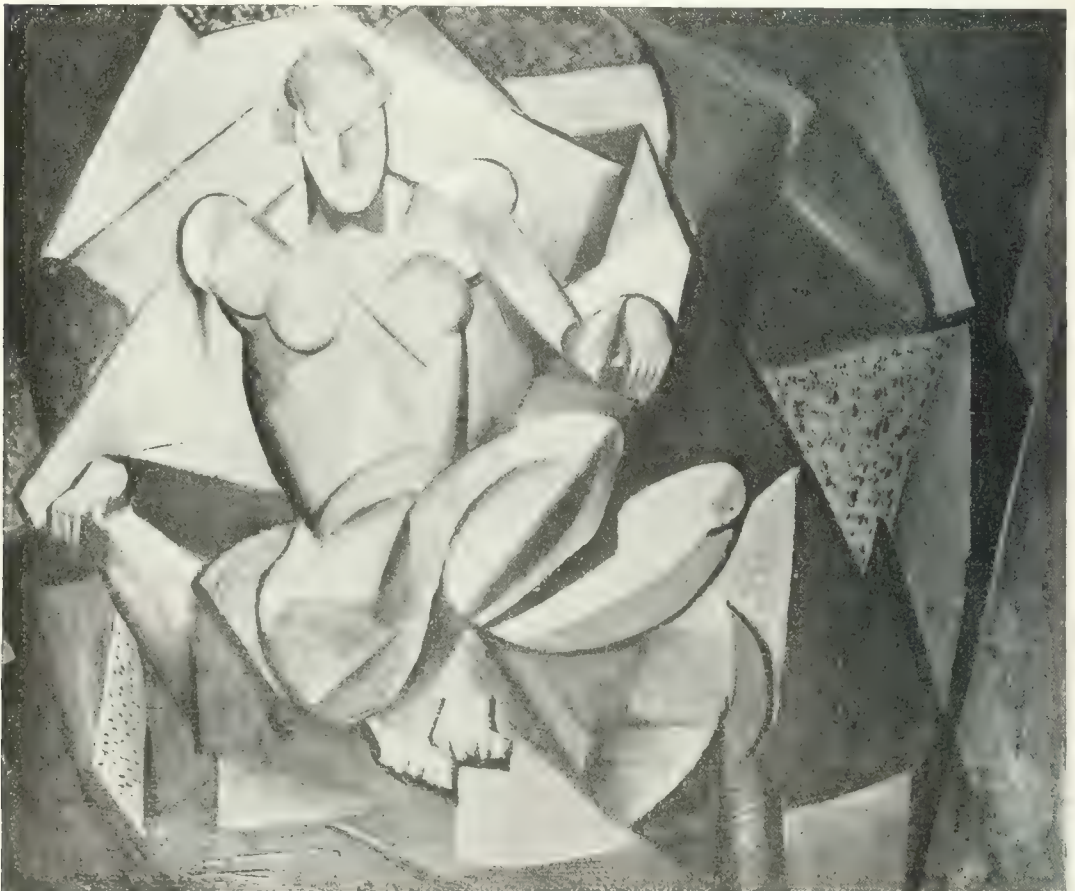
Clive Bell, in his stimulating book on art, defines art as "significant form." He insists that it is a thing quite independent of nature. So far as he deals with pictorial art as distinguished from the merely decorative, I take issue with him. A Greek vase or a Persian rug may be great Art. A cubist picture may be a delightful piece of colour and decoration. But a sharp line is to be drawn between design and decoration on the one hand, and that branch of art which is "an imitation of nature," to use the Aristotelian phrase. In both kinds of art "significant form" is an essential of greatness. In the latter we require something which evokes the aesthetic emotion through recognition.

The Academy Show deals wholly with

pictorial art, i. e., that which is an imitation of nature. But I wish the exhibitors would read Clive Bell's book and free themselves from nature. Pictorial art, while "an imitation of," is not a slavery to nature. The landscape at the Academy is such slavery. With a palette built on the impressionist tradition the Academicians are turning out fields, hillsides, woods, still life, rocks, oceans, as they have been doing for years.

Life is changed. The moment you and I stop changing we are dead. Dead, dead, like the poor old lady I spoke of. Our tastes, our desires, our outlooks, must change.

In the criticism which I ventured of the New Society show and which was published in the December number of the Studio, I complained because the ghosts of Monet, Manet, Cézanne and Renoir hovered over



NUDE

A. S. BAYLINSON

## *The Womb and the Cemetery*



THE SEA

HOMER BOSS

the exhibitors' palettes. The Academy Show is a much worse thing. The plein-air movement caught the Academicians a quarter of a century ago and there they have stopped and stood still, and turned a glorious discovery into a recipe.

American art, as shown at the Academy, is stasis. That is why it is dead. It was about ten or twelve years ago, I think, that Gardner Symons showed a picture called "Opalescent River." It was a fine thing. I have always remembered it. I ask you, Gardner Symons, have you been static since then? Have you grown, changed, experimented? If so, your pictures don't show it. Not to me, at least.

Redfield, Curran, Carlson, Dufner, Davis, Frieske, Bogert, Williams, Crane; look at your pictures of to-day and of ten years ago. Have you struggled and sweated as the creative artist does? Or have you developed

a formula, a stencil? Flay me. Show me I talk rot. Or admit I am right and paint as any of you can, I believe, if you but will.

It was with some such thoughts that I left the Academy, my eleven-year old girl at my side.

"How did you like them, Anne?" I asked.

"They looked a good deal alike," said she.

A good deal alike. Is it this confounded age of standardization? We are all alike in death.

### VI.

We went to the Waldorf Hotel. We ascended in an elevator. It was not nearly as pleasant or decorous a place as the Academy. The pictures at the Independent Show are badly hung. This is not the fault of Baylinson, a director, an exhibitor and one of the main props of the show, for he hung most of the pictures himself, he told me. It is nobody's fault. Over a thousand pictures



## *The Womb and the Cemetery*



THE FLESH LUSTETH  
AGAINST THE SPIRIT

ALICE  
MORGAN WRIGHT

are shown. And there isn't enough room adequately to show more than about three hundred.

I wonder, by the way, why the Academy chaps don't invite the Independents to use the Academy rooms. It would be a sporting thing.

One room for Academes; one for Inds. Contrast. Controversy. Rows. Quarrels. Publicity. Art might begin to interest the public.

### VII.

Most of the pictures at the Independent Show are things quite independent of art. Many of them haven't even the excuse of craftsmanship.

But the show is alive. It is American art in a process of gestation. But the child, if

not yet born, is living. And what a cosmopolitan show!

Let me write down some of the names of those whose things seem to me to have the breath of life. Ault, Bacon, Baylinson, Butler, Boss, Cowdery, Cane, Dwight, Ederheimer, Frueh, Grossman, Gerstenheim, Gussow, Hart, Hartley, Hale, Knaths, Kantor (look at his things), Kuniyoshi, LaChaise (there is the real stuff), Linding, LeDuc, Maurer, Mege, Moe, Moser, Of, Organ, Pach (his portrait, not his water-colours—Pach is too deliberate and philosophical a chap for that butterfly, water-colour), Pandick, Prendergast (his wood panels put the eye out of the whole Academy), Doris Rosenthal, Rouault, Sibley, Shore, Smith, (Ismael Smith, Spaniard), Sloan, Stettheimer (remarkable), Wheelock, Weinberg, Wright (splendid), Zorach.

I have been to the Independent Show three times. If I get there again, I'll add to the catalogue. Isn't it an interesting lot of names? There is the melting pot. Ireland,

Russia, Japan, Sweden, Spain, France, contribute to the American show. And the memorial exhibit to Mary Rogers is not to be forgotten. Her early death is a loss to American art. In the twenty pictures of hers gathered in one room, we find the true spirit of the artist; the growing, changing personality; the ardent experimenter. Here Sisley caught her; there Gauguin. Here Cézanne. But always she was herself. She plucked the best from the garden of tradition, but she was inviolably herself. I never knew her. I had hardly known her work. To have seen that roomful is something to remember always.

### VIII.

Of the Independent Show as a whole I would say the following: "No jury. No

## *The Womb and the Cemetery*

prizes" is a success. While the absence of a jury permits the worthless to enter, the presence of a jury means that the arrivés, the men who represent art as an established order, are the judges. And once art is an established order, it ceases. If only one-half of one per cent. of the pictures at the Independent Show are worth while, the two exhibitions prove that there is more joy on earth over the one sinner who painteth than over the ninety and nine just men who don't.

The Independents have asked the state to put up a building for them. This is nonsense. The state would be a deadlier poison even than a jury. The present show of the Independents is to the extent of ninety per

cent. of no value or importance. The small minority are, however, the stirrings in the womb.

Thank Heaven, the thing is done. I descend from the cold, black marble chair. I lay aside the sharp horns of a stag. Dare I send this to the Editor? Why not? For when I consider how many disagreeable things I have said about the only people in the world to whom I look to make the world a joyful place, I comfort myself by assuring them that really I know nothing, have no right to the cold, unpleasant, marble seat of authority, and admit that this whole essay is nothing but a piece of preposterous impudence.



OLIVE GATHERERS

GARDNER HALE

## *Da Loria Norman--Illuminator*

### **D**A LORIA NORMAN— ILLUMINATOR BY ELIZABETH CRUMP ENDERS

"If there is truly an inspiration of intellect—and to this belief most readers of Shakespeare will give affirmation—it is the one quality, which above all others, distinguishes the work of the illuminator of manuscripts. However fine his technique, however great his art, it falls short of its purpose if it lacks the quality of inspiration which may be defined as 'the power of the spirit of God in the artist, which permits him to set forth Divine Truth by impressions on the human mind.'" So writes George H. Sargent concerning the remarkable illuminating work of da Loria Norman.

That an American woman, born in a small Western village, should have within her soul an indomitable desire—totally unstimulated by the inspiration of study—to illuminate, with the exquisite skill of the illuminators of the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, is an anachronism difficult to account for in this present day world.

To Mrs. Norman there is but one explanation. Her work is the direct result of a deep religious feeling; the outcome of personal suffering, ardent faith and pure inspiration. She has a present day message to give in an ancient form of expression—one so ancient that we find it incomparably perfected before the Fifteenth Century, and never surpassed since.

The quality of her illumination is unques-

tioned, her technique truly remarkable. During the last ten years Mrs. Norman has devoted sixteen hours a day to her work. No monk in ancient monastery could have laboured with more zeal or painstaking results.

Her first undertaking was a tiny volume

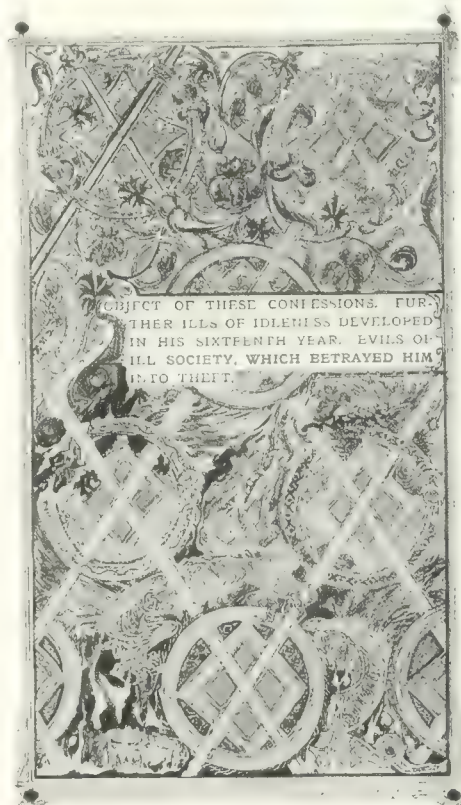
of her own essays, which, when completed measured but an inch and a half across and two inches in height. To the everyday reader, a magnifying glass is needed to decipher its text, although no glass was used by the artist in the making. The text, set off by wide margins, is in black letter, illuminated, and interspersed with full page decorations; and the miniature tome was bound by old Roger de Coverly.

After that followed others of more important dimensions. The Confessions of Saint Augustine, in two volumes, represented the work of some eight years. This extraordinary document was

done on Arnold's handmade paper, printed by the Chiswick Press and now belongs to the private collection of Mr. William H. Clark.

Then followed a commission by the New York Public Library. The Book of Ecclesiastes and The Song of Solomon, done on vellum and richly illuminated. The order was made possible by the Spencer Bequest, and Mrs. Norman has but just completed it. She has added a title page of her own with an introduction explanatory of the symbolism used.

In needle work of equally fine nature, which has been compared to the work of the



*Credit M. E. Hewitt*  
ILLUMINATION

DA LORIA NORMAN



sisters of Little Gidding, she is making a wonderfully harmonious cover. A part of this embroidery was exhibited in the Louvre and lay hidden beneath the sand bags during the war. Of finest Japanese silks and the smallest of seed pearls, her needle has wrought a symbolic picture comprising a binding both dignified and appropriate.

In speaking of her illumination, Mrs. Norman seems essentially imbued with the feeling that it is a supreme effort to escape material environment. She says that it is a culmination of emotions and senses forced from the realm of the subconscious—and by process of the starvation of understanding.

She declares: "If my work does not impress those seeking the sincere in art, with the impression of balance, harmony, restraint, breadth, vibration and tenderness; which tally with the same human qualities, it fails in its purpose or message."

A genuine difference, both in execution and in feeling, marks this modern illumination and the old missives of Europe.

In the old repetition of the designs and their historic bases we find no conscious element of an endless, eternal purport. Neither do we find them dealing so much with cosmic forces, as portraying the superficial conditions of the life of the times and the history of their individual peoples—albeit, contained in sane and measured design.

In Mrs. Norman's illumination, however, although undoubtedly connected with the tradition of the old, there is a totally differ-

ent underlying motive. Perhaps it is the first expression of its kind.

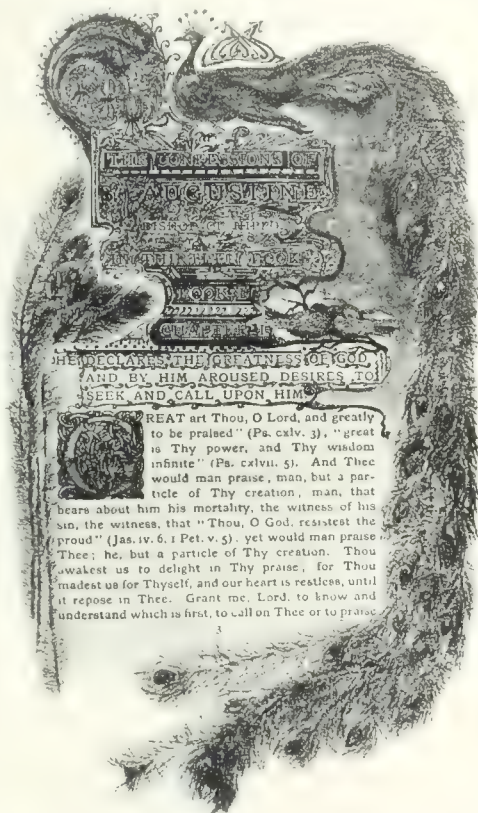
Behind her work there seems to be a force compelling a spontaneous design which hurls the great vital questions of the day into every page and border. The Why of humanity, the searching, restless seeking for the connection between the material and spiritual; and the endless flow of involuntary patterns has, to her mind, the order and harmony of a divine message striving to work through.

Even in her childhood, it was always the unusual that stood forth in her nature—with the result that her life never followed along the commonplace or expected paths.

In her early girlhood, she met with two serious accidents which made of her a complete cripple for a number of years. It was during that period of enforced restraint that she first dreamed her dreams. She even talked of her "angels," as have *visionées*.

However, these dreams did not materialize until many years later, for the years which followed childhood were given up entirely to music.

Another very strong influence which entered into her existence during this time, too, lay dormant; only to appear in later years in all its strength. While living in Belgium, she frequently visited the marvellous conservatories at Laacken and imbibed into her sensitive consciousness all the glory of the riotous colours. The lavenders and purples, particularly, burned themselves into her memory, and today we find them predominating in her church embroidery and illumination.



ILLUMINATION

DA LORIA NORMAN

## *The Marines of Paul Dougherty*

THE MARINES OF PAUL  
DOUGHERTY  
BY AMEEN RILLANI

If through the action of some unprecedented phenomenon the ocean waves should suddenly congeal, they would perhaps surprise the most experienced student of form. They might even upset the painter's most intimate conception of motion. Instead of a sea we might have a chemical laboratory or a field of stalagmites or a volcanic wilderness or anything, in fact, but "the deep blue ocean."

As it is, a wave is the most elusive thing in nature. Whether it creeps slowly, insidiously up the beach, or dashes suicidally against the rocks, or rolls on aimlessly in the vast deep, it is always, to the painter at least, a thing that was—never a thing that is. And yet, it defies the eternal; or rather in a state of eternal transition, it coquets with the creator of finite things. That is what the artist must really put up with, when he comes with his palette to the sea. That is what he must capture, moreover, and analyze and understand.

Nor can he do this solely with eye and brush. He must be a scientist in a way; he must have the scientist's habit of mind, his patience, his caution, his insight, his profound understanding. And he must have also a poet's imagination. Without this he may be able even to weigh and measure a wave, but he cannot get at the secret of its formation and drift. They will not pose, those swiftly vanishing things, not even in resuming a state of calm. The fact that they follow each other in eternal succession may serve the purpose of the camera, but not the palette. The artist must seek the individuality of type in the uniformity of group. He must have an intuition that goes beyond external forms into what may be called chemical formulas. His brush must be a diver for the secret pearls of form. Otherwise, what Carlyle said of a green field would be true of a marine canvas: one marine, all marines.

The truth is that in most of them we have but the representation of external forms; and in the best canvases there is what might

be considered as the triumph of the vocalizing process. But the inner configuration of a wave is suggested in neither the better nor the worse; it has not yet been discovered. When it is, the Japanese dragon may have to contend for artistic supremacy with the cubist monster; and freedom and grace of line may then give way to mathematical precision. Meanwhile, we must content ourselves with the appearance of the sea and its familiar vocalisms, accepting the workaday theory that all forms in a moving universe have the tendency to annihilate the angle.

Mr. Paul Dougherty accepts this theory with a reservation. For although his art is based upon the most obvious, which is often the most incomprehensible in this moving universe, there are flashes, particularly in his recent work, of a revolt against the reality that challenges our finite perceptions. For instead of finding it dead and cold in a trap—instead of cozening it with a trick of technique—he would lasso it in the open and shake the secret out of it. There is no fear, therefore, that he might be conspiring to bring about the Cubic State. On the contrary, he is engaged for the present in building a sea-wall against it—building with material from the very earth, with hands that know the significance of line and surface and depth, and with an eye for the solid and enduring rather than the unusual or fantastic.

His canvases do not surprise or alarm. They have the gesture and assurance of the familiar; they invite us to rest along the coast, and resting, we admire—and we wonder. If these waves were endowed with perception, for instance, would they recognize themselves in a canvas as one recognizes oneself in a mirror? If so, would they not, like some of us who tire of a definite outline, a circumscription more often intellectual than physical, turn in a pique from the mirror to the moon? Who, among artists and critics, can answer the question? We can analyze a chemical process independent of any extra-terrestrial influences; but can we analyze a colour process independent of sunlight or its reflections? The

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intellect, however powerful, must balk. Mr. Dougherty knows this. But he recognizes its resources and utilizes them to advantage. His impressions are sometimes the titles and sometimes the notes to his conception. And often they are but aids to the memory. He goes far for his material and his data, in which sense he is a scientist. He delves deep into the unifying principle of things, in which sense he is a philosopher. And in catching the note of harmony in both, he proves himself a kindred of the poet.

It is difficult, in speaking of a marine painter, to avoid the one towering American genius in the field; but there is no doubt that the mantle of Winslow Homer has fallen upon Paul Dougherty. Does it fit? Does it trail? Does it inspire respect? I can answer the last question in the affirmative. I can also say that Mr. Dougherty is too much of a gentleman and a sage to depend wholly upon another's property. To be sure, he has a wardrobe of his own, though it is not—let us be thankful—of the latest fashion.

His views on art are as sane and sound as his method and technique. He has not the vision of a prophet, nor the eccentricity of an ordinary painter, nor the daring of an imposter. His Ego, I take it, is not synonymous with the Cosmos. It comes too frequently in contact with the sea to be that. He is a believer in the real, the genuine, the enduring; he builds, in other words, upon what we still recognize as the eternal verities; and he looks up always to the cosmic law of order, which is forever old and new. His work, therefore, reflects his mind; there is reality in it, but not realism. His intellectual process often produces an emotional effect, even like a scientist with a vision, who thrills us with a description of some of the exquisite marvels of nature. The name of Tyndall, in this sense, has more than once come to my mind.

Mr. Dougherty showed me a number of his artist-sketches—his working data—which reminded me of a fascinating account I had once read of a sea expedition by Tyndall. His description of the water specimens taken from various depth and parts of the ocean, though thoroughly scientific, has a

delightfully poetic flavour. It shows a deep appreciation of the variety of sea tones and subtle shades that these rapid sketches reveal. But an artist must get away from the sea at times that he may better appreciate its grandeur and its terror. In so doing, Paul Dougherty brings with him snatches of its epic dirge, specimens of its various moods, rare and bizarre things of its own making; and on these, like the man of science with his collected specimens and notes, he builds his subject.

What a variety of impressions as well as facts those sketches reveal! Rocks of dazzling structure, of bewildering hues,—rocks that look like rotten fruit, others that look like jewels,—rocks that have fallen from the stars, others that have been swept out of the depths of the sea,—rocks half-buried like a sphinx in the sands, others that have risen in granite strata from the bowls of the earth—iron-eaten, moss-covered, rose-tinted, variegated rocks, the artist takes note of them all in their isolation as well as their relation to the surf and under the action of the waves. He also succeeds in registering a few lively impressions of those coquetting and fleeting waves. Here is a dragon-like effect of a rising billow, the claws shining through the mist, the fangs half-hidden in the foam. There is an interpretation of the resurging mood, a snap-shot of the suicidal leap against the rocks, a poetic suggestion of the sea's untiring passion for the beach. It must be fascinating to reconstruct from such data and such impressions a work of art that is as vital and impressive as the work of nature.

But the richness of his material sometimes proves fatal. He himself deplores the craze among modern artists, created by Monet, of painting light effects. They niggle with sunlight as the Hudson Valley painters niggled with foliage. But the niggling tendency in rocks and surf impressions is as bad as any other. Some of Mr. Dougherty's canvases are thus burdened and confused with the abundance that flows from his sketches; others bear the stamp of a frugal and sagacious treatment. In other words, he is mastered by his data in



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*Coast of Maine*, for example, where in *Coast* he is the master of them. In the latter canvas is an epitome of the static and dynamic forces of the earth. The sable cliff is slightly bent down against an angry sea, which rises in a sweeping majestic gesture only to fall dissipated at its feet. And the striking expression in roiled greens illustrating one force of nature breaking itself upon another, is emphasized with nervous dabs of yellow on the one hand and a relaxation of the brush on the other. The result is a telling stroke of technique, an achievement of power.

Another notable canvas done in his early manner, is *Coast of Maine*. Its atmospheric qualities are almost audible; its waves, caught in that brief moment when they stop, as it were, to take breath, are the nearest approach to those water forms that for a brief moment seem to defy the passing

wind. In *Rock and Surf* the rocks reflect in contour and complexion the vital energy of the earth and the variable temper of the sea. They are articulate and real. They can not be mistaken for congealed foam or waves in a state of arrested growth. I have seen marine canvases in which the rocks look like the fruits of Sodom, beautiful to behold, but without substance. A gust of wind, you would think, would sweep them away. The artists, in an effort to give them what is called texture, forgot even to bolster them up with a real rock or two—"I come like water and like wind I go." Others have I seen that recalled the shambles; the rocks in them reeked with blood-like tones,—chunks of beef fresh from the slaughter house—denied even the decency of cold storage! The unreality is ludicrous, grotesque. But in Paul Dougherty's canvases the rocks are not toys for the waves to play



ONRUSH

PAUL DOUGHERTY

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ST. JEAN DE LUZ

PAUL DOUGHERTY

with or figments of abortive fancy, but solidities rising from the earth or from the sea.

Here again we meet with Winslow Homer. I am not making any effort to save Dougherty from the encounter, because I feel that he is enough himself to withstand, or emerge from, any shadow. But Homer's *Coast in Winter* must have suggested the model at least to Dougherty's *Coast of Maine*. I am not of those who can recognize at a glance in a landscape or a marine a particular locality or a certain strip of coast. Nor have I any ambition for proficiency in such matters. I don't believe, moreover, that a canvas should emphasize the identity of a place, unless it is made the key to a general conception—a generalization. The principal thing in nature is not the material, but the plan. And often the material, as in a Cézanne or a Van Gogh, is submerged in the plan or made subservient to it.

Now, I have never been to the coast of Maine. But, regarding the identity of the scene in question, here are two witnesses who corroborate each other on canvas. A certain rock, to a fisherman of the locality, may not be in a certain place. But what does it matter? He will surely find it somewhere else, if he has the patience and the eye of the artist. So far has Mr. Dougherty gone, even like his predecessor, in the conception and execution of a plan. To be sure, they both sought their material in a scientific spirit, constructed it in a logical manner, distributed it with an even hand. But it can not be said that either of them has achieved a full mastery of the summary process.

On the other hand, a keen sense of values imparts to Dougherty's work a compensating quality of feeling and depth. In *Quiet Waters*, for instance, the slate-coloured, moss-tinted rocks, at whose base is a thin ribbon of foam, serve well to com-

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pose the sombre harmonies in a moody sky and a brooding sea. Likewise in *Light on the Water*, the colour vibrations are equally sympathetic in their subtle and emphatic expressions. The gleaming purple of the sky and the turbid yellow of the stagnant water are brought together in a vigorous note of blue that seems to assert the dormant but dominant nature of the sea.

In the two last canvases mentioned Mr. Dougherty was preparing, I presume, for a departure. Every artist must turn his back, it seems, at one time or another, upon his own creations—must depart from them. Some do it gently, others abruptly, and still others in an estranged, irreconcilable manner. Paul Dougherty is one of those who never break wholly with their past; and though there be periods in his career that indicate one or more departures, he would

go his way on a sort of sentimental journey with one eye ever on the last object of his affection and the other on the object of his quest.

And this we now find in *St. Jean de Luz*, his last exhibited canvas, which is done in a different manner, a finer, more subtle style. For although the composition, simple and direct, takes in a very familiar, almost common strip of coast, the treatment lifts it to a place of distinction, invests it with a poetic charm, a depth of feeling, a harmony of soft and glowing tones that blend the mountains with the sea and sky. Those mountains in particular should attract even the sirens. In this canvas Paul Dougherty has struck a deep poetic note—I am tempted to say, spiritual—which should add considerably to his reputation and his art.



*Courtesy of Arthur Harlowe*

AN AISLE  
OF THE SEA

PASTEL  
BY PAUL DOUGHERTY



## *The Modern Merlin and His Palette Recipes*

### THE MODERN MERLIN AND HIS PALETTE RECIPES BY JOHN WINSTANLEY

*"Jane Jones, she honestly says it is so:*

*Maybe it is: I dunno.*

*Of course, what was allus ahinderin me,  
I ain't never had any lightnin' or key."*

Maybe it allus was: we dunno; but, at least, it was in the good old mediaeval days, which is enough and to spare for the purpose.

If you had lived then, and had wanted to know anything or do anything; and if you were a knight or a lady, you would have hied yourself to a man with a book; the Magician Merlin, if you could find him, or any of his numerous clan, if you couldn't; and he would have looked in his book and given you a formula. Or, if you were just trash, you would have gone to some granny without a book, and she would have whispered a formula into your ear—one equally efficacious no doubt. Then if you failed to get what you wanted, the fault was entirely in the application you made of the method.

But if, in that age, you had been neither noble nor a commoner, but an artist, casting longing eyes upon a blank purse and a blank space on the wall of this or that church or palace, and scheming for a pull with the Grand Duke, you need not have hunted up either magician or granny, all you would have had to do would be to sit tight in your studio until some mysterious wight crept in with the evening shadows and, for a slight consideration, imparted to you the "The Secret of Tintoretto" Giorgione, Da Vinci, or anyone who happened to be the then artistic luminary. Once you knew the "secret," why there was just nothing to it; the Duke fell for you, and the wall space and a peck or so of double ducats fell to you. A-lack a-day! After a while the Dukes died off, the trash got all the ducats, the magician traded his book for a *Materia Medica* or a *Physics*, the chap with the secret of Tintoretto made pseudo-science of it, got it printed, opened a school to teach it, or otherwise exploited it, and—we arrived at modern times.

All of which is intended to convey that,

whereas, the ancient world has maybe improved a bit—we dunno—paint methods have remained mysterious; demanding faith. We do not speak of them as mysteries: we call them science, printed or whispered; a scientific palette. Once we have obtained a palette together with directions for the application of it, we need little else to become the peer of any master we please. We have the utmost confidence in method; are convinced that the attainment of great art is merely a more or less complicated calculation requiring certain progressive steps of a given formula, the use of which brings one without error or hesitation to a happy conclusion. Schools teaching various methods of palette procedure dot the land; chairs of method are endowed in colleges; treatises on method crowd the shelves of book shops, and even are there devised various mechanical contraptions and impediment embodying systems; kinds of palette-amulets, the use of which makes anyone a painter. Beside such manifestations, but opposed to endowments, is whispered science: traditional science, newly hatched, of Impressionism, Pointillism, Post-Impressionism; so our black paint is given to Tony to shine our shoes with; makers of women's what-you-may-call-'ems take our secondary colours and we will never, never see them any more. For all of us who take pride in ourselves scorn to use any but primaries.

But—Whistler, who begat palette system, said: "Art happens; no hovel is safe from it. No Prince may depend upon it, and the vastest intelligence cannot bring it about." According to him, art is a wilful jade, defying all analysis. All the strutting of man, whether he floats, flies, builds gigantic engines and talks across space with or without wires, does not impress her in the least. There is considerable contradiction here. A great, a very great artist says one thing, and endowed chairs say another thing. But the great artist was temperamental.

Your true scientific mind is not temperamental. After it has poured on the acid some thousand times in the State of New York, and repeated the experiment in Timbuctoo, noting uniform phenomena, it is al-

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most willing to admit that grounds exist for the anticipation of a like result in New Jersey. Consequently, if there is anything scientific about a palette recipe, it must be capable of a like consistency of result. Let us grant that it is; let us admit that it is possible so to select and combine certain tones on the palette, that by beginning with number three for the background and counting three to the left, plus the square of the sixth on the right, minus the logarithm of their sum divided by the co-sign of Cremenitz white, we can arrive at the middle distance; and that by another series of calculation we can attain the foreground, and even complete the work, including the frame. In short, let us admit everything.

But, making such concessions, it must also be evident that to have calculated such a result; to have devised the various degrees of colour-saturation for the various portions of the picture, some established law of effect must have been taken as a basis, and what law can there be but aerial perspective—the backbone of realism? We, therefore, have a work expressing primarily a Procrustean realism embodied in a fixed colour scheme. This is all very well, and science has its picture monotonously enabling—like a stencil—a lot of people to paint a picture who never could paint one otherwise; but, is it art? Where is personal preference: where Botticelli, Tintoret, Da Vinci, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Holbein, Hogarth, Whistler, Manet, Monet, Puvis and even Cézanne, et al?—nothing stencil-like about them, surely. And where is that Intense and Vivid Individuality so much prized and talked about continually?

Clearly, this is no great showing for Merlin's Palette. Pseudo-scientific colour seems to lack artistic substance. It possesses much of the odour demimonde, intriguing perhaps to certain noses, but smacking of commercialism, of something done by process and a two-foot rule. And yet the idea of the set Palette will not down; nay, more, is not its very conception attributed to the said contradictory great artist? So it must almost be suspected that the modern mysterious wight (Dame Rumour, if wights are

ladies) purveying the master's secret, was actuated by some kind of basic fact. Because someone had devised a kind of painting evolution practice, he, she or it, on beholding it, jumped to the conclusion that it was the life secret of Art. But the story of Her life is no tale of Pigment; of whether this or that colour is used or not used. She can get on very well without any colours at all and has been known to do in stone, in certain Mediterranean countries, and on copper plates in a good many countries: therefore, we can be sure that, if a Palette system is of any value at all, it must be of a piece with "what has gone before." "Hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon and broidered on the fans of Hokusai." Obviously there is only one quality which can meet this requirement: rhythm, unity, repetition—the binding of the whole by a unit of measure common to each part. Now, all this being considered, it would seem that our only logical palette system must be one producing rhythm, or, it must rather be a system to safeguard us against those confusing influences, which have multiplied with the addition of each separate colour.

Modern palettes then, represent so many attempts to tune an instrument grown so gigantic that beside it those of a few past centuries seemed like the pictured harp of Erin: efforts to put into it some binding quality, so that it may not play haphazard and out of key. For such a polyglot there must be found some unit of measurement, some basis of rhythm. And where can such be sought save in colour itself?

Now, colour has two separate qualities; its value as light or dark (tone) and its value as colour (hue); a colour may be a light red or a dark red and it may be a yellow red or a bluish red, or it may be one of each together.

Our unit of measure then is both tone and colour: the first the basis of light envelopment; the second that of colour envelopment: in the former a given light intensity pervades throughout; in the latter a given hue. Chevreul, than whom none better qualified ever wrote on colour harmony, gives an excellent example of envelopment

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of hue. He says that it is as though one viewed various colours through a slightly tinted glass, a supposition which is no actual supposition at all, for it is precisely under such conditions that all colour in nature is revealed to us. Although our eyes quickly accommodate themselves to a desired focus, we are not constantly conscious of the complete effect. In itself, this inability to retain a general impression, to say nothing of any predesired colour envelopment, would suggest our taking advantage of every possible means to guard against mistakes, for merely to place upon a palette of chance colour, various unrelated pigments, purchased haphazard here and there, is but courting misfortune, were we attempting no more than to copy the scene before us; and it is even more serious when wishing to express any preselection, if not outright evidence of the lack of any selection whatever. In order to overcome this condition, some attempt must be made to prepare our colour envelopment (and tone too, as we shall see) in advance, which in turn resolves itself into tincturing the entire palette with the desired hue. For example, let us suppose the hue selected to be yellow—because of sunlight the commonest distinct envelopment encountered. A simple palette of yellow, orange, red, green, blue and purple, if yellow is added will result as follows: greater intensity of yellow, yellow orange, yellow red or even orange, yellowish green, greenish blue and red purple; while a blue envelopment would consist of yellowish green, red, purple or purpleish red, blue green, intense blue, blue purple.

In much a similar way can we conceive tone. Let us return to the pane of glass. Let us imagine it, not now coloured but shaded; making things look darker—or lighter, if we can fancy it; pulling extremes together, taking the curse out of blatancy; a light unit; common measure of all the shades; note of repetition forming a rhythm.

It is the individual manner of solving these problems, which has given rise to so many apparently unrelated palettes. For each painter there is some favourite tone and favourite hue. One prefers a low tone, another a high; one desires a yellowish envel-

opment, another bluish; choices which lead to deviation from the time of the very purchase of the pigment and which, naturally, alter the entire problem. Seldom, if ever, can one painter feel at home with the palette of another. Generally he cannot use it at all, not finding upon it the notes necessary to him, so each one has perforce to work out his own salvation. Of course, the ideal method would be to mix the colours in advance, adding the desired hue envelopment to each; tube them and set the palette with them, but not only would this entail many tubes, representing considerable labour, but further, there would be required various tones for each hue, so that in the end the tubes would become innumerable and the effort appalling; therefore, some compromise must of necessity be made; some short-cut devised which, with proper handling, will produce the result. As both tone and colour begin at the studio door, it is advisable to simulate a natural envelopment in the studio, avoiding in its decoration and furnishings all harsh contrasts, as everything within our sight affects our conception of the canvas, and in studios furnished with a heterogeneous collection of objects, glittering and thrusting themselves forward—such as were wont to be affected by the ultra-fashionable painter—it is impossible to judge either colour or tone correctly. But in selecting an environment the most important considerations are the canvas and the palette itself, both of which require preparation. Broadly speaking, there are three classes of picture tones, low, medium and high, representing the corresponding envelopment, and as the tone of the palette is the dominant factor in any tone mixed upon it, it is desirable that it be as near the selected envelopment as possible. To attempt a dark picture upon a light palette, or vice versa, is but to put hurdles in the path, while a false note upon a properly toned palette is but so much easier of detection.

Given the proper surroundings and palette we may then proceed to impregnate our colours with the required tone and hue in any manner which seems advisable. If the required palette is low in tone we can be



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careful to set it only with those pigments whose tone falls approximately within the desired scale and hue; as, for example, for a low toned yellow envelopment, yellow ochre, raw sienna, Venetian red, English vermilion, terra vert, raw umber, Cobalt blue and Prussian or any other greenish blue. However, for general use such a palette would perhaps be found too limited. Besides, were the desired key high, it would be well nigh impossible to find the proper assortment of colours in any list (saving, of course, pastels) so that preparation of the pigments becomes absolutely essential. The most thorough way to accomplish this is probably to impregnate the colour with the desired hue and tone (previously mixed) at each setting of the palette, care being taken to approximate samples previously prepared. In cases where colours can be obtained nearly within the tone scale, and the palette used is adaptable to the desired tone, (say for the darkest tones a palette of varnished black) it may only be necessary to impregnate with the requisite hue. In experienced hands this method can be still further shortened by placing the previously mixed hue upon the palette as an additional colour and adding it to each mixture as made. But though such a practice would be found adequate, it would require watching being somewhat inclined to take the bit in its teeth.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the following is the most famous of the palette methods, but one which, while repaying study, will be equally efficacious in taking vengeance upon any facetious tyro seeking to capitalize it. Though, in its originator's hands, responsible for some of the world's greatest works, it could just as easily be responsible for some of its most picturesque, artistic ruins, were any shallow "adapter" to trifle with it. As given, it is absolutely authentic, though epitomized.

"... However, cut short it is 'no whites or blacks in nature.' So as to stay between them he used his method. The palette was set as follows, beginning at the right: black, Indian red, Venetian red, vermillion, white, yellow ochre, raw sienna, burnt sienna, raw

umber, Cobalt blue and mineral blue.

"Across the palette he drew three lines of black, forming three spaces. In the first, that to the left, he put the back-ground colour, graded from lightest to darkest, toward the black line at left. In the second, or middle space, he put the colours of the sitter's clothes, graded as before, and in the third, or right hand space, the flesh tones, similarly graded; always toward the black line at left.

"In mixing the colours, the lightest colour in the subject, always much lower in tone than white, (constantly standing outside, you see, looking through the window always) was mixed first. Usually this was the flesh; then the next darkest, et cetera.

"He never put a stroke on the canvas until his entire colour scheme was on the palette, and he never worked on one particular spot to the exclusion of the rest. It was all kept going together."

This was the Whistler palette and method; essentially one of tone; insurance against miscalculation and the highest possible barrier against vulgarity. Only seriousness permitted in the studio; monocle discarded for spectacles; drawling and dawdling changed for precise speech and intense action, and butterfly put outside to hobnob during working hours with the cat.

And there you have it: and much good may it do you, oh reader. As a rule nothing is more dangerous than a palette recipe. Only they who have understanding and are gifted with a sense of tone and colour may utilize it with impunity.

Help, a little guarding, a kind of crutch to lean upon is all that any method can offer us: a something a little better than our best brush, and perhaps even equalling the light at our favourite painting hour, but no substitute for trained faculties; for artistic insight, selection, sense of rhythm and experience; no open sesame, but merely a lever to the hand of imprisoned genius, fettered within itself and in need of implements solely for freedom's sake.

*Jane Jones, she honestly says it is so.*

*Maybe it is; I dunno.*

At any rate, here is the "lightnin" and key.

## *A Painter in a Steel Mill*

**A** PAINTER IN A STEEL MILL.  
A LETTER FROM GERRIT  
BENEKER.

(Mr. Beneker is an employee of the Hydraulic Steel Company of Cleveland, Ohio. The following is in reply to a letter of mine, expressing interest.—*Editor.*)

You wish to know how the men take me and my work—whether they welcome me or oppose me. You would imagine that they were a bit shy at first.

When I first went through the Plant at Hydraulic I was introduced to several workmen operating machines, and each time that I clasped a greasy hand I received the impression of sincere fellow feeling. The inspiration came to me at once—which shows how an artist's inspiration must come from without. Here was the opportunity to get away from illustration and put over the kind of a picture that an art museum would take as art. All that I wanted to do now was to paint a portrait of some workman, the title of which would be, "My hands are black but my heart is Hydraulic." If this were to be used in a nation wide way it would be, "My hands are black, but my heart is American."

In picking out a subject to paint the consensus of opinion seemed to be that I should paint a fellow named Peggy Hirsch. Peggy's boss says he is the best truck driver in Cleveland. We went over to the garage where we found Peggy underneath a truck, softly swearing to himself. A little old man came in the door for some grease. Peggy thrust his neck out between the wheels and began damning him up and down, but finally crawled out from underneath the truck and got the grease for the old man, and then leading him to the door gave him a shove, hurling epithets after him to the effect that if he ever came in again he would knock his "damn block off."

As Peggy turned toward me I was introduced to him, and I received a really black hand clasp.

"Peggy," says I, "I want to paint you."

"Not by a damn sight," he says, "I am black enough."

"But I wish to paint only a picture of you"—at which he went back underneath the truck.

I asked him to be at my studio beside the factory chimney the next morning at nine o'clock. The next morning there was no Peggy. He had taken a truck and driven away for the day. The following morning, by arrangement, I met him in the employment manager's office. Placing my hand upon his shoulder as he sat there nervously twisting his hat and wondering what was going to happen to him, I said "Peggy, do you realize what it means when all the fellows around here pick you out for the first man to have his face on this magazine? Don't you consider it an honour to be chosen as the first man?"

He replied, "What have I got to do?"

I said, "All you have to do is to sit still while I paint a picture of you."

"All right," says he, "I will come up."

So he came to my studio and sat there like a bump on a log for the matter of a half hour or so, while I blocked in the proportions and values of the picture I wished to make.

"How long have I got to sit here," he exclaimed.

I replied that I had only just begun.

"Well, I got to get back and fix that truck," he replied.

"Oh, no you don't" says I. "Don't you know that I have the right to haul any man off the job long enough to paint him?"

"Who in hell gave you those orders," he says.

When I told him that they came from the vice-president, who happened to be his personal friend, he says, "Oh, if Doc says so it must be all right."

So he continued to sit motionless, tobacco juice drizzling from his mouth, until I came to the place where I wanted some expression. I told him a funny story. He laughed. I asked him if it hurt. He laughed some more, and he kept on laughing and we became really friendly. Then he became interested.

"Say," says he, "can I see what you are doing?"



PEGGY HIRSH.  
"MY HANDS ARE BLACK,  
BUT MY HEART IS HYDRAULIC."

FROM THE  
PAINTING BY  
GERRIT A. BENEKER



## *A Painter in a Steel Mill*

"Sure," says I, "come around."

Never shall I forget the expression which he uttered when he saw the likeness of himself—"Well I'll be . . . d..n if it don't look like me" he exclaimed.

Now I could not drive him away. He kept returning for several days after the picture was finished with groups of workmen to see this remarkable likeness of himself. One may well imagine how he felt, and how the rest of the fellows took it when this picture came out on the cover of the magazine which goes to each workman, with the caption below it—"Peggy Hirsch — My hands are black, but my heart is hydraulic." On the inside cover I wrote a little editorial on "The Black Hand," starting in to the effect that time was when the black hand stood for destruction, but to-day it stands for construction. The rest of the remarks were introductory to the coming of an artist into their lives.

It was only a question of two or three issues of the magazine when the fellows would call to me as I passed through the Plant, "Hey, Ben, when are you going to paint me," or "Who is the next fellow on the cover?"

While painting an operation called "welding" a group of workmen to the number of twenty or more were constantly behind me, watching the picture grow, stealing away a moment from their jobs now and then. It was their job, why should they not be interested in it, the same as we stand at the edge of an excavation to watch men work?

Out of that gang of workmen came a tap at my shoulder and a young Hungarian remarked, "I am an artist, too." Later in the day he asked me if I would come to his home for dinner, to which I assented gladly. After the dinner, which was a truly Hungarian affair, as we puffed at our cigars, he said, "Mr. Beneker, when I see you painting in the shop I come home to my wife and I cry."

"Why do you cry," I asked.

"Because," said he, "I know what you are doing; you are talking to men in their own language, the universal language of pictures."

How do they take it—you ask? While

painting in the Open Hearth Plant of our Canton Sheet Steel Company, again a group of "wops" and "hunkeys" watched me paint. Over on the end stood Dave, a Croatian foreman of the gas producer, the coal dust besmudging his sweaty, sullen face. "Do you know who is the smartest man in the world?" he remarked. I kept on painting. "That artist over there." Then I looked up, wondering what Dave was going to put over on me, but kept on painting lest he should not spring it. "Dat feller," he remarked, "is painting God without seeing him." Did anybody else get it? I knew what Dave meant—that God was in the molten steel and in each man's face. "Where did you get that, Dave?" I asked. "Dat," says he, "I knowed dat in the old country, long before I came over here. Just look through that factory," he exclaimed, "Men made all that, but they can't make a man, God makes man."

What do the men say?—besides being eager to pose they stand around while I paint them at their work and ask me if I draw those wheels with a free hand or whether I need a compass. When a picture appears on the cover we see them comparing the picture to the real thing in the factory. Their interest is in seeing if each detail is correct, but the thought expressed on the inside cover helps them to visualize, to understand, what it is all about.

In New York to-day Joe Davidson has an exhibition of portrait busts of the victorious heroes of the allies, and it is well that the likenesses of these men should be recorded in bronze and in paint for all time, but this is possible only because of the men that I paint, for victory and victors were impossible without the workingmen who forged the shells—and in this particular plant where my studio stands beside the factory chimney, men forged nineteen million shells for the war.

Besides being an artist I am a member of our Industrial Relations Advisory Board, for the reason that no man can sit before me for a period of three hours or more without telling me what is upon his mind. Time and again I have been able to help him and to help management, also.



MEN ARE SQUARE

GERRIT A. BENEKER

## Book Reviews

### BOOK REVIEWS

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DRESS. LIFE EXPRESSED IN CLOTHES. By Frank Alvah Parsons. Doubleday Page & Company.

OLD WORLD LACE. A GUIDE FOR THE LACE LOVER. By Clara M. Blum. E. P. Dutton & Company.

"Virtue itself is disagreeable in a sloven; and that lady who takes no care of herself will find nobody to take care of her." Thus the "Ladies' Library" in 1739. And thus, too, the milliner's philosophy throughout the ages. But on this pious foundation what an edifice has been erected. I open Mr. Parsons' book on page 92 and read, "Lucrezia Borgia often spent the entire day at her toilet, that she might surely outshine any of her competitors when they assembled for their amusement." And reading on I learn of Gabrielle D'Estrées, mistress of Henry IV, "that her dress at court was so loaded with gold, silver and precious stones that it was absolutely impossible for her to move about at all in full dress and almost impossible for her to stand up." And what of Henry's Queen? Here are some articles of attire chosen from "a host of carved chests" kept "in numberless small rooms set aside for that purpose": "A chemise of linen damasked with gold and red silk . . . silk stockings, carnation yellow or blue . . . A petticoat of slashed violet satin . . . Still wearing the high canvas night-cap in which she slept, the Queen put on a dressing-jacket, and thus apparelled in petticoat and night-cap, gave audience to the people of her household . . . The choice of the day's dress was an important question . . . A dress of cloth of gold on a ground of columbine and with a long train . . . Her jewels. Her gold bracelets, studded with seventy-two small diamonds . . . Her earrings, two great diamonds surrounded by lesser brilliants . . . Her gold watch, valued at two thousand one hundred *livres* . . . Her rosary of enameled gold, embellished with diamonds, a trifle worth nine thousand six hundred *livres*. And, thus adorned, the Queen must yet perfume herself."

Of cosmetics *we* have much to learn even in this thick-painted age of ours. What do we know of magically charmed lotions? Who

now thinks of the possibilities of "a liquid obtained from the distillation of a whole dove with its feathers on"? Or a slice of raw veal, soaked in fresh milk, and applied to the cheeks at night?

And at the other extreme we have the Platonic costume, unfortunately not described, but "following the theory that the soul should be clothed instead of the body—that is, he (Plato) affirmed a relation between the colour, form and texture and the soul quality, or the quality of personality." Which is much the same as the theory which Oscar Wilde propounded on the same theme, doubtless with different results.

At length we come to the eighteenth century, which was *man's* day. A detailed list of thirty articles of clothing necessary to a young blood of Venice in 1751 includes coats, breeches, shirts (to be changed ever day), silk stockings, belt pendants of gold, steel sword mounted in gold, black shoes, perique, collars (changed twice a day), plain English hat, two white handkerchiefs, ("one for paring fruit, the other to serve the Lady when she takes a sherbet, coffee or chocolate") and two other handkerchiefs for the nose (of tree bark), "silk sponges for wiping off the perspiration," "candied fruits in a gilded box, a stand mounted in gold with perfumed spirits in the latest mode," and "a box with assafoetida, which will serve for the lady if she suffers a hysterical attack."

But perhaps the following rounds off man's attire as well as anything. In England "every man of fashion carried a tiny muff in winter."

I recommend Mr. Parsons' book to the dictators of fashion. They will find much of value. Commercial value, too, no doubt. Measured with the past we are very Puritans. And we thought ourselves such dogs.

Clara Blum's little book on lace is full of interest and beautifully illustrated. It covers the lace of Italy, France, Spain, England and Ireland.

Also received:

THE ARTS IN EARLY ENGLAND. By G. Baldwin Brown. Rothwell Cross, Bewcastle Cross, Lindisfarne M. S. With philological Chapters by A. Blyth Webster. E. P. Dutton & Company.





MICHELANGELO  
CASTS ON EXHI-  
BITION AT THE  
METROPOLITAN  
MUSEUM

"WELDING"  
FROM THE  
PAINTING BY  
GERRIT  
BENEKER

# The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

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MAY, 1921.

## *Her Vagaries*

**T**RULY there is no depending on Her. A child, fourteen years of age, fills two large galleries with drawings and paintings which are the delight of the collector and the despair of the professional artist. A silver Chalice, a foot in height, when cleaned of the corrosion of two thousand years, presents to the world a group of apostolic portraits unique in the history of art. A Bean, one inch long discovered in Mexico after twenty-five years of oblivion, displays a carving by an unknown prisoner which moves a prelate to exclaim that it is the most satisfying portrayal of Christ's face that the world has ever known.

What law governs the creation of works such as these? Or is art above the law? Has She no laws of Her own? Or may She snap Her fingers at them at will?

Pamela Bianco was discussed two years ago (July 1919) in these pages. There is little further to add. She has gained in precision yet has lost nothing of her freshness. She is a child still, with a child's delight in the game of drawing. She never speaks of art. It is nothing to her that She holds a pencil Japanese-fashion or sees life with the eyes of a post impressionist. These things just are. May they continue so.

Whether the Chalice of the Bean presents the more satisfying portrait of Christ is an open question. It seems impossible that

any portrait should do justice to every side of Christ's nature. The claim which the Chalice puts forward is one of authenticity. It dates from the first century A. D. Perhaps this unknown sculptor knew the apostles, perhaps even knew the Master.

In viewing a work such as the *Christus de Profundis*, the name given to the Mexican Bean, it is difficult to distinguish between the awe that is born of reverence, the admiration that is born of wonder and that undefinable emotion that only beauty gives. Probably the first two predominate, and the manner of presentation tends to make the third, which is slower of birth, difficult.

But it seems unlikely that the *Christus de Profundis* will have to base its claim on its own beauty. Its obscure origin and sacred subject seem to mark it out for a relic.

There is no objection to this, except in so far as the process tends to confuse an already confused public as to the nature of art. But against the proposal to build a Cathedral in its honour energetic protest is necessary. The history of architecture seems to show that only when a building grows out of a need is beauty achieved. The greatest works of architecture have been usually the most practical. Now obviously a bean, one inch in length, does not need a Cathedral to house it, any more than a needle needs a haystack. The Cathedral, instead of displaying the bean, will only bury it.

## *Her Vagaries*



*Courtesy Dudensing Gallery*

FIRE LEAVES

VICTOR CHARRETON

But there is an objection still more cogent and this brings me back to the title, *Her Vagaries*. Art is not a logical person. She is coy. Out of a Mexican prison She picks a dried bean and fashions therefrom a thing of beauty. Our granite and marble, our gold and silver and precious stones She may not even deign to look at.

Victor Charreton is a colourist. Not a great colourist by any means, but one of sufficient distinction and originality to merit some study. There are many different ways of employing colour. There is Monet's way of permeating the atmosphere with colour, Whistler's way of blending form and colour into a "harmony," or Prendergast's way, which is the method of the tapestry weaver employing his colour to form a pattern. Charreton is like none of these. In essence decorative, his decoration is not the

decoration of the weaver. His aim is to paint nature, and his colour he draws out of nature, out of the tree trunk, the leaf, the grass. He subjects nature to a kind of chemical process, which shall bring out not only the colour that is seen, but the colour that is latent. He is concerned with potentiality.

In Charreton's best work there is undeniable beauty. His landscapes intrigue. They draw the eye back into the depths of the picture. Something is happening.

Charreton has a feeling for texture, for the charm of old houses, for the beauty of stone. He is never dull. Occasionally he will make to throw aside restraint and the result will be a riot of colour. He can be simple. An apple tree in bloom will serve him for a canvas.

But with all these gifts Charreton lacks the one quality that we moderns demand above all others—body. Perhaps we lay too much stress



## *Her Vagaries*



Courtesy Milch Gallery

SUPPER AT EMMAUS

GARI MELCHERS

on this. Perhaps, too, Charreton will one day (he is still young) turn from his colour-seeking to another and more vital search. *Attendons.*

Gari Melchers has returned to his true vocation, the painting of great canvases. That this is his vocation is abundantly proved at every exhibition where his work is seen. For Gari Melchers is not a little man and he has none of the arts and graces that endear the lesser man even in his lightest moods. Melchers' light moments are painful moments for the beholder. Humour he has none. His taste is not impeccable. Only a certain forthrightness of craftsmanship remains to testify that Gari Melchers did this thing.

So it is that people, wearied by Melchers' Landscapes and Wallpapers, forget the painter of *The Last Supper* and turn away shrugging their shoulders.

Melchers is a humanist. He can only work at his finest when his deepest nature is moved. Then he gathers all his gifts, and all his intensity and paints. Landscape interests him, but as a problem to be solved. Only Man touches him, Man in his relation to *God*, and woman in her relation to her children. His two pastels of a woman nursing her baby are exquisite. Look at the hand that holds the child. That is a poem in itself.

And the *Supper at Emmaus*. Try to forget the Christ. The perfect Christ in flesh and

## *Her Tugaries*



*Courtesy Grant Kingore*

E. N. CHIRIKOV

ILYA REPIN

blood does not exist. But Christ is there in the faces of the apostles, of the maid. It is right that it should be so. The real man is seen not in his own person which dies and the image is lost, but in those who are around him. That is immortality.

I wonder how many visitors to the Kingore Galleries this month realized the relation that those fragments, magnificent as they are, bear to the great work of Ilya Repin, and the relation that that work bears to the art of Russia. Sixteen paintings, twenty-five draw-

ings done in friendship as the visitor pleased him. Work done in the evening of his days, when time has swept past him and he has already taken his place in history. Dr. Christian Brinton's introduction reprinted on page 10 of the advertising section, tells better than I can what that history was.

For Repin was the father of Russian Nationalism in painting, as Moussorgsky in music, and a greater than Moussorgsky in his own house. What has here been seen gives only a hint of the great canvases that hang in

## *Her Vagaries*



ALEXANDER FYODOROVICH KERENSKY

ILYA REPIN

the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow and the Alexander III Museum in Petrograd. Passages in *The Attack With the Red Cross Nurse* suggests his power of realizing the crowd. *The Black Sea-Pirates* suggests his mastery of composition, the *Tolstoy* and the *Kerensky* hint at the power of his portraiture.

Fragments, but out of fragments one may sometimes reconstruct the whole.

**Much** has been written about the Independent Show, in praise and utter condemnation, but one purpose it fulfills. It sharpens the critical faculties. It is no very difficult matter to pick out from a roomful of carefully picked, well-framed and artistically hung pictures the gem, if any is to be found. The jury has already eliminated all the dark horses.

But in an exhibition such as that of the In-





SUMMER-TIME

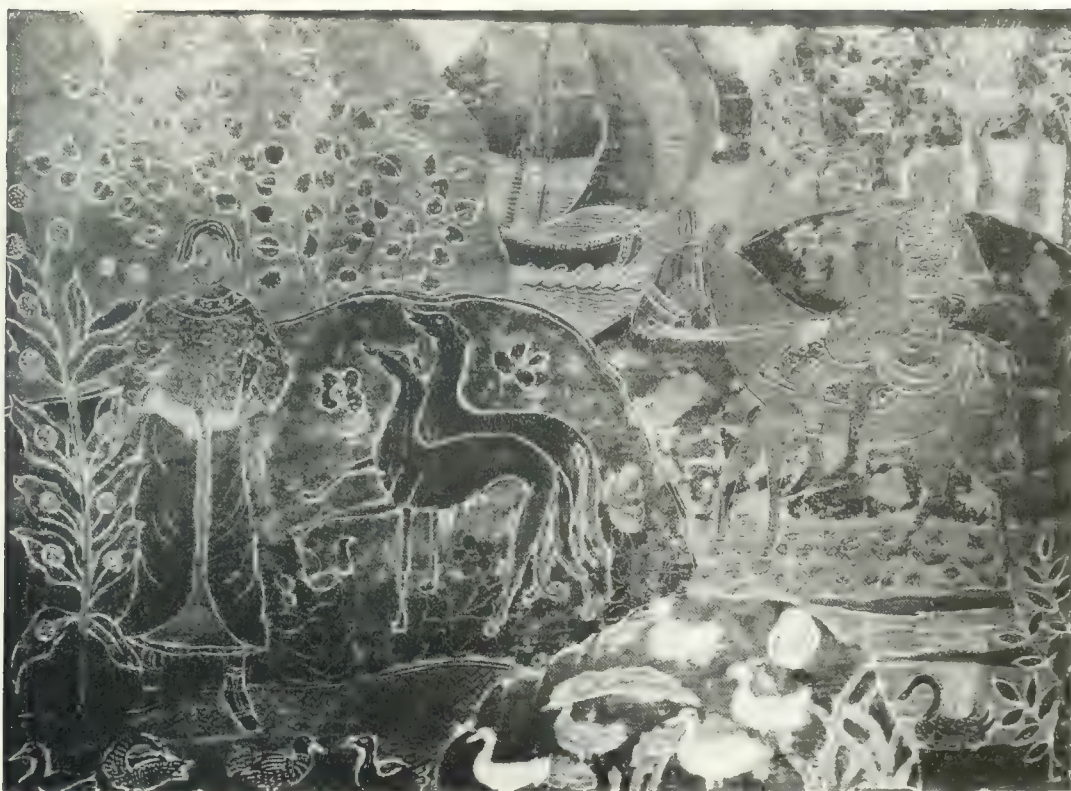
MAURICE PRENDERGAST



*Capt. J. Joseph Brummer*  
TIDE SANDS, ST. MALO

MAURICE PRENDERGAST

## *Her Vagaries*



*Courtesy Joseph Brummer*

CARVED WOOD PANEL

CHARLES PRENDERGAST

dependent Society it is a vastly different matter. No hanging, no jury, sometimes even no frame. The mediocre cheek by jowl with the bad, the "modern" with the merely conventional. No sign posts. A host of unknown names. Here is territory for the explorer.

So that nothing will ever dim my pride in my "discovery" of Charles Prendergast, wood carver.

A week later I happened to be looking at a collection of Maurice Prendergast's pictures. I asked whether the two were related. Brothers, I was told. And the frames were pointed out to me. "Those are Charles Prendergast's work."

Again a week and I was viewing a combined exhibition of Maurice and Charles.

Both men are *decorative* artists in the best sense. In their work is no striving for greatness. Perhaps they realize that there are doors which open only to the very few, and rather than knock their heads in vain impor-

tunity they prefer to remain outside. The

And yet it is strange, I thought, in the midst of all this pretension to find such modesty. A twentieth century craftsman sounds almost like a contradiction in terms. It can not be for lack of gifts that they prefer to remain decorators. Both have fertility. Maurice has a subtle colour sense. Charles has line.

"Which is the younger?" I asked of Mr. Brummer.

"Charles. He is only sixty—Maurice is eighty."

But nothing will ever take away my joy at "discovering" Charles.

What should an exhibition of the Architectural League contain? What should it aim to show? What should be its relation to industry, to architecture, to the decorative arts? These are some of the questions which the exhibition, as it is, has raised in my mind.

First of all, what is the relation of the pres-



## Her Vagaries

ent exhibition to these fields? To industry its relation is simple and direct. The carpet manufacturer, the bath-tub manufacturer, the manufacturer of garden tools all rent space, erect booths and interest the public in their wares in ratio to the originality of their advertising methods. To architecture its relation is no less simple but less direct. Unable to afford the expense of erecting one of his own houses on the premises, the architect must content himself with hanging plans and elevations on the walls, where they struggle for prominence with pictures, batiks; stage plans and chintzes, and as ninety-nine out of every hundred visitors are unable to visualize a building from a plan, the degree of prominence they achieve may be considered questionable. To the decorative arts the relation of this exhibition may be considered as essentially the same as every exhibiting society, with this difference, that whereas the articles shown usually represent in the judgment of some body of men a worthy selection, in this case the payment of a membership fee, and possibly an exhibiting fee, represents the only barrier to fame.

Secondly, what is the relation of the present exhibition to architecture in the wider sense, leaving the architect out of consideration? And the answer to that question is: None whatever. The exhibition of the Architectural League is architectural in name only. Doubtless all of the objects here assembled would, if coaxed sufficiently, go into, upon, or around a house. But what kind of a house that would be, and what the result would be like, "it's better only guessing." One may guess that it would be uncomfortably like some at present standing, only worse.

An exhibition, to have artistic value, and the Architectural League does not aim to be purely a trade organization, must have a norm. All the exhibits must be related to some standard, however imperfect that standard may be. In the case of the Architectural League the standard is The House.

Unfortunately in the present exhibition the house is so far from being exalted to the place of honour, with all the subsidiary arts related to it, that it is almost completely buried beneath a medley of furnishings. Everything

has been provided for the fitting and provisioning of the Art, but the Ark itself has been overlooked.

For it can not be said too often or too strongly that architecture is in the ultimate analysis the Mother of the Arts. We may say that we have changed all that, that we have freed painting and sculpture, decoration too, for that matter, from the tyranny of architecture. We have not. We have dissolved, temporarily, the most valuable, indeed the essential artistic partnership, the partnership of painter, sculptor, mason and architect. But because the painter, sculptor and architect elect to work with one eye bandaged, the ultimate relation of their crafts is not thereby changed. A piece of sculpture, wherever set down, at once relates itself to its architectural surroundings. A picture, wherever hung, measures itself with its wall, alters its proportions in a vain endeavour to arrive at some kind of balance. It is nothing that the artistic so-called have trained themselves to see only the sculpture, the picture *per se*. The great body of the untrained do not observe our elaborate blindfold conventions, but look at the whole. They see the room, the façade. On the wall of the room hangs a framed picture. Before the building stands a statue. Both are obvious excrescences, playing no part in the design, often alien in spirit and conception to the decoration. The "art-lover" dons his blinkers and turns a critical eye on the excrescence. The general shrug their shoulders and pass on.

The function of the Architectural League should be not only to bring together the work of sculptor, painter and decorator, but to relate them to their common mother. Doubtless in the present condition of these arts an exhibition such as the present is not without value, the value of the cloth exhibition to the tailor. But only as a starting point. Out of this medley must be built a house.

**This** month a revolution has taken place, a revolution as the English know it. Quietly without flourish of trumpets revolution is achieved.

The Pennsylvania Academy is holding an exhibition, showing "the later tendencies of American Art."



## *Her Vagaries*



LANDSCAPE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE

HENRI MATISSE

At the same time the Metropolitan Museum announces an exhibition of Modern French Art.

I have only an impression of the Philadelphia Show, for as I write the exhibition is not yet open to the public and the printer's devil is waiting to snatch these last pages. But one thing I can say. The show is worth a visit to Philadelphia.

Of course there are influences. Try as she will America can not escape from them.

But taken on the whole the exhibition does not strike me as derivative. Rather I am impressed with the widely divergent personalities. Walt Kuhn, Macdonald Wright, John Marin, Maurice Sterne, The Zorachs, Paul Burlin, and above the tireless Arthur B. Davies. These men are working on their own lines, and whether or not they succeed in their quest, they will remain themselves. Recently

a friend said to me: "Just look at those French painters. Why, even the worst of them is himself. Even Bouguereau could never be mistaken for anyone else." And this is a sign of vitality.

Is the Philadelphia Show a statement? Well, hardly. An incomplete statement, perhaps. But for the most part a question. The statement will come later. Perhaps, too, the question is already finding its own answer.

But for the present let us dispense no laurels. It is enough that the thing has been done. In future we may hope to have an Academy Show in February and a Modernist Show in March. Competition, emulation. Bravo, Philadelphia!

The Matisse at the head of this page, from the French Exhibit at Brooklyn, is as fine a showing of Modern French Art as I have seen. It commemorates a conversion.



TREES

MARY ROGERS

## Mary Rogers--Sister and Artist



LANDSCAPE

MARY ROGERS

### MARY ROGERS—SISTER AND ARTIST BY CATHERINE ROGERS

*Mary Rogers' approach to nature was purely spiritual. Her technique in every instance was evoked by the spirit of the things she wished to express.*

*There are moments in our lives, there are moments in a day, when we seem to see beyond the usual—become clairvoyant. We reach then into reality. Such are the moments of our greatest happiness. Such are the moments of our greatest wisdom.*

*It is in the nature of all people to have these experiences; but in our time and under the conditions of our lives, it is only a rare few who are able to continue in the experience, and find expression for it.*

*At such times there is a song going on within us, a song to which we listen. It fills us with surprise. We marvel at it. We would continue to hear it. But few are capable of holding themselves in the state of listening to their own song. Intellectuality steps in, and as the song within is of the utmost sensitiveness, it retires in the presence of the cold and material intellect. It is aristocratic, and will not associate itself with the commonplace, and we fall back and become our ordinary selves.*

*Yet we live in the memory of these songs which in moments of intellectual inadvertance have been possible to us. They are the pinnacles of our experience. And it is the desire to express these intimate sensations, this song from within, which motivates the masters of all art.*

*Mary Rogers was one of those who had the simple power to listen to the song, and to create under the spell of it. She knew the value of revelation; and her spirit had that control over mentality which was the secret of her gift for employing at all times in her work that specific technique evoked by the song. She was master. Her work is a record of her life's great moments. Her statement is joyous and clear.*

*Robert Henri.*

*I have been asked to write an article about my sister's work, because it was thought that I could trace her development more clearly than anyone else, as Maizie worked for many years away from schools and influences and we were never separated, except during the time she spent in Paris as a young girl, living with our dear friends the O'B—s.*

*Those delightful nomads and their charming family life, together with the stimulating surroundings of the studios of the Latin Quarter, form the earliest background of Maizie's student days.*



## Mary Rogers--Sister and Artist

On her return from Europe she continued work, studying at the School of Design, and the Art Student's League, in Pittsburgh, until we came to New York. Her first serious work was done under Robert Henri in the old Chase School in 57th Street, in an atmosphere which encouraged the free expression of all that was individual in the student.

In 1907 we spent a year abroad; part of the time in London, where she worked with Brangwyn; several months in Holland, again with Henri, and a winter in Paris. The year marked a period of growth in Maizie's painting. In Paris, though she studied under no master regularly, she worked in many of the studios, taking criticisms from Lucien Simon, Blanche, and other Academic masters. But it was during this year that she came to know and love the work of Cézanne, van Gogh, Gauguin, Matisse. I think there was always something unusual and of the modern spirit in her work, for I remember one of her first teachers saying: "You have a colour sense that is almost ugly. I don't know whether it is very ugly or very beautiful."

After that winter in Paris, Maizie worked practically alone; constantly experimenting, testing, discarding, in her search for her own expression—that search which a true artist can only make alone.

As I look back over the years that have passed since then, my milestones are the summers spent in Provincetown, Gloucester, California, the Berkshires, and another delightful six months spent in Italy, the Austrian Tyrol, and France. To make even more vivid my memories are the sketches and paintings done during our wanderings.

I think Maizie's strong individual expression began to assert itself in California, where we spent the summer of 1913. Such a picture as *Avalon Bay, Santa Catalina Island* is reminiscent of no one, and in its quality of pure beauty is unrivalled among her productions. In this, or rather in these canvases, she tried the experiment of painting first one, then another canvas from the same subject. I cannot recall now which was the original and which the final one. But from my knowledge of her later method I can say with a good deal of

conviction that the more subtle, more delicate interpretation was the last.

The summer of 1916 we spent at a camp in the Adirondacks, where Miss Bentley had her classes of Rhythmics in the open air. There Maizie spent many hours drawing the girls as they danced. These are drawings of movement suggested sometimes with a single line. I think all of their spirit of motion is incorporated in the painting which is called *The Dancers*—not to be confused with the *Ballet* which was reproduced in the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO last month. *The Dancers* was painted in the fall of 1916, and exhibited in the first Independent Exhibition. Maizie was one of the founders of The Independents, and a director from its inception until the time of her death.

From this time on, my sister's work was very much interrupted; and in 1917 circumstances made it necessary for her to take a position designing advertising posters.

Since the Memorial Exhibition given to Maizie by the Independents, where the oils and water-colours were shown in separate groups, there has been a great deal of discussion as to their relative significance. When people ask me which I like best I usually say that to me the water-colours are her last message, her swan-song, and something more, perhaps, her revolt against a condition which she found extremely distasteful. Nine to five in an office was prison to a spirit as free as Maizie's.

These water-colours were produced at odd times, on Saturdays and Sundays, on long summer evenings, on short summer vacations, and form the bulk of her output during the last three years of her life. The first were painted in New Hampshire in 1918. She seemed to have an innate feeling for the medium. These early sketches are as fluid, as uninfluenced, as lyric, as her later work. And so these lovely things flowed from her brush, delicate, sensitive, suggestive, full, brilliant, daring. A dozen adjectives suggest themselves to me, for she expressed many moods in many ways. But three things I think most unusual about them—her absolute mastery of the medium upon first handling it, the great number that she produced in the





YACHTS

MARY ROGERS



## *Mary Rogers--Sister and Artist*

short time, and their uniformly high standard.

These, the water-colours, naturally arrange themselves in groups. One group painted along the Palisades recalls many delightful days spent together, when Maizie painted and I ate the lunch. Another, the still life, ranges from the robust realistic presentations to the frail slight things that seem rather the soul of flowers than flowers themselves. But, though there is a remarkable uniformity of standard among them (due doubtless to her severe self-censorship, and the destruction of many), the later pictures done in the summer of 1920 at Falls Village, Connecticut, where she spent the last months of her life, seem to have gained in their power to suggest with the least possible line and stroke that which she wished to express. There is an elimination in them which, together with the fact that they were produced within so short a time of her death, endows them with an unearthly, spiritual quality.

Maizie's appeal was a universal one, and it seems strange that with the deep affection people had for her, and the very enthusiastic appreciation of those artists who knew her work, she had not the satisfaction of a wider recognition during her life. But Maizie had two great gifts: one for her art, and one for friendship. Her contact with people was always the human one, interested in others always more than in herself, and never in any way looking toward the advancement of herself as an artist. It seems perhaps a peculiar thing to say, but I have often thought that during her life, Maizie, the generous, outgoing personality, Maizie the friend, obscured Maizie the artist. Even now, when so many people are coming to her studio, drawn there by the pictures themselves—people who never knew Maizie while she lived—I have been startled to hear them almost invariably say before they go, that they feel they have met Maizie herself, so strongly still does her personality seem to persist.

I wish I could bring my sister before you—a character so vivid and fine. She was certainly the most charming companion, humorous and gay, but sensitive to every beauty and every sorrow.

I remember one lovely night last June when she and I looked out together on an orchard bathed in the most unearthly moonlight that I have ever seen. And there she recalled to me a story of de Maupassant's "Moonlight," the tale of an old priest who went forth to upbraid his young niece. But upon seeing her walking with her lover—amid the beauty of such another night—he withdrew in reverence.

The next full moon shone upon a new made grave, and a disciple of beauty lay beneath it.

In her work, always executed swiftly, there seems to be a sense unrealized of the necessity for haste. Especially is this true of the last few months of her life. We went away, how happily, with how little thought of shadow in the spring. Maizie worked unceasingly. "I have so little time." She wearied us all with her haste. But all too soon the evening of her life had come. The end came quickly, and she met it gaily and bravely as she had lived.

Within a few days of her death, with what remaining strength she had, she went over her summer's work. I brought them to her bedside. And as I placed them before her she selected those she wished to be preserved. She made her decisions swiftly, definitely, destroying one after another those with which she was dissatisfied, and signing with a simple "M R" the comparatively few that passed her mysterious censorship. When we protested at the destruction of so many—almost two-thirds of all of them—she said, "I know which ones to keep." And we were silent after that.

While many times during her life she caused us to suffer in this way, destroying many things that we had come to love, it is a source of satisfaction now to know that everything that remains has the stamp of her approval.

Much has been done for her since her death, and I acknowledge it with gratitude. Especially to the Society of Independent Artists do I wish to express my thanks. The tribute which they paid her in giving the Memorial Exhibition I value more than I can say. And to the public which is so generously responding in appreciation and interest, I wish also to express my gratitude.



CIBORIUM FROM  
CHURCH OF THE  
ADVENT BOSTON

ARTHUR J. STONE  
FROM DESIGN BY CRAM  
GOODHUE & FERGUSON.

## *The Silverware of Arthur J. Stone*

THE SILVERWARE OF  
ARTHUR J. STONE  
BY HANNA TACHAU

It is ever a great adventure to meet for the first time some beautiful object that can be recognized at first glance as the expression of a true artist. It makes no difference whether the object is modern or old, whether it bears the impress of a great or unknown name, the pleasure of discovery has a rare flavour, and even though we find that we are by no means the first to recognize its worth, there ever remains to us the pioneer's delight in sighting his treasure.

And so it happened with the silverware of Mr. Arthur J. Stone. I was exploring a little shop and straightway was captivated by a group of silver—a bowl, a tea set, a pitcher, a cup—and though I knew that I had made no “find” in the collector's sense of the word, I had indeed discovered a craftsman of whose work America might justly be proud. All the old charm of the eighteenth century plate was here, its grace, its simplicity, its practical utility, and yet when one took a nearer view, and compared the pieces carefully with early examples, one felt rather than saw the subtle difference. It was as though the artist himself had proclaimed that we were living in modern America, under modern conditions, and that we could never hark back to eighteenth century ways. And that is one of the wonders of the silversmith's art. The craftsman, through the medium of this malleable metal, can reflect minutely his own beliefs, display his feeling for form and proportion, and create something that is entirely his own. His every hammer stroke helps to fashion an unborn form that slowly emerges under his guidance, and though he may be an ardent disciple of classic or romantic types, following time-honoured traditions, his work will explicitly reveal the distinctiveness of his personality.

We would gladly claim an American nationality for such a craftsman as Mr. Stone, for it would help to refute the theory that we must go abroad to seek artists who are thoroughly versed in their craft. But, unfortunately, we must truthfully relate that though

he now lives and has his workshop in Gardner, Mass., he was born in the old town of Sheffield, England, a name that is irrevocably linked with the history of silversmithing. And here, in the begrimed old city, he was apprenticed at the tender age of fourteen to a silversmith.

Silversmithing had been the family trade and it seemed fitting that he should follow in the traditional footsteps. The seven years' apprenticeship was a formidable business in those days; its contract, signed by three witnesses, appearing in impressive black Old English type. It required that the son enter upon the contract of his own free will and with his mother's consent; and during the allotted time he must agree to “serve his said master faithfully, keep his secrets, observe his lawful commands, forbear to do him hurt or injury . . . and in every respect conduct himself as an industrious and trustworthy apprentice.” His mother then shall receive three shillings a week for the first two years, this stipend being increased until the final year, when she is given the magnificent sum of ten shillings a week. In return, she pledges herself to find and provide her son with “wholesome meat, drink, lodging, wearing apparel, medical and surgical aid and all other necessities suitable for his trade and employment.”

Those were the days of infinite endeavour, when no amount of time and labour were considered too great to expend upon so stern a task-mistress as art. From early morning until late evening the young boy was employed, first with odd jobs about the shop and then gradually learning the rudiments of his craft. Ambitious to go more quickly beyond the exacting tasks set him by his master, he attended the evening classes in drawing and design which were open to him in Sheffield National School of Design, an institution partly endowed by the Government. To pay the small tuition fee, he worked overtime in the shop, besides fulfilling the allotted fifty-nine hours a week required by his apprenticeship.

After he had finished the years of probation in Sheffield, Mr. Stone sought a life of independence in Edinburgh, where, in a little shop employing about twenty men, he was



## *The Silverware of Arthur J. Stone*

given splendid opportunities to develop his best powers. Many beautiful pieces were fashioned here, and he gained experience in all the branches of his craft, not only by actually fulfilling important commissions, but by handling and studying many old pieces of plate that needed renovating, among the most important being the historic examples belonging to the house of Bute, which passed through his hands.

A year of this life was most stimulating, but he again returned home to continue his study of design under the instruction of one of the masters of the school. Much of his leisure time was spent in the Ruskin Museum, established in the early seventies, and here he came to know intimately Dürer's etchings and other fine collections which gave him fresh inspiration for his work. His hand became ever more deft, more certain in its ability to create the beautiful fluting and rich repoussé which belonged to this period, and a particularly fine piece of acanthus work brought praise from so fastidious a critic as Ruskin.

Then he came to America. America must have been a disconcerting place at that time for one aglow with art ideals. The cry of the day was for luxury—luxury acquired at any price. The machine, with its deadening influence, came into its own, and the endless number of objects that were produced, one the exact duplicate of the other, were made to come within the reach of everyone. In this new perfection of mechanical ingenuity, who examined too closely the quality and durability of the material, or who cared for the soundness of its workmanship? The impression that the more ornate an article, the more was it to be coveted, grew as a generally accepted idea. The effort needed in securing the polish that makes for nice, plain surfaces, or the fitting of one part to another with exactitude and neatness, is infinitely more difficult than hiding the deficiencies of workmanship with ornate casting or cheap ornamentation.

Decoration in its best sense, of course, requires the application of the finest workmanship and labour, but then it is used to enhance and not to conceal surfaces—to accentuate and not to hide a line. And so it was that a craftsman, realizing the possibilities as well as

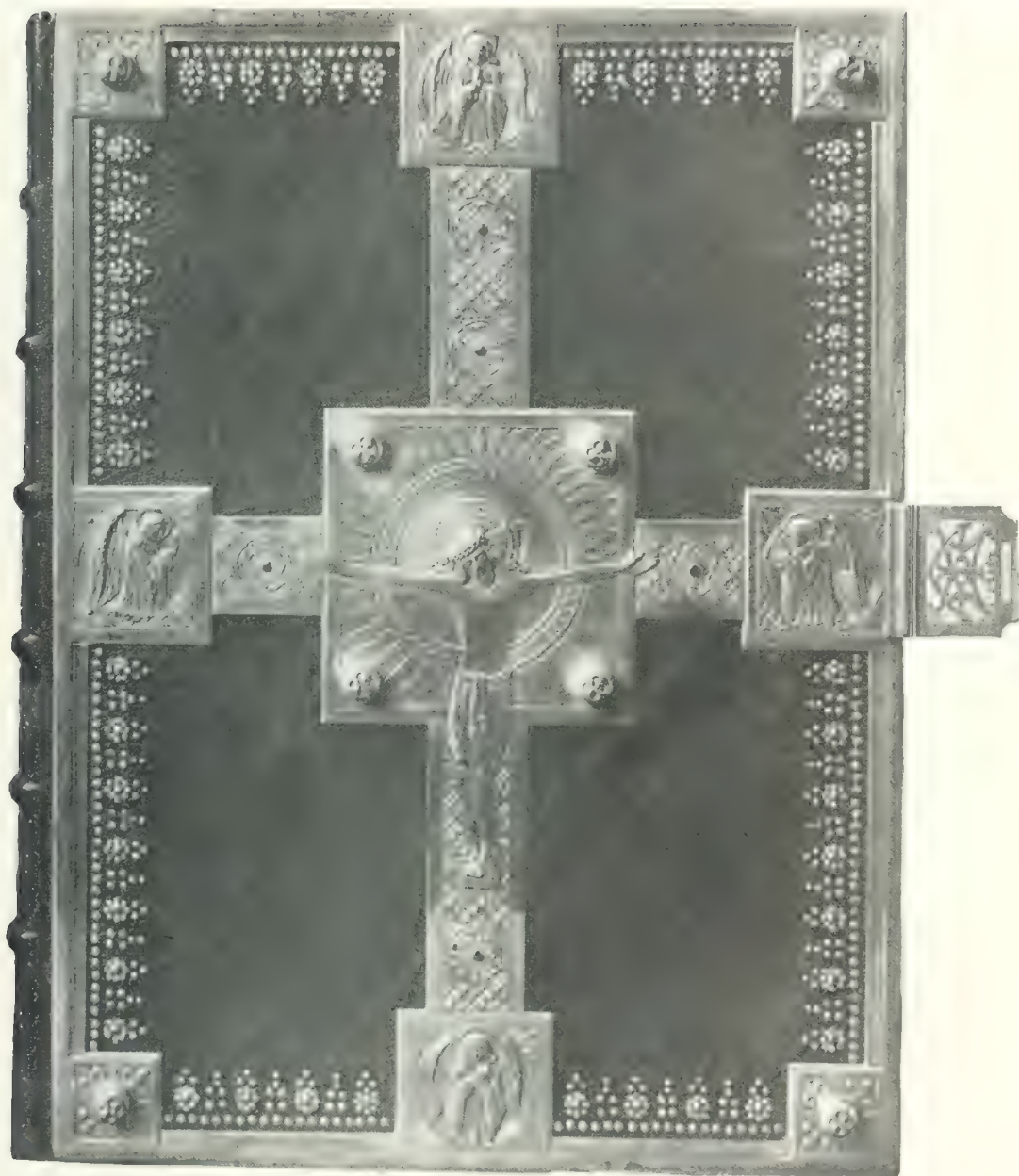
the limitations of his art, came upon a most difficult situation. He encountered in the manufacturing world laws and obstacles that had emanated from a system, whose aim was the production of the greatest number of machine-made objects, and which limited his powers as a creative artist and compelled him to specialize in one line of endeavour. His only hope of securing some variation in style and expression was to find employment in different shops that produced different kinds of work.

Mr. Stone first established himself with a firm in Concord, New Hampshire, later organized a new department for a factory in Gardner, and then, realizing that his powers of self-expression were being engulfed in mechanical routine, he determined to extricate himself entirely from factory methods and with a fine courage, opened his own shop in Gardner, Mass. Here with a small coterie of assistants he began a successful career, fulfilling special commissions that have found distinguished place in private homes, churches and museums.

His most elaborate and important work is the ciborium or pyx shown here, which is in the Church of the Advent, Boston, the gift of Miss Catherine Tarbell as a memorial to her parents. It was designed by Mr. Frank E. Cleveland, of the firm of Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson, and executed by Mr. Stone and his assistant William Blair. Made of 18 carat gold, with the delicate overlaid ornament of even finer metal, it follows the style of the reliquaries of the Venetian Gothic period. The jewels are distributed with rare judgment, and the finesse and delicacy of the workmanship make possible the rendering of exquisite ornamentation in the forms of tender foliage, minute cameo medallions, overlaid tracteries, and rich designs.

It is indeed one of the most remarkable examples of modern craftwork, and one can easily conceive of the artist's delight in being able to persuade his material to so fine a purpose.

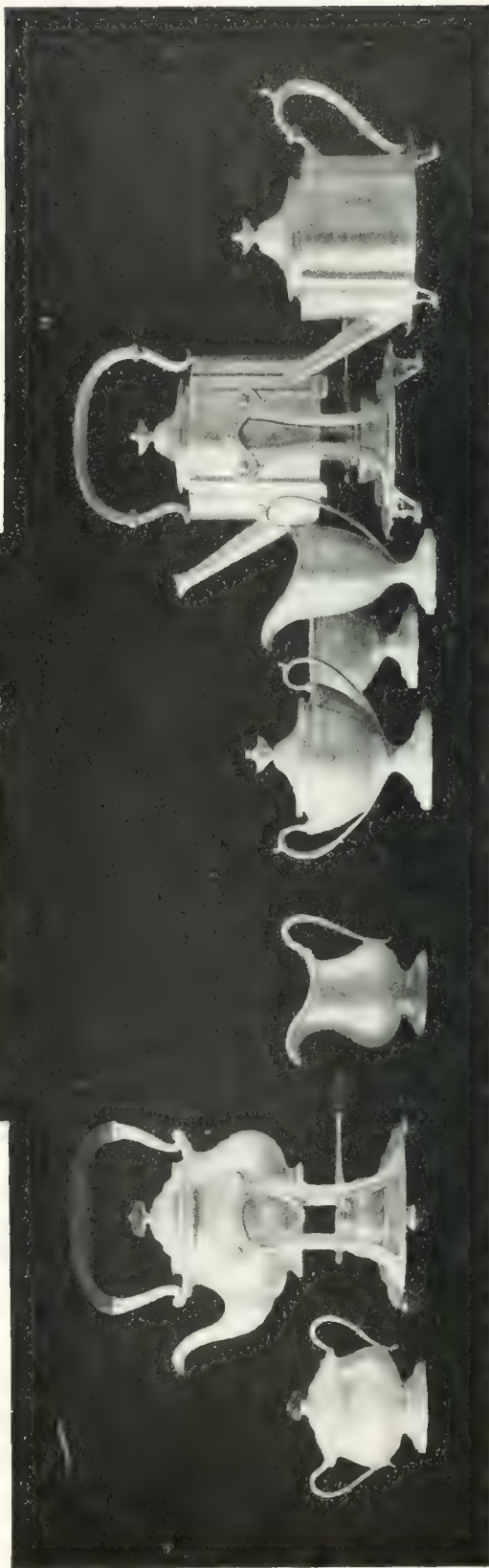
Yet with all its beauty, it is to the simpler and more robust pieces that we turn in the hope that they will serve as a standard, pointing the way towards a finer discrimination and a more general appreciation of domestic sil-



ABOVE: SOUP TUREN FROM SET  
MADE FOR JULIA MARLOWE  
SOUTHERN



RIGHT: TEA SET ADAPTED FROM OLD  
ENGLISH HEIRLOOM

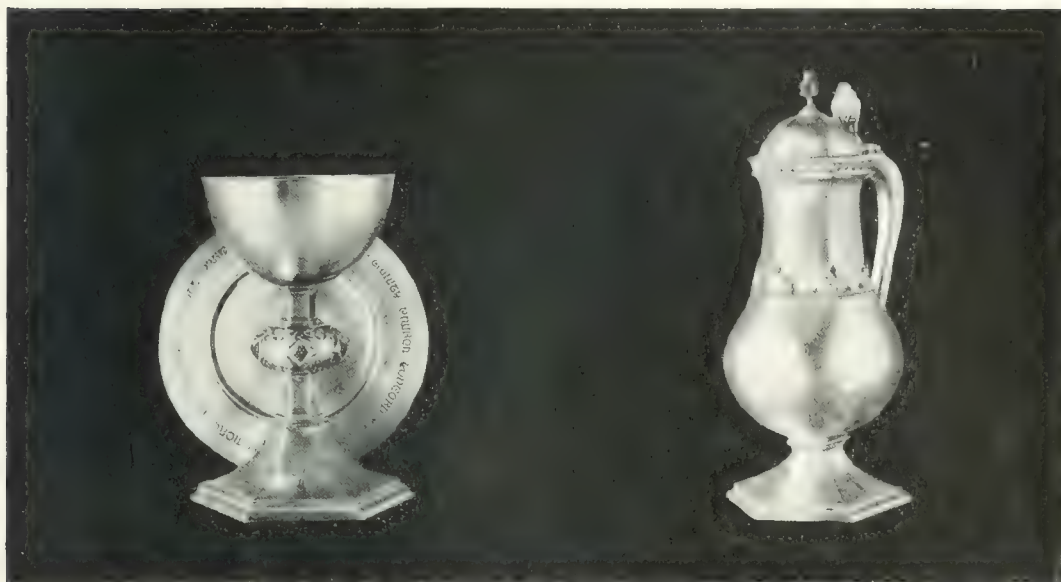


SILVERWARE

ARTHUR J. STONE



## *The Silverware of Arthur J. Stone*



COMMUNION SET

ARTHUR J. STONE

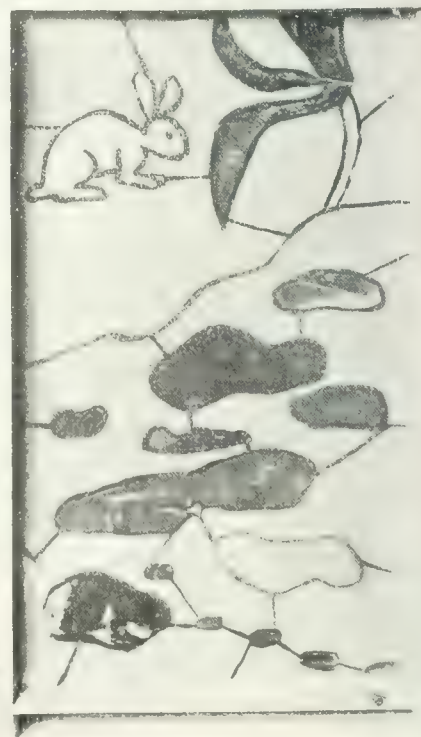
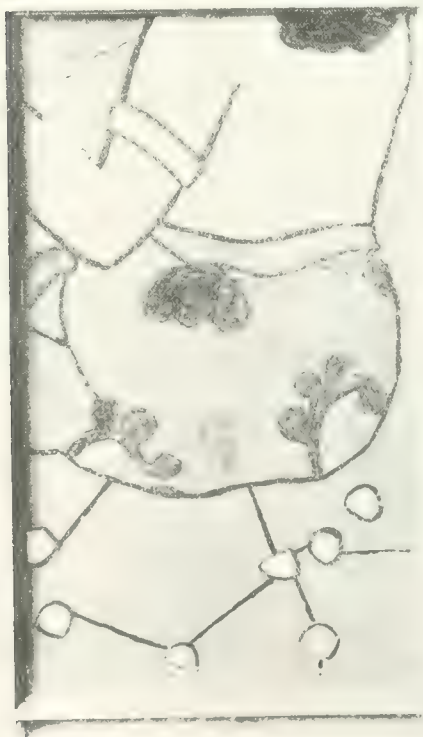
verware. Why should not our interest and pride in table silver be as keen as was our forefathers'? And why should we have to confine ourselves to collecting old plate?

One sees in Mr. Stone's pieces the dignity of simplicity and the perfect unity of beauty and utility. A pitcher or a coffee pot of his design performs its function of pouring easily without spilling, and the handles are comfortably grasped. But beyond his knowledge of the practical, the artist proclaims himself in his unerring feeling for fine proportions, his perfect mastery in handling his material and his sensitiveness to happy detail.

All of this is beautifully exemplified in the silver designed especially for Julia Marlowe Sothorn, who had acquired at various times a number of pieces bearing Mr. Stone's distinguishing mark. Her dream, just before the war, was to establish a real home of her own in England and for this dream house Mr. Stone fashioned a full set of flat silver, two tea sets, a coffee set, dishes and platters, a fish set, and other miscellaneous pieces that are among her most cherished possessions. I have also shown here other pieces representative of his finest work—some of them adaptations, others reminiscent of fine old English plate; one was copied by special permission

from the Paul Revere set in the Boston Museum, and others are pure inspirations of his own. A very remarkable example is the loving cup presented to President Eliot on his seventieth birthday, and there is also the Communion set which is in Trinity Church, Concord, Mass., given in memory of Frederick Alcott Pratt, one of Louisa Alcott's "Little Men." This loving cup portrays the individuality of Mr. Stone's style, both in line and ornament, and reveals the same refinement, the fastidious use of ornament seen in all of his other work.

The best era of craftsmanship was that of the Middle Ages, when a craftsman was capable not only of furnishing designs essentially suited to the material in which he worked, but was also fitted through a thorough training and understanding of his art, to bring them by his own hand to their finest accomplishment. The result was the perfect harmony of design and execution, an achievement which, unfortunately, we find but seldom today. It is a privilege, then, to meet with a present-day craftsman whose work is the expression and reflection of ideals which have never faltered, and who through the courage of his convictions has come into his own!



## *Paul Gauguin--Artist*

### **P**AUL GAUGUIN: ARTIST BY STEPHEN HAWEIS

Of all our contemporary painters Paul Gauguin has been hurried towards the posthumous fame of an "old master" more rapidly than any other. He left Europe a full ten years before he died in 1903 and only returned once to France during that time. I did not know the man, but I know the artist, and I know, besides the circumstances of his life that everyone knows, some of the conditions which developed him from a passionate, quarrelsome man into the artist which his works proclaim him, complete, restrained, sincere and in its largest sense, loving and charitable.

In his early days he painted a good deal in Brittany, to which he was attracted probably because living was cheap there, but it fulfilled a need in his nature, too: the wild strain of the Celt, never quite tamed in any race, met and sang with the blood of his Peruvian mother. One must never lose sight of the fact that Gauguin was a primitive man *au fond*, however deeply his nature was overlaid by the French culture of his day.

He deserted his wife and children to go to Tahiti, the remotest province of France. From one standpoint it is quite possible to say that here was a dissolute Frenchman who ran away from his civil responsibilities, but there, and there sharply we must sever his connection with the type that conduct would seem to indicate. It is to be remarked that he did not leave his wife for another woman of the same type and kind; he did not change his city and his dwelling through the whim of a passing sensual fancy. Regard it how you may, Gauguin's going was caused by a revolution in his soul in which many ideas were stunned and strangled for the sake of an elusive goal he might never have reached. He was like a missionary going out to seek the poor heathen in himself which he had been taught to dispise, only to realise suddenly that the poor heathen in him was the strongest and the best part of him.

The passion to paint is sufficiently hard to be understood by the man who regards work as

a means of making enough money to buy a house, a woman, a family and a respectable funeral. The passion which inspired Gauguin is still harder to explain to the unsympathetic. Great callings do not come from the untravelled wilds to every galley-slave pulling at his oar. Most people's love is only a predilection, their hate a peevish distaste. Great passions are like the cyclone, the fringes of which strike many cities while it destroys only one small area. There stood the civilised Paul Gauguin. He was consumed with a flame which, as it lapped the edges of his nature, compelled him to passions of love and hatred, drove him to seek not gratification, but assuagement. I picture the whole world gyrating around that man's soul for years, a world he could never understand and in which he saw things desirable or undesirable whirling about him. He was like a man in a maelstrom. If he snatched at the trinkets of vice, he snatched at the things of virtue also,—and got no good of them. I picture him, at the crisis, being whirled away bodily to Tahiti by an irresistible force and set down in the land of his dreams blindfolded and without speech. I see him, accustomed to Paris and the cafés of the Latin Quarter looking about for his absinthe at six o'clock. Being a Frenchman, he had brought France with him: he knew nobody, but soon found a woman to amuse him. I do not teach, as Montaigne said, I relate . . . He did what most men of non-moral habit do in a strange place, more violently perhaps, but still the same.

In "Noa Noa" he describes his first awakening to the fact that he had not come thousands of miles from France to live with a half-caste *cocotte* whose ideal was to be as much like a white woman as possible. They were as ships that pass upon the same route but going in opposite directions. Each continued upon the journey.

The artist Gauguin was painfully seeking simplicity. Those who paint know how hard it is to paint in a totally unaccustomed manner without deliberately copying something. Like a child writing, "I will be good" for a punishment, Gauguin painted "I will be simple and naïve, like a child." The glass doors he painted in *Mme. Char-*



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bonnier's house, where he lived in Papeete, are probably the first essay of the thing which afterwards became Gauguin's "style." It is laboriously naive, yet the modern skilled draughtsmanship shows through the attempt in the woman's proportions, in her lines, in the disposition of spaces in the design. He had probably eaten a langouste for dinner, but he thought of it as homard, the familiar lobster of the north. He thought of a rabbit also, because children love bunnies, and he put one into his design, drawn as a child might draw it. There are neither rabbits nor lobsters in Tahiti, but he had already noticed the smooth black stones in the streams and he painted them, linking them together with painted lead lines, because he was painting on glass. In colour, his own inimitable gift expressed itself in beautiful harmony, and the result must have amused him. Later he painted another, more pictorial, less naïve, but realising the decorative possibilities of a new kind of picture. He never did any other painting on glass, but he had found something, born of an agony of striving in the direction of simplicity, and he applied in to his painting of more serious pictures. The charm of the natives touched him: in his life he had flouted conventional morality, but here were beautiful human creatures with proud simple contours, large boned, large in line and mass, large-hearted, adorable animals. They did not flout morality they did not know what morality was. They had no morals: they had the morals of the farmyard, but they had also the innocence of the farmyard. Desire is for gratification: law may teach and parson preach, but that, to a Tahitian, is an axiom. The utmost which moral precept means to a Polynesian is that the White God has an incomprehensible objection to human pleasures. Why? Who knows! The missionaries marry and have families, and sometimes they have families and do not marry. And then they are ashamed. Why? Who knows! The Tahitian may be terrified by threats of the White God's vengeance, he, or she, learns the convention of the individuals with whom they associate; their morality is

fluid and fits any mould, but their memory in the presence of temptation is the memory of the barn-door fowl, almost nil.

Gauguin found this primordial innocence so great a bar between him and the Tahitian women that it seemed almost insuperable. Tahiti did not stimulate him and excite him to excesses: on the contrary it calmed him for the first time. The ship of his soul had come through the reef waters into a great calm. The civilised approach to wooing he found was not current coin among the Tahitians. It made him feel small and ashamed in the presence of their wide-eyed innocence. He tells how he was welcomed by the country people where he built his house, near Papara, fifteen miles from Papeete. The women brought him gifts and flowers, their gaze of frank admiration penetrated right through him to the eternal hills at his back. They had no shame; they were shameless, because they had nothing to be ashamed of. But Paul Gauguin was ashamed before these still black eyes that were filled with wonder at his auburn hair and pointed nose, "like a canoe". The courtesane was packed off, there was no room for such as her in this house. He meant to find a wife, but being an artist, he must needs find her in the right way. He must be a native with a native's outlook and appeal. He had met with something which was far different from anything he had ever known before. His ideal woman was everywhere, and his love for this new woman was as deep as his love of life and earth and art. He was past forty, and at that age men may fall in love deeply, but not helplessly and without reflection as in the first blush of youth. From his book we know how simple was his wooing at the last, but his love is not best expressed in "Noa Noa"; we find it at its best in the painting he has left.

Art was the best thing he knew, his absorbing passion. If Tahiti gave him beauty and simplicity without the squalor of civilized houses and restaurants there was something he could give in return. He brought them art and he planned to paint no longer for exhibitions and for honours at the Salon. His wrangles with his friend

## *Paul Gauguin--Artist*

van Gogh as to who really originated the new school of Post-impressionism vanished like a bad dream. Van Gogh was welcome to the title in Europe, he meant to found a native art for the Tahitians, in his estimation the only clean, sane and healthy people on earth.

He painted the people as they were, as he saw them. He worked as he had never worked before. He did not try to "idealize" them and there is not the faintest suggestion in any of his work which one could call immoral. He did not emphasize their nudity nor attempt to make them motifs for French Salon pictures: there is never a hint of impropriety in the glance of his women. The Tahitian woman has not got it. Gauguin loved their beauty, their maternity, their gladness and sadness, the wreaths in their hair, the sweep of the breadfruit branch holding out its candelabra of five-fingered leaves. He felt the dignity of this people and the sense that from time immemorial they had always lived and loved and died just as he saw them, and without doubt he echoed in his heart the prayer which Captain Cook made when he first discovered them, that white men should never come there to pollute so fair an Eden. That prayer, alas, was not heard in heaven.

To understand the art of Gauguin it is necessary to know a little of the contemporary art of his day, for Post-impressionism developed quite naturally out of the great Impressionist movement which so astonished the last generation. Monet, Manet and Renoir found Art in an almost stagnant condition: it had almost ceased to flow. Artists, even men of great ability, confused the means by which a painting is produced with the result. It was "art" to paint in this way and chicanery to paint in another way. The academicians of Carolus Duran's day had the right method; there was no other. Realism, or truth to nature was the goal to aim at, a suitable story supplied the pictorial motif and the composition must conform to certain rules based on the compositions of the old masters. It was something which could be learnt.

The French impressionists broke the

spell, not only by doing something entirely different in defiance of all accepted canons, but by demanding a greater honesty and greater truth. "What," they asked, does the eye really see?" Is not nature sufficiently beautiful to inspire a painter without a little literary idea? All pictures looked dingy to Monet beside the brilliance of day: he became absorbed with the problem of brilliance and laboured to represent things as they appeared at a given moment, under given conditions. An impression is not a record of details, but the vision of what can be realised between the opening and closing of the eyes. Science was also experimenting with problems of lights, and chemistry was discovering new pigments. Painters began to concentrate on technical methods and interest themselves in the purity of the paint they used. It was essentially a period of studying technical problems in the art of painting.

Painters lost interest in the new problems as each found its solution in the hands of brilliant exponents. They became conscious that the personal touch of the artist actually expressed the type and temperament of the man. They realised that this intimate quality was the thing which made a picture live long after its story or subject had lost its special appeal. They observed anew the difference between Duccio and Giotto, Fra Angelico and Botticelli, Michelangelo and Leonardo: the colours they chose and loved, the pattern or arrangement of line and space. Harmony, balance and rhythm became common terms in the artists' jargon, and Whistler began to name his pictures in terms of music. People were less interested in the fact that a picture represented an annunciation or a secular theme or scene. They began to seek almost unconsciously, almost imperceptibly, the relation between the picture and the secret heart of the man who made it. Did the old masters suffer by the new comparisons? Not at all; the great ones became greater, the lesser one diminished in importance.

What does a man express in his life or his art? Exactly what he is, no more, no less. A great soul, who in his highest moments may perhaps attain to a faint de-

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gree of understanding the true meaning of life and the relation of man to God, may succeed in expressing it. A painter should be a craftsman always, but to pass the new critical standard he must be an artist. Michelangelo and Raphael were both great craftsmen, but Raphael pales into insignificance beside Michelangelo because Michelangelo was an infinitely greater soul. It is proclaimed by his paintings, not because they were better drawn or better painted, but because they were conceived in love, and born in strength and nobility. Beyond this point words cannot go; art becomes a matter of sensibility and training.

It is pathetic to hear a man who has learned to like art in one or more phases cry out against the Post-impressionists. He has learned to look for certain hall-marks by which the masterpiece may be recognised and misses them, as who should fail to recognise gold unstamped with the symbol of the State. The form is changed, but the message is the ring of true metal: nothing that either Gauguin, van Gogh, or Cézanne ever did, fails to give back the true sound. They vary in technical ability to draw and paint, they varied from day to day one might suppose, but the touch, quality, and calibre of each is much the same in the greatest and slightest of their works. Each was concerned with particular problems which they studied faithfully, but they were now not only the comparatively simple problems in matter, of the Impressionist. Art is always a matter of selection, and since every factor of truth cannot be gathered upon one plane surface, certain things must be sacrificed to gain certain other things. The smooth, suave surface of Watteau and Chardin had to be sacrificed to bring the sun upon Monet's haystacks and glittering cathedrals. Elaborate design and detail was sacrificed to obtain breadth and light. Minute details of colour were suppressed to lend power to broad masses of colour juxtaposed and accurate drawing must always be surrendered to interpret movement. These and a thousand other things occupied the Impressionists and their aims overlap, to a certain extent, those of the Post-impressionist.

The simplest general statement, however, is that the Impressionist seeks first to express what a thing looks like; the Post-impressionist tries to determine what difference the seeing of it has made to him. One is that last outpost of the art of representing, the other, the first herald of the art of interpreting the emotions which come after (post) receiving the impression.

Let it be granted that Gauguin tried to make pictures which, to him, interpreted the true nature of the Tahitian people.

If I were asked to say why I admire Gauguin, I should say it is because he has created a definite image of the Tahitians for everyone who has seen one of his pictures. This is the result of his study of them combined with great sincerity of purpose, great love for them and great desire to express his love and sincerity. That is not all he has done, but it is the keynote of his work.

On the purely aesthetic side I see in Gauguin amazingly beautiful colour showing a fine and cultivated sense of appreciation, though used with a broad, instinctive simplicity that is Giottesque. The naïve treatment of form he affects was done deliberately not to confuse the simple minds of his native audience: he sees things in broad masses and never attempts to represent exactly such things as folds in drapery or the textures of materials. The direct message is enough for the native mind, but the subtlety his own nature demanded is to be found in his delicately gradated colour, brilliant but restrained. Certain reds and yellows Gauguin has made his own. No artist can go to Tahiti and fail to see where they came from, and no artist can ever paint them without being accused of plagiarism. That shows that Gauguin was artist enough to absorb completely and to express finally the artistic essentials of the place in which he lived.

As a draughtsman Gauguin had great power at times, and in passages of draughtsmanship he equals anybody who ever lived. He realises with the finality of a master the character of the living thing before him and sets it before one, solid and eternal, like the early sculptures of Egypt, yet redolent of the scents and sounds of the South





*Collection Dikran Kelekian*

NATIVES OF TAHITI

PAUL GAUGUIN

## *Paul Gauguin--Artist*

Seas as they are today. He was very unequal, partly because of his erratic nature which was passionately devoted at one moment and careless at another, and partly because he was continually striving to avoid the technical habits of a modern French-trained painter. He deliberately conventionalised his form to make its message plainer to his audience. He avoided foreshortened positions, especially in hands and feet, not because he was not interested to draw such occasionally but because the convention of things seen in perspective is hard for primitive people to understand. It was for the Tahitians that he painted, not for us.

The living love which Gauguin had for the people of his adoption is strong in everything he painted in Tahiti. Like Pierre Loti, he had the deepest interest in the traditions of the Tahitian race, but the difference between "*Le Mariage de Loti*" and "*Noa Noa*" shows the difference between a white man's passing sensual fancy for a native girl, and the deeper, serious, almost solemn desire of a white man to shed the shackles of his civilization and be a native himself. There is not a hint of such a desire in Loti; he records an experience in which is told an unequal love incident. Gauguin tried to be the equal of the natives. He loved their superstitions and tales of the Gods, for, to an agnostic, the beliefs of one people about the origin of life and speculations on the idea of Deity are as important as that of any other. He cared not merely for the beauty of their bodies and their aesthetic possibilities, he cared for the deep superstitions which the thin veneer of Christianity has not really disturbed at all. I can see in the eyes of his models the dream of ancient Tahiti before the white man came. In spite of the absence of realistic details in his pictures, I can feel the atmosphere in their houses of reeds, through which the warm evening breeze filters itself and breathes gently upon the satin surface of their golden skins. The eternal round of the tethered brown horse which crops the vivid green beneath the mango

trees is a Tahitian reality, and the savour of vanilla or aromatic, pungent smell of drying copra comes into Gauguin's pictures like part of the design, despite their primitive conventions and arbitrary limitations.

How exquisite too is the pattern of a Gauguin, always...the balance between mass of green and mass of gold, the mauve exaggerations of the reddish sandy earth: how essentially true they are though I know they are emphasized principally to enhance the power of the scarlet pareu which every native wears. The combinations of his colour are truths expressed in poetic form when they seem least possible, and in the great restfulness of his pictures he makes a poem of the indolence of Tahiti: that sweet estate of rest and delight in doing nothing, hour after hour, which maddens the Anglo-Saxon to see, and the American perhaps still more. The furious desire to do things, however useless, is not known to Tahiti, though it is being laboriously taught to those who will listen. The native can dream happily for hours at a time about the Gods which Gauguin often introduces into his landscapes. Gauguin never saw them there, for all the idols in the island were burned in the time of King Pomare I somewhere about 1815.

I do not know if the soul of Tahiti was saved by that holocaust. I fear that whiskey has been stronger than salvation, but the fragrance of the burnt offering to Jehovah only intensified the existence of the ancient Gods in the dreams of the people. It may be that European vices have corrupted the people until salvation is impossible for them, but in the last day,—the pictures of Gauguin bear witness,—I think the ancient Gods, born of the ignorance and sublime innocence of that gentle race, will rise up to defend their own, and Taroa, whose last effigies are now only to be seen in ethnological museums, will speak once more from triple-pointed Aorai and the golden people, smiling their lovely inscrutable smiles and wreathed with tiare flowers, will pad softly on their naked feet into the garden of everlasting Elysium.

## A Lesson in Art

### LESSON IN ART

**A** BY LILIAN HALL CROWLEY

*Scene: The Art Gallery of a Woman's Club. Modern pictures and copies of famous paintings on both side walls. Some statuary near by.*

Oh, how do you do? I'm so glad to see you! I'm on my way to an auction bridge party in the neighborhood. I just happened to notice, in the Register, that you were in charge of the art gallery today—I found I was fifteen minutes early—and I decided to run in and have you tell me all about the pictures.

You must have a gorgeous time here! Nothing to do but look at beautiful pictures! You don't mean that you actually hang them? Why I thought the janitor hung the pictures. Well, why couldn't you just telephone down and tell him to hang them? I don't see why he couldn't—all there is about it is to have wire and hooks, and any good janitor ought to be strong enough to hang pictures.

You have catalogues? Thank you! No. 13,—Portrait of the Artist's Mother. Dear me! Would an artist paint his mother like that? Why, without any clothes on! Oh, it isn't the Artist's Mother? Venus! Well, dear me! I've looked at the wrong number. It is so easy to get numbers mixed.

Well, I declare! There's a picture I know—there—that's the one hundred dollar prize picture, isn't it? It isn't! Oh, Mr. Cumming, the head of the Art School painted it. But why did Mr. Cumming paint Mr. Velasquez's picture? Why didn't Mr. Velasquez paint it himself? It doesn't look a bit like Mr. Cumming's pictures. Oh, Velasquez died in 1660. Well, no wonder I couldn't remember him. Any man who has been dead as long as he has can't expect to be remembered. Mr. Cumming copied it in the Louvre, you say? Oh, that's that old place in Paris where the kings and queens used to run up and down secret stairways all the time—Henri IV, and the rest of that crowd. I've read all about them in Dumas' novels. I think it is just as

hard to remember those old has-beens as it is to remember pictures. The only old Henry I can remember is Henry VIII, and that is because he wasn't for Woman Suffrage. He used to live in the Louvre or Windsor Castle—one or the other.

This is a copy of Raphael. Where does he live? Oh, he's dead too. And this is Whistler's Mother. Who painted Whistler's Mother?—Oh!

Wouldn't these pictures be gorgeous in a dining-room? That's one thing I do know. One should always hang pictures of fruit or fish, or onions or game, or anything to eat, in a dining-room. You don't mean it! I'm wrong there, too? My, how the styles do change!

Yes, the pictures are very pretty, very pretty indeed, although some of them look like poor art to me. I suppose the artists will reduce the price of those with the poorest frames.

Oh, look at the darling statue! Oh, Canova's Hebe! Was she his wife or his daughter?

Oh, by the way, have you noticed my new gown? Yes, right from Paris—hat also—but I'm simply worried to death for fear we won't be able to get gloves from France for a long time. I absolutely will not wear American made gloves; I'll go without first.

That's a picture of a La Farge window in Boston. I must have seen it there if it's in Trinity Church; I've gone to service there lots of times. But, Dearie, didn't you know that stained glass was out of style? Yes, indeed! Gone out with Oriental rugs; nobody in this town buys Oriental rugs. Everyone uses plain carpets! I presume they will take all the rugs out of the museums now.

Oh, my! How I do chat—when I must finish the pictures. Only, first I want to tell you I saw the Carpenter collection the other day, and between you and me, I think the paintings are just trash! They are not painted plainly enough; great splashes of paint that are not a bit smooth. They look so funny when one is close to them. Give me a smooth picture every time.



## *A Lesson in Art*

Now those two pictures over there—see, the canvas isn't completely covered. Do you think the artist ran out of brown paint? And this one has gobs of paint on it. It ought to be smooth. Don't you see? Even if they are good artists they make mistakes, don't they?

Anyway I am awfully glad I could come and learn all about this exhibition—only to my mind that picture over there—the one with so much water in it—is the best one in the building. When it was given to the club, some one thought it was pancake batter running over the rocks; only any one can see that the artist must have meant it for water in that particular place, because no one would want pancake batter there, would one?

I saw a lovely picture in a window somewhere near the railroad bridge. I was in a hurry, but I had to stop and look at it. It was a picture of a perfectly beautiful angel. The picture was ever so much larger than anything here. Oh, ever so much larger! She had the loveliest wings; you could see every feather as distinctly as could be. It seems the angel was discouraged about so much sin in the world and was seeking the good—beg pardon—Oh, yes! perhaps she was a sort of spiritual Diogenes. Any way she had fallen over a cliff and was lying down on the rocks terribly hurt. It was a lovely picture!

Oh, dear! I must go. But first I want to know how you liked the picture of the roast beef that was in the city a while ago? You didn't see it? My dear, but you missed a treat! I must tell you about it. It certainly was a fine picture—not beautiful like the angel, but just as natural as life. I wish I could have had that picture, although I know my cook would have put it in the oven, it looked so like the real thing! The artist himself said it was a wonderful picture. He said he was the first artist since—Oh, I forget his name—Some Dutch artist who lived hundreds of years ago—Rembrandt, did you say? Well whoever he was he painted raw meat, and this artist, the one I'm talking about—is the first one to paint raw meat since that time. He said the Women's Club ought to have it

in their collection, but the Art Advisory Committee didn't appreciate it.

Let me see over here. Gilbert Stuart, Benjamin West, Copley, Sully. Well, goodness me, whoever heard of those men? Are they well known? Of course, everyone knows those portraits of George Washington. So Gilbert Stuart painted them? I always thought those were chromos.

Statue of Ariadne. Why I saw a picture of her in the movies. Hazel Dawn played the part. Oh, yes! Ariadne had a long string of some kind and she took somebody somewhere.

Japanese prints. Goodness, aren't they horrid? Paper things are n't they? Why my uncle has perfectly beautiful Japanese pictures. They are painted on satin and velvet. I wouldn't have those pictures painted on that old paper. Why don't you have silk ones?

There is a picture I like. That madonna at the piano. Oh, it's St. Cecilia at the organ? Oh, well, what's the difference?

No. 9,—Psyche executed in terra cotta. My, those Russians are awful!

No. 10—Bust of Voltaire. Oh, yes, he's the man who found out that the world is round.

I telephoned Mrs. Jones to come with me to see the pictures; she said she had so much to do she could n't possibly get here. I told her that one of the pictures was worth ten thousand dollars. Then she said she'd come if it killed her! She had no idea they were so expensive.

Bust of Dante. Is that the bust that the Women's Club purchased? What has he ever done for this town?

I saw a lovely plate in one of the department stores; it had a picture of the Angelus on it. It must have been a copy, because Millet never painted on china, did he?

No. 11.—Portrait of Mrs. X. Goodness, that hat and dress went out of style five years ago. Hasn't she money enough to have the artist paint the clothes over?

Well, goodbye, and thank you ever so much. I won't have to come again, you've been so good. Goodbye! Good-bye!

## Book Reviews

**B**EAUTY TOUCHED WITH STRANGENESS." A REVIEW OF "ART AND I," BY C. LEWIS HIND. JOHN LANE COMPANY.

By James N. Rosenberg.

Hind is a friend of mine. Lane, who publishes his book, is the publisher of this magazine. How, then, can I dare to say anything disagreeable about Hind's book? But, fortunately, I don't have to cross that bridge. For I give you my word, it's a good book.

"Art and I." The title intrigues. And it's a truly descriptive title. Just as one might call a book "Phyllis and I."

For art to Hind is no abstraction, but a human contact. Hind is art's lover, art's wooer, art's worshipper. Sometimes he chooses to poke fun at her. Sometimes his mood is serious; but he never dogmatizes, preaches, lectures, or becomes dull.

Yet, though he writes of art as a boy whistling down a lane on a May morning, the extraordinary thing about his book is the wisdom of it. Wisdom without didacticism. An art book that has real stuff in it, yet is light enough reading for a hammock on an August afternoon. Does this begin to sound like adulation? I'll prove my point.

The first article describes Hind's visit to a dealer. They talk about pictures.

"How did you acquire your knowledge of art?" Hind asks. The reply: "My father taught me to understand pictures through the eyes, not the ears."

Let the picture buyer reflect on this.

Here's another bit: "Now we moderns are all looking at El Greco. He links yesterday with today."

Study Cézanne, Gauguin, Lautrec, Matisse, and you'll see how Hind sums up El Greco.

Of an exhibition of Albert Ryder's pictures, Hind says: "He never faltered. . . . In the forty-eight works shown there was not one that fails to express his conversation with eternity."

Let critics write reams about Ryder. They'll not sum him up better.

Take this morsel. Hind goes into a gallery. He praises somebody's pictures. "Yes," says the Proprietor, "he's a searcher." "He said the word 'Searcher,'" Hind remarks,

"with conviction and appreciation, as if he were uttering a synthesis of all he thought and felt and dreamed about the business of making art."

Of this Hind has the following comment: "That sentence, 'He's a Searcher,' remained, and still remains with me. Come to think of it, the art that we like is the art of those who search. So few search; so many (they cannot help it, their minds have ceased to function) never search."

Of course, Hind can't make me believe that it was a dealer who described a painter as the "Searcher." It's a trick of Hind's. He puts his wise words into other people's mouths. But that doesn't matter.

This little paragraph about searchers alone makes the book an admirable investment for artists—especially American artists.

I'm not going to be nasty. I could write a list of names as long as my arm. Names of skillful painters who are not searchers. I recommend Hind's book to them. They'll get bits of wisdom with which to mix their paints.

I turned the page. In this same essay called "Searchers," I picked this up: "Arthur B. Davies is a searcher in technique as well as subject. He is a tireless searcher, and he seeks the goal that Botticelli and Piero di Cosimo sought, long ago, beauty touched with strangeness."

O, painters, heed. Heed the words "beauty touched with strangeness." There's a lot in those words—something of the light that never was on sea or land, of mystery, of emotion, of the inward turn of the spirit, of the things without which no picture arouses the æsthetic emotion.

And now I ask you, Lewis Hind, whether or not I have done well by you. Do you recall what you said to me when I told you they'd asked me to review your book? I'll remind you. For it stuck.

"Rawther glad you're going to do it," you drawled, "for you're rawther clever, even if a bit shallow."

Also received:

HISTORY AND METHODS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTING, Vol. III. By James Ward. E. P. Dutton & Company.



*Courtesy Milch Gallery*

DETAIL FROM  
SUPPER AT EMMAUS

GARI  
MELCHERS



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## *A Declaration of Interdependence*

THREE hundred years ago art signed its Declaration of Independence. Painting must be free! Sculpture must be free! Architecture must be free! Free from the arch-tyrant, the church. A glorious day in the history of art.

And for three hundred years painting, sculpture and architecture have been trudging happily along, sublimely unconscious that one leg is wooden and one eye bandaged. For with the downfall of the church went the one power, however limited its vision, however autocratic its rule, which could give to art a spiritual direction. Well, the church is dead. The causes of its death do not concern us. There can be no looking back in that direction.

But with the passing of the church out of the lives of the people into a Sunday sequestration, there passed that great partnership of which architecture was the senior partner. And therein lay the tragedy. For the church's decay was a natural decay. It lost its power in proportion as its message took on the properties of a formula. It could give nothing more. But the partnership which was then dissolved was not a temporary partnership whose day was past. It was, so far as we are able to see, a first essential of healthy growth.

Art, as we understand it today, is a thing of the spirit, a reaching out into an unknown country. So it was then. So it always will be. But there are few, how few no one knows

until a century or so have passed by, who achieve this journey into the unknown and still fewer able to capture their vision and translate it into terms of living form. These men are artists. The other millions, painters, sculptors, architects, are or should be craftsmen, good craftsmen or bad craftsmen.

And the purpose of the great partnership was to employ these craftsmen in the building of a beautifully ordered world. Out of their ranks the artist would spring, searching, reaching out in the unknown; and the plodders, the craftsmen, would search, too, and see perhaps a reflection of the artist's vision. But always they were workers, building, carving, painting in the great cathedral of the world.

For painting and sculpture are after all no mystical vocations. A good painter is such by virtue of his hand, eye and brain. If he have any place in life quâ painter, it is because he is striving to make life more beautiful. And life is not bounded by a few square feet of canvas in a millionaire's cellar. The world is to be built by men such as he.

And today? The painter paints, well or badly according to his ability. The sculptor carves, or employs others to carve for him. The architect designs. For what? What are we building? We are all "artists" now. But the building of the world is done by others. *We* are building a museum.

## *A Declaration of Interdependence*

This month has been notable for a widespread recognition of the "Modernist" movement in America. The Exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy, of which mention was made last month, has caused many people, formerly bitterly opposed to the modern school, to change their minds. These people have discovered that a picture which a month ago they would have dismissed contemptuously as Bolshevik, may be possessed of a dignity, nay even a distinction, all its own. Apparently it is all in the hanging. In the small room of an enterprising dealer they are incapable of distinguishing those merits which, in the Pennsylvania Academy, are at once apparent. The International Studio is, of course, committed to no school or group of

painters. It is interested solely in seeing that work of merit, by whomsoever painted, shall be seen. If everyone will use his own eyes we shall be pleased.

I advise shoppers at Wanamaker's to spare a few moments and visit the Belmaison Galleries. Any salesman will direct you. The galleries are small, but delightfully arranged. Here you will find work by men of all ages, both conservative and radical of tendency. I understand that the aim is to keep the standard high, and the price low. The pictures and sculpture are mostly small in size and intimate in character. Certainly one may spend a delightful hour there, and bring back a charming water-colour or so.



*From Our Choice from the Independents*

LOWER MANHATTAN

STEFAN A. HIRSCH



PORTRAIT OF  
A WOMAN

TRYGVE  
HAMMER



## *A Declaration of Interdependence*



VIRGIN OF GUADALOUPE

MARSDEN HARTLEY

Another organization designed expressly to change art-lovers into art-buyers, is the Junior Art Patrons League. All members of the League pledge themselves to spend a minimum of \$25 through the League in purchase of art. To facilitate this the League will hold periodical exhibitions of prints, water-colours, etc., where the highest price will be \$25. One of these is at present open at the Fine Arts Building.

Of course this question of price is outside our province, in so far as it affects the finances of painter or dealer. But insofar as it affects the welfare of art and the growth of a pride

in art among the people, it is our business. Recently a friend of mine, a painter, complained bitterly that he had sold not one out of an exhibition of his water-colours. I looked sympathetic. They were fine water-colours. I asked the price. Then my sympathy vanished.

This theory of "keeping prices up" is all wrong. It encourages the counter-theory that art is a thing for the millionaire and the speculator. It means infrequent sales and a crowded studio. To painters I would say: Get your work out. The continual sight of one's own pictures is depressing. Sooner or later one becomes a copyist. Be sure only of one thing, that the work is as well done as you are at the moment capable of doing it. If it is, sell it to the highest bidder. Or give it away. Only so can you create a demand. That is business.

In this connection Marsden Hartley, for whose work I have the highest respect, has done a brave thing. He has put up for unrestricted auction every one of his pictures. By the time this is in print they will all be scattered, so I shall not be accused of advertising him, if I say that I hope they fetch good prices. I hope so for the public's sake.

Our Choice from the Independents is under weigh. "I am sure these weren't in the Independent Show," is the indignant comment. It all depends on the hanging, you see.

## *A Declaration of Interdependence*

From Pittsburgh I hear:

The International display at the Carnegie Institute failed to develop anything indicating material advancement in Painting or Sculpture in the period elapsed since the last Annual Exhibition.

No new artist of exceptional ability has appeared on the horizon; no prize was awarded strictly on merit; no great discernment was displayed in the hanging of the offerings; and as usual the New York Jury (be it said to their everlasting shame) again dares to "tell the world" that seventy-seven artists from New York City alone (not to mention their immediate friends from their home State, from New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania) constitute the art element of this great nation, and that there are only fourteen men west and south of Pittsburgh who are sufficiently talented to be accorded a place among the three hundred odd items displayed.

If the Twentieth Annual International Exhibition demonstrates things of any particular note they are:

First: That a number of our artists are either getting exceedingly careless in their advancing years, or else they have passed the heyday in their capabilities and are slowly but surely going with the setting sun. The writer is much inclined to the latter hypothesis, and regrets that the number of decadents is so large.

Second: That the acceptance of paintings which have been exhibited elsewhere is bad practice, and rules should be adopted admitting ONLY paintings never before shown publicly.

Third: That prizes are still awarded on other bases than merit and real art values.

The exhibition as a whole is "pretty." There is little in it of exceptional value as an art production to merit any very detailed comment.

For the Art Student the exhibition has a certain interest owing to the fact that out of the three hundred and eighty-five paintings hung, four are by John S. Sargent—twenty-five are in a room devoted to the one-man show of Henri Eugene Le Sidaner—seven canvases by and as a memorial to J. Francis Murphy are shown—and forty-eight paintings have

been borrowed from connoisseurs or dealers, therefore they are eighty-four works which have been, at least, commercial possibilities.

The other three hundred and one cover every kind of technique, colour scheme, subject, and tonal quality under the sun, and they range from the "daubery" of Mancini to the naïve and refined finish of Bosley—from the uninteresting portrait by Matisse to the breathing and living likenesses by Seyffert—from the matwkish nudes of Innocenti and Greiffenhagen to the graceful and playful depictions of Paul Chabas and Gilchrist—from the supposed landscapes by Osslund and Maurer to the glorious "out-doors" of Peyraud, White, and Ochtman—from the still unfinished angel of Thayer to the delicate "Mignon" by Parcell—from the peculiarly mottled Snow Scenes by Fjaestad and Schultzberg to the clear, snappy winter atmosphere of Symons and Sotter—from the "experiment" by Renoir to the subtle figure by Bredin—from the children's play-room "Chromos" by Mooney and Bergman to the splendid productions of Vonnoh, Knox, and Priestman—from the attempted marine of Woodbury to the mediæval records by Olsson.

In saying that Ernest Lawson's *Vanishing Mist* deserves a prize of Fifteen Hundred Dollars, and a gold medal, the Jury told the public that the whole exhibition was only of mediocre calibre, and emphasized this verdict by bestowing the Second Class Medal and One Thousand Dollars on a painting by Howard Giles entitled *Young Woman*. The Medal of the Third Class and Five Hundred Dollars went to Eugene Speicher for the picture of a *Girl with Green Hat*.

After granting all the real prizes to three New Yorkers and an Honourable Mention to Ross E. Moffett of Provincetown, the Jury must have become conscience-stricken, so they closed their labours by awarding Honourable Mentions to R. J. E. Mooney and Sydney Lee to appease the "Foreign Element."

That any of the prize pictures are worth the prize money, plus the cost of the medals, is doubtful, but the honours conferred may affect their sale somewhere west of the Mississippi.

JOHN L. PORTER.



16TH CENTURY  
FRENCH CABINET  
(Figure 1)

SCHOOL OF  
FONTAINEBLEAU  
DECORATION AFTER JEAN GOUJON



**F**RENCH FURNITURE: GOTHIC  
AND RENAISSANCE IN THE  
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM  
OF ART  
BY STELLA RUBINSTEIN

*Fourth Article*

[The other articles in this series were published in the issues of May, September, and November, 1917. Unavoidable reasons prevented an earlier publication of this final article.]

In this last article we shall only deal with pieces of furniture which are Renaissance both in their style of construction and decoration. Until about 1540, and in some parts of France even later, the workmanship still showed the persistence of Gothic traditions in spite of the decoration which was of the Renaissance period. Later, however, the Classical principles and the Italian Renaissance

style replaced the old national manner of construction. The fundamental principles of the composition itself also underwent a complete change. In the mediæval period the architectural elements served only as a means of decoration, while in the Renaissance period the architects themselves composed models, which the furniture makers executed, using only to a certain extent their own interpretation. In making these models they tried to apply to pieces of furniture architectural elements which are necessary in the construction of buildings, even though not giving these elements their real functions. In other words, taking, for example, a cabinet constructed in the second half of the sixteenth century, we notice that in its general aspect it resembles a building composed of Classical elements. At this time indeed the French workers became better acquainted with works of antiquity. Books and engravings teaching the new meth-



(Figure 2)

16TH CENTURY  
FRENCH CHEST

SCHOOL OF  
BURGUNDY

## *French Furniture in the Metropolitan Museum*

ods were spread all over the country. Vitruve was translated and its various editions were read and studied. French artists themselves came into closer contact and understanding with Italian artists working in France. Another important factor in the promulgation of the new style was the importation of plaquettes, bronzes, and engravings, which in large quantities were spread from Italy through most of the European countries. The assimilation of the new ideas, little by little, became complete in France. But once assimilated they underwent a change. Transported to another soil and under new conditions the style grew personal and original. As we have already noted in our last article, though every motive was of Italian origin, nothing created in this period in France could be found worked out identically in Italy.

The men who stand out most prominently as having created models for furniture in the

sixteenth century are two famous architects, Jacques Androuet du Cerceau and Hugues Sambin. Jacques Androuet du Cerceau (the nickname du Cerceau or du Cercle comes from a ring which was hung as a sign in front of his shop), born about 1510, was indeed preëminent among his contemporaries, even in this period which was marked in France by great intellectual and artistic activity. His very numerous engravings testify that he was not only an architect but that he also designed models for furniture, tapestries, goldsmith work, etc. Confining ourselves to furniture only, we find seventy-one models by him, twenty-one of which are for cabinets and dressers, twenty-four for tables, eight for beds, etc. All these models are inspired by the Italian Renaissance and by antiquity, and their influence was very great. Almost all of the furniture makers or *menuisiers* copied them more or less. In the Metropolitan Mu-



16TH CENTURY  
FRENCH TABLE  
(Figure 3)

GEORGE AND FLORENCE  
BLUMENTHAL COLLECTION

## *French Furniture in the Metropolitan Museum*



LATE 16TH CENTURY  
FRENCH TABLE (Figure 4)

SCHOOL OF  
HUGUES SAMBIN

seum there is a dresser, coming from the Hoentschel collection, made in the style of du Cerceau's designs. This dresser, which once belonged to the Recappé collection and later to the Barry collection of Toulouse, is of the second half of the sixteenth century and forms a very imposing ensemble. It is composed of three parts. The lower part forms a table-console which serves as a support to the rest of the cabinet. In the centre is a drawer decorated with a lion's head with a double volute underneath. The middle part shows columns on the sides and a figure of Mercury on the central door. The upper part shows in the central panel a female mask surrounded by sphinxes. On the sides are Corinthian columns, human heads, grotesque figures, griffins, and sphinxes. The lower part of this dresser shows similarities to a cabinet from the Chabrière--Arles collection. There is a dresser in the Dijon Museum in two parts only showing analogies in composition and decoration. Another dresser from the Rougier collection also shows similarities.

Other cabinets in the Metropolitan Museum, except for one of the School of Ile-de-France decorated after Jean Goujon, are in the style of Hugues Sambin, who after Jacques Androuet du Cerceau was the one who most influenced the making of furniture. The style of these two men is, however, different and while du Cerceau is entirely imbued with Classical methods, Sambin though in close touch with them, is primarily preoccupied in bringing out the characteristics of the Burgundian genius which manifests itself in a search for life and expression. Born most probably about 1520 in Talent near Dijon, he spent almost all of his life in the latter city and, living there in close contact with the productions of the School of Burgundy, he naturally followed that inspiration. A cabinet presented to the Museum by J. Pierpont Morgan in 1909 and coming from the Emile Gaillard collection, illustrates well the style of Hugues Sambin. It is divided into three parts and decorated with human masks and caryatids, each one showing a different expression. A dresser





(Figure 5)

CHAISE  
D'APPARAT

FRENCH  
16TH CENTURY

from the Spitzer collection shows similarities in decoration. The same kind of caryatids and masks are also seen on a dresser in the Martin Le Roy collection and there are also analogies with a cabinet in the Cluny Museum and especially with one from the Sellières collection.

Another cabinet in the Metropolitan Museum also belongs to the School of Burgundy and is in the style of Hugues Sambin. It comes from the Chappey collection and shows in the upper part three caryatids. All the panels are covered with flat ornamental designs and arabesques. There are many analo-

gies in composition with a cabinet from the Gavet collection, also with one from the Martin Le Roy collection, but especially great are the similarities with a cabinet from the Octave Homberg collection.

Another cabinet is of the School of Lyons and comes from the Duseigneur sale. It is composed of two parts, the doors are decorated with flat ornamental design and while in the upper part lions' heads are seen in relief, the doors in the lower part show rosaces. There is an almost identical cabinet in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris, and another in the Octave Homberg collection.

The last cabinet in the Metropolitan Museum (Figure 1) belongs to a large group of cabinets of the French productions in furniture of about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is a double-bodied cabinet, which type seems to be a creation of the School of Fontainebleau, and it is crowned with a pediment and enriched with small marble panels. The leaves of the doors are decorated with figures bearing musical instruments which are made after Jean Goujon. Birds, cherubs' heads, and winged sphinxes are gracefully displayed on the surface. The architectural construction itself is of great simplicity and beautiful in style. A large number of cabinets in different museums and private collections belong to the same series. Among others there is one from the Gavet collection, one from the Gaillard collection, one from the Chappey collection, two from the Spitzer collection, one in the Louvre, one from the Chabrières-Arles collection, one from the Aynard collection, etc.

When we pass from cabinets to chests of the sixteenth century we see that they serve the same purpose as in the Gothic period (*International Studio*, May, 1917, p. lxxiv) and that their form is identical. The decoration, however, differs entirely and the front panel instead of showing a division into a number of arched panels with sculptural representations, shows only one motive of decoration or panels divided by caryatids. The second method is illustrated in two chests in the Metropolitan Museum, one of them from the Duseigneur sale, purchased from the Rogers Fund, is of the late sixteenth century

## *French Furniture at the Metropolitan Museum*

and belongs to the School of Burgundy (Figure 2). It is decorated with flat ornamental designs with caryatids, sphinxes, and human masks and shows analogies with a chest from the Spitzer collection and with one in the Louvre.

The second chest comes from the Chappey collection, belongs to the School of Lyons, and is of the second half of the sixteenth century. It is decorated in front with three caryatids and on the panels with flat ornamental designs, showing in the centre, cherubs' heads in relief. There is a very similar chest in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. There are also similarities with a chest from the Spitzer collection and with one from the Chappey collection.

As for tables, we have seen how few come down to us from the Gothic period (International Studio, May, 1917, p. lxxvii). This is not the case with tables of the Renaissance period, a great number of which are still in existence. Their forms are various. There are some constructed in the same way as those of the Gothic period, which are composed of planks mounted on trestles so as to be easily taken apart and, if necessary, transported from one place to another. These tables, however, called "tables de camp" in the inventories of Catherine de Medici, are very few in the Renaissance period, at which time most of them are stable and cannot be taken apart. One of the most common types created at this time consists of a table standing on four legs with a rail attached near the floor, and of which we have an example in the George and Florence Blumenthal collection coming from the Louis Mohl collection (Figure 3). This table is rectangular and the legs in the form of fluted columns are decorated with capitals supporting cherubs' heads. A similar table is in the Louvre showing, however, some difference in the decoration.

The tables in the Metropolitan Museum belong to another type, one most ornate. The example here reproduced (Figure 4) comes from the Foulc collection and now belongs to the Museum, forming a part of the Altman collection. It is of the second half of the sixteenth century and in the style of the School of Hugues Sambin. It is oblong and the top



(Figure 6)

CHAISE  
D'APPARAT

GEORGE AND FLORENCE  
BLUMENTHAL COLLECTION

is inlaid in ivory with a narrow border and a medallion of arabesques. The rail is carved in a conventional leaf design and the end supports are carved in openwork of elaborate design. In the centre is a satyr between scrolls which merge on the sides into masks resting on flat bases carved with masks, rosettes, and leaves. A heavy moulded stretcher is at the bottom. A very similar table is in the Chabrière-Arles collection. Another table in the Altman collection, coming from the Hainauer collection, shows the same period and the same style of workmanship.

From the Heilbronner collection comes a



CAQUETOIRE  
(Figure 7)

GEORGE AND FLORENCE  
BLUMENTHAL COLLECTION



## *French Furniture at the Metropolitan Museum*

table bought by the Museum which is somewhat simpler in construction and decoration. It rests on two end supports carved in pierced design and decorated with leaf work. The bases are connected by a moulded stretcher upon which are two legs supporting the table in the centre. Many analogies can be found with a table from the Aynard collection and with the Foulc collection.

The last article of furniture that we have to deal with in these pages is the chair, which, like the table, is of various forms. Chairs with high backs, which were most commonly known in the Gothic period, are still in use in the second half of the sixteenth century but their function is limited and they are the so-called "*chaises d'apparat*." This group is well represented by a chair in the Metropolitan Museum and by two chairs in the George and Florence Blumenthal collection.

The chair in the Metropolitan Museum (Figure 5) is constructed absolutely in the Gothic traditions, as are also the two chairs in the Blumenthal collection. It shows the characteristic high back and the lower part forming a chest, the cover of which serves as a seat. Although the construction of the chair is identical with those of the Gothic period, the decoration differs widely. It is composed entirely in the Renaissance style and is inspired by the Italian architecture of the time. This may account for the fact that this chair is labelled in the Museum as Italian, but it seems unmistakably French. We know indeed that perspectives applied to decoration were in great use at this time in France. As for the construction itself, this chair is essentially French. There is an almost identically constructed chair in the Gavet collection. There is also a similar one from the Hochon collection, another from the Spitzer collection, and another from the Barry collection in Toulouse.

Of the two chairs in the George and Florence Blumenthal collection, one, coming from the Louis Mohl collection, shows a very similar perspective decoration on the back. The construction itself is somewhat different. The seat instead of forming a regular chest makes only a shallow chest in the upper part, supported on the sides in front by two legs in the

form of gadrooned balusters and in the back by a panel, sculptured in flat relief. The arm rests are flat and supported by balusters decorated with leaf work. A similarly constructed chair is in the Rougier collection.

The other chair in the Blumenthal collection (Figure 6) belongs to the same type and is one of the most richly decorated of the chairs of this time in existence. The construction is entirely of the Gothic inspiration and as in the chair in the Metropolitan Museum, it shows both the high back and the chest forming a seat. The back is profusely decorated with caryatids, birds, cherubs' heads, leaf work, and rosettes, and the arm rests show rams' heads at the ends. The lower part shows a decoration in flat relief. A number of chairs in different collections are of a similar construction and decoration. There are two from the Rougier collection, one in the Chabrière-Arlès collection. There are also analogies with a chair from the Martin Le Roy collection, and with two chairs in the Louvre, etc.

All of these chairs, although beautiful in form and especially in decoration, were imposing and stately rather than comfortable. Even the use of cushions, which was very common, could not appreciably lessen their severity.

Another kind of chair, of a much more comfortable type, called "*caquetoire*," is represented in the Blumenthal collection, coming from the Mohl collection (Figure 7). The seat is a trapezoid supported by four legs which are connected by rails. The arm rests are rounded and rest on small columns. The back is high and surmounted by a pediment and decorated with an architectural view in perspective.

Thus we come to the end of our article and with it close the series of four articles on French furniture, Gothic and Renaissance, in The Metropolitan Museum of Art. In this study we have tried to bring out the essential characteristics, the role and importance of the objects represented, and their historical development. That which also greatly attracted our attention was to show as clearly as possible the influences contributing to this development and their causes.



BRITANNY LANDSCAPE

PAUL GAUGUIN

**T**HE WISDOM OF PAUL  
GAUGUIN—ARTIST  
FROM HIS LETTERS TO  
GEORGES-DANIEL DE MONTFREID

You know that though others have honoured me by attributing a system to me. I have never had one, and could not condemn myself to one if I had. To paint as I please, bright to-day, dark to-morrow. The artist must be free or he is not an artist. "But you have a technique," they say. No, I have not. Or, rather, I have one, but it is a vagabond sort of thing and very elastic. It is a technique that changes constantly according to the mood I'm in, and I use it to express my thoughts without bothering as to whether it truthfully expresses exterior nature. "Is there a recipe for the making of beautiful things?" And the answer I have repeated so often: "I am capricious."

I realize that on my return I must give up my painting, for I cannot make a living with it. I left Paris after a victory, small enough, but still a victory. In eighteen months I have not made a cent with my painting; and my work is improving, which means that it is less saleable. If only van Gogh had not died!

Find about fifteen people who either understand my work or who wish to make money out of it. Make them this proposal: Each year I will send fifteen good canvases in advance, done like the former ones. For this "merchandise" these people will send me 2,400 francs a year, which means less than 160 francs each. It is certain that my pictures are not expensive at that price.

The great error is the Greek, however beautiful it may be. I am going to give you a bit of technical advice; do with it as you

## *The Wisdom of Paul Gauguin -- Artist*

like. Mix a lot of fine sand with your clay: it will make many useful difficulties for you; it will keep you from seeing the surface and from falling into the atrocious trickiness of the Beaux Arts School. A clever twist of the thumb; a sleek modelling of the meeting of cheek and nostril. That is their ideal. And then sculpture allows lumps, but never holes. A hole is necessary to the human ear, but not to the ear of God. He sees and hears, perceives all, without the help of the senses; which exist only to be tangible to man. Suggest that.

I believe that all that should have been said of me has been said, and a great deal that should not. I want only silence, silence, and again, silence. Let me die quiet and forgotten. Or, if I must live, let me live more quiet and forgotten still. What difference does it make whether I was a pupil of Bernard or of Serusier. If I have done beautiful things nothing can tarnish them, and if I have done trash why gild it and deceive people as to the quality of the goods.

I wanted to kill myself, but before I died I wished to paint a large canvas that I had in mind and I worked day and night that whole month in an incredible fever. To be sure it is not done like a *Puvis de Chavannes*, sketch after nature, preparatory cartoons, etc. It is done straight from the brush on sackcloth, full of knots and wrinkles, so the appearance is terribly rough. They will say that it is careless, unfinished. It is true that it is hard to judge one's own work, but in spite of that I believe that this canvas not only surpasses all my preceding ones but that I shall never do anything better or even like it. And before death I put in it all my energy, passion so dolourous, amid circumstances so terrible, and so clear was my vision that the haste of the execution is lost and life surges up. It is a canvas 4 m. 50 in length by 1 m. 70 in height; the two upper corners are chrome yellow, with an inscription on the left and my name on the right. Like a fresco whose corners are spoiled with age and which is appliquéed upon a golden wall. To the right of the lower end a sleeping child and three

crouching women; two figures dressed in purple confide their thoughts to one another. An enormous crouching figure, out of all proportion, and intentionally so, raises its arms and stares in astonishment upon these three who dare to think of their destiny. A figure in the centre is picking fruit; two cats near a child; a white goat; an idol, its arms mysteriously raised in a sort of rhythm seem to indicate the beyond. Then, lastly, an old woman, nearing death, appears to accept everything, to resign herself to her thoughts. She completes the story. At her feet a strange bird, holding a lizard in its claws, represents the futility of words. It is all on the bank of a river in the woods. In the background the ocean, then the mountains of a neighbouring island. Despite changes of tone, the colouring of the landscape is constant, either blue or Veronese green; the native figures stand out on it in bold orange. If any one should tell the Beaux-Arts pupils for the Rome competitions: "The picture you must paint is to represent: *Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?* What would they do?

So I have finished a philosophical work on the theme comparable to that of the Gospel. I think it is good.

Ah, yes, Degas has the name of being harsh and bitter. (I, too, it is said.) But it is not so for those whom Degas holds worthy of attention and esteem. Degas, both as to conduct and talent, is a rare example of all that an artist should be. Though he has had as admirers all who are in power, Bonnat, Puvis and Antoine Prust, he has never asked for anything. From him one has never seen nor heard of a mean action, an indelicacy, or anything ugly. Art and Dignity!

In our time there is this great fault of treating all canvases as easel pieces. In this way many, Gustave Moreau, for instance, try to excuse their lack of imagination, of creative power, by the finesse and perfection of their craftsmanship. Through excess of emphasis there is no promise, and does not promise evoke mystery?



## *The Wisdom of Paul Gauguin -- Artist*

You say, "Why do you not paint more thickly, so as to give a richer surface?" I do not refuse and should often like to do so, but it is growing more and more impossible, for I have to take the expense of materials into account. I have hardly any left. . . . I think that perhaps after a few years, when the surface has hardened sufficiently and the oils have disappeared, you may find it to be richer. For I remember some canvases of van Gogh, among them a Brittany marine, done as thinly as possible, and after a few years it was almost unrecognizable, and the surface was very rich. . . . After all, the question of material, of technique, even of the preparation of the canvas, are of the least importance. They can always be remedied, can't they? But art is very terrible and difficult to fathom.

During the short period that I corrected work at the Montparnasse Studio, I said to the students: "Do not expect me to correct you directly, even if your arm is a little too long or a little too short. I shall correct only artistic faults. You can be precise if you care about it. With practice the craft will come almost of itself in spite of you. And all the more easily if you think of something besides technique."

I often wonder why anyone still buys pictures, seeing that the number of painters is swelled daily by the crowd who, making no researches for themselves, quickly assimilate the researches of others and spice all according to modern taste. Commercially speaking, in art some have to wipe the plaster before the house becomes habitable.

I am sorry to hear that Maillol is fighting depression, for he is an artist and a fine fellow, so far as I know him. If elected to the Champs Mars, would he do any better? I doubt it; for in these crowds the money-bags shut you out. His art is too distinguished to be noticed.

The world is so stupid that if one shows it canvases containing new and *terrible* elements Tahiti will become comprehensible and

charming. My Brittany pictures are now rose-water because of Tahiti. Tahiti will be eau-de-Cologne because of the Marquesas.

Many of the foreign painters simply use my work to make themselves original. They make Gauguins—only better.

I am a savage. Civilized people feel it to be so. All that is surprising and bewildering in my work is that savagery that comes up in spite of myself. That is what makes my work inimitable. The work of a man is the explanation of a man. And there are two sorts of beauty: one is the result of instinct, the other of study. A combination of the two, with the resulting modifications, brings with it a very complicated richness, which the art critic ought to try to discover. Now you are an art critic. Let me not guide you, but rather advise you to open your eyes to what I want to explain, though rather mysteriously, in a few lines. The great science of Raphael does not bewilder me, nor does it in the least prevent me from feeling and understanding his foundation which is the instinct for beauty.

Raphael was born beautiful. All else in him was simply a modification of that. We have just passed through a long period of error in art, caused by the knowledge of physical and mechanical chemistry and by the study of nature. Artists have lost their savagery and no longer able to rely upon instinct (one might say imagination) have strayed off on many different paths to find the productive elements they have no longer the strength to create. And now they cannot work except in disorderly crowds, feeling frightened, almost lost, if left to themselves. This is why it is useless to advise solitude for everyone. One must be strong enough to endure it and to work alone. All that I have learned from others has only hampered me, so I can say: "No one has taught me anything." It is true, I know very little, but I prefer that little, which is my own. And who knows but that even this little, when exploited by others, may not become something great? How many centuries it takes to create even the appearance of movement.

[A month later Paul Gauguin was dead.]

# BOOK REVIEWS

AMONG ITALIAN PEASANTS. Written and illustrated by Tony Cyriax. With an introduction by Muirhead Bone. New York. E. P. Dutton & Company.

FIRST LESSONS IN BATIK. By Gertrude C. Lewis.

PERMODELLO MODELLING. By Bonnie E. Snow and Hugo B. Froehlich. Illustrated by George W. Koch. The Prang Company,

Chicago and New York.

HOW TO APPRECIATE PRINTS. By Frank Weitenkamp. Third Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Peccavi. I have sinned. For three months there has lain peacefully on my shelf a small, but nicely bound and well printed book. Every morning she has been carefully dusted. Every month at this time I have carefully taken her down from her niche and opened her—and as carefully shut her again and replaced her. She is a quiet little book, modest in appearance. She did not shout at me, “I must be reviewed,” but just whispered every now and then through her blind paper wrapper, “You have not forgotten me, surely?” And like all quietly persistent young ladies, she has her way.

Her mother, I take it, was a quietly persistent young lady, too, who took the notion of going to live in Italy, not *en grande dame*, with her friends on the Riviera, but by herself among the peasant folk of northern Italy. A strange fancy for an English lady, and a water-colourist too. And the pictures she painted there were not at all the Italy that her relations expected. I doubt whether Aunt Jane liked them a little bit. They were not the Italy that Uncle John took her to for her honeymoon. Of course peasants were all right in their place, but why so much *polenta*. And those men in the inn playing cards. And the priest. Not at all nice people.

But strange to say, Tony Cyriax turned a deaf ear to Aunt Jane. This was *her* Italy. She was at home with Rosina and the lazy Riccardo and poor Nino. And, stranger still, they were at home with her. Nino sat for her. Whether he was a good model we do not know.

Perhaps he talked too much, like that day on which she burst out “Villano,” and received a curtain-lecture for it. At all events, he appears not *en modele*, but *en famille*, working in the fields, sitting over the inevitable *polenta*, making a fourth at cards in the little room of his inn. So it is with all her friends. With true artist's feeling, she has left them each in his place, doing the work that is his. And we have cause to be grateful. What the pictures do not tell, is told in her own words, simply, without emphasis. Again an artist, she does not obtrude herself, but tells about the peasants as though she herself were one of them. And this in a great degree she must have become.

Miss Cyriax, will you please write another book, and ask your publishers to see that the pictures and text are welded into one? As in spirit they are one.

The two books published by the Prang Company are of their kind excellent. I have been especially interested in the one on Batik. It is a book with no great pretensions, being bound in stiff cardboard, but I find it highly suggestive. A glance through the illustrations, of which there are many excellent ones, opens up a field full of suggestion. How Batik is made. Silk Batik as decoration. Silk Batik for blouses, scarfs and dresses. Batik on velvet for a stunning gown. Designs, decorations, murals. I recommend this book. It is inexpensive, and if there are still young ladies who make their own dresses, will pay for itself an hundredfold.

The book on Permodello modelling is only less attractive to me, because I have a hearty dislike of anything that is made to be hung round a lady's neck, and most of the illustrations are of *permodello* as beads.

Mr. Weitenkamp's book on prints reappears in a new edition, its third. It is a good book, but why, Mr. Weitenkamp, must you always quote?

Also received:

SAMPLERS AND STITCHES. A Handbook of the Embroiderer's Art. By Mrs. Archibald Christie. Designs and illustrations by the author. New York. E. P. Dutton & Company.



HIN  
TEFATOU

PAUL  
GAUGUIN



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## PRINTS OF THE YEAR BY AMEEN RIHANI

NEW YORK may never become the art centre of the world. But in the graphic arts this year it was a centre of brilliance, which neither Paris nor London could have dimmed. The exhibitions in the galleries and the museums were inclusive in scope, amazing in variety, most vital in interest. From Rembrandt to Zorn, from Dürer to Lepère, from Piranesi to Mielatz, from Gavarni to Whistler, all the mediums were represented in their periods of excellence as well as their various stages of evolution. It was a delight to the amateur and an education to the public.

Of chief importance in the galleries were the memorial exhibitions of two European masters and an American, which afforded us the joy of seeing the rarest of Zorn's etchings, the finest of Lepère's wood-engravings, and those quaintly picturesque New York scenes—fast vanishing, alas!—of Mielatz. In lithography an exhibition of the work of Fantin-Latour shows how the stone can even be made to sing dithyrambs to music. In impressionism some rare prints of such masters as Degas and Pissarro, Forain and Steinlen, give us an idea of what they attempted and what they achieved with the plate and the stone.

Of contemporary etchers of distinction, D. Y. Cameron and James McBey were on view together, thus affording an opportunity

for a comparative study of their manner and technique. Both are individual in expression, the one going direct to his subject, however; the other, as a rule, only pointing to it. But the Whistler-like quality of McBey sometimes evaporates and, as in his last Palestine plates, the atmosphere is lost.

Differing from both Scotchmen, two other artists, W. Lee Hankey and E. Blampied, hail us with a gesture, uncouth sometimes but unmistakable, and take us into the refreshing intimacy of the labourers of the field. *Minding the Flock* of Hankey and *Potato Planters* of Blampied, are excellent plates done in a forthright manner, which does not, however, overcome their æsthetic candour, and with a technical knowledge that fits the rhythm to the theme. (See May issue.)

From the rude labours of man a Gallic temperament beckons us to the poetic charms of nature. The "*Paysages Poétiques*" of Jacques Beurdeley, which were exhibited here for the first time, are ingenuous and direct, though treated with delicacy and grace. Beurdeley has a lyric fervour which sometimes, like Lepère's, flows freely in a calm melody, and sometimes, like Whistler's, disappears in a subtlety of sophistication. The accompanying reproduction, *La Route de Flégnny*, is an example of his work at its best.

Among American artists Henry B. Shope has produced a few plates somewhat in the style of Beurdeley, but his poetic landscapes often lack the harmony and balance that the

## Prints of the Year

lyric mood exacts. His distances are always delicately suggestive, but his subject, as a rule, is too self-assertive for peace. The contrast is so violent in a limited range that the poetic charm is lost. Least marked with this marring manner are his two plates *The Baby Carriage* and *Sunday*. In his French and Italian scenes his point of view is often ordinary; but he invests his plates with a quality of light and tone that gives them distinction.

Less subtle but more direct and spontaneous is Eugene Higgins, who has a social conscience as well as a high artistic purpose. The ruggedness in his work does not destroy the charm in composition and design, nor even the lurking sentiment. Higgins is a thinker as well as an observer. He begins with a purpose, clear enough, I imagine, in his own mind, but elastic enough to reach, when the plate is done, a generalization that does not obtrude itself upon us. Often, too, he betrays what might be called a toothache in his social conscience. He is grim, but not morbid. Such plates as *Fantine*, *Domestic Duty* and *Rent*

*Bill* arrest and awaken and charm. In their treatment as in their purport they are strikingly presented. The art connoisseur and the social philosopher are equally intrigued. For in the way he builds his house of darkness, sanctifies it with an instance of human struggle and suffering, and lights it up from a point suggesting an assuring beyond, he achieves what to my mind is a real work of art—a work that has both æsthetic and intellectual value. In *The Snags* is a good example of his artistic and philosophic vision. It indicates more than it portrays; and if we forget the traveller, worn and weary, in contemplating man's place in the universe, then the artist has nobly succeeded. But Higgins is sometimes slipshod in his drawing, which is, of course, the fashion of the day. An artist like himself, however, can afford to be out of fashion.

Like Frank W. Benson, for instance, whose draughtsmanship does not interfere with his creative power. His work in etching covers a broad field, but he has chosen of late to exhibit almost exclusively for the sportsman.



Courtesy Arthur Harlow

LE CHÊME  
DU MARAIS

WOOD-CUT BY  
AUGUST LEPÈRE



*Courtesy Kennedy & Co.*

LA ROUTE  
DE FLÉGNY

ETCHING BY  
BEURDELEY

The print amateur and the collector will find much to admire, however, in this phase of his work; for his scenes of birds, in flight or at rest, are always alive, seldom uninteresting. His technique has no frills, is solid and telling; his line is never weak or unnecessarily crude; his composition is seldom at fault; and now and then he concedes to a decorative design. In the open fields Benson is at home and as alert as the objects of his observation: hence the accuracy and the charm with which he translates them to the plate.

Like Benson's birds, we find ourselves with Lester G. Hornby always on the wing. For he has etched in various styles and moods wherever the ragged and picturesque beckon—in Chicago as well as in Rome—in England, in France and in Spain. His Paris scenes are habitual, though well done; his choice is not governed by any æsthetic caprice. His plates of Normandy and the Marne, redolent of very agreeable rustic flavours, are well envisaged and

treated with a sympathy that betokens close association. His peasants are reminiscent of Pissarro's, and a few of his plates have the resonance though not the luminosity of the Impressionist of Pontoise. Hornby has an eye for the homely as well as the picturesque; and he gets into his work the character of the place and the people that give him his subject, whether they be in Gloucester or Paris or Granada. Indeed, he finds his types everywhere; and with the versatility of a cosmopolite he makes the gesture that gives his attachments the value of an artist's who carries a Baedeker along with his sketch book. The charm of his plates, in other words, seldom goes beyond the actual expression. His quality is more vibrant than intense.

I do not think that Wm. Auerbach Levy has even made the acquaintance of Baedeker. He has not gone far out of his ethnological limitations, at least, for his types. And whether of an emigrant or a scholar or a buyer



## Prints of the Year

of old clothes, whom he finds among his own people, his interpretation is deeply sincere and sympathetic, though somewhat idealized. But who can better understand and interpret that most interesting of Semitic types, the quaint and pensive and pious Jew, than a poet of his own race? Levy has a poetic vision, intense but not aggressive. Nor is he seduced by the merely picturesque. His types, like *Faithful* and *The Talmud*, carry not their shibboleths in their gabardines: they have an appealing spirituality. Particularly in the *Emigrant* the expression evokes a past rich with culture and tradition—and persecution. The eye reveals a background of light and flame extinguished by centuries of brooding silence. And out of this silence comes Levy's *Emigrant*, not as a

“red,” but as a type that is intensely human, with possibilities untold of spiritual and intellectual development.

In his technique Levy often depends on the blank spaces to better bring out the effect of his line; and his tonal values are obtained mostly through the skillful use of the needle and the acid. Now and then, in the wiping, he emphasizes through the burr a line or a shade; but he does not waste much ink on a plate. Notice the back of the *Emigrant* and the hang of the coat, so eloquent, through the thrifty use particularly of the heavy line, in its folds and bagginess, so expressive of the spirit that leans upon a staff of a priest of Israel.

But Levy is not original in his technique.



BALES OF  
COTTON

ETCHING BY  
ANNE GOLDTHWAITE



*Courtesy Arthur Harlow*

THE  
EMIGRANT

ITCHING BY  
W. AUERBACH LEVY

Others have tried it before him, among them a woman artist I know. It does not seem to me, however, that etching is a woman's job,

considering at least its routine. For what with chemicals and grounds and wipers and ink and a hand press, it's as bad as washing dishes,—



*Courtesy Robert Mussmann*

THE SNAGS

ETCHING BY  
EUGENE HIGGINS

it's worse than the kitchen. And men, after all, have made better cooks—and better etchers. But she will try everything, the Wonder of the Age, outside the kitchen of course, and she will excel in her own way—although some

critics have to be browbeaten to nod assent.

But I—Allah be my witness—am not hard to please. There's Mary Cassat, for instance, whose work in etching is like gossamer on the fingers of a vanishing beauty. Her *Mother*





*Courtesy Robert Mussmann*

SEINING  
AT DAWN

ETCHING BY  
PHILIP LITTLE

and Child, in a concentrating variety of poses, are done with exquisite tenderness, aye, and with that feeling of the mother who in a pinch would beg or steal to nourish her children. I am not casting reflections upon her manner and technique; for it matters not how much there is in her work of Degas and Pissarro, the source of inspiration is her own. And that is more than one can say about some men artists. Mary Cassat chose her subject and stuck to it. So too has Katharine Cameron, the sister of D. Y. Her brother may have influenced her technique, but her manner is her own. She has an ornate style, a pure and incisive line. And such plates as *Monsieur Cobrech* and *The Duel* are exquisitely expressive of a delightful feminine fancy. Like Mary Cassat, having chosen her subject—and what better, to suit her pretty conceits, than flowers and butterflies, thistles and bumble-

bees?—she is likely to stick to it. I for one admire their talents and honour their limitations.

There's another girl artist whom I met th'other day at the Academy while I happened to be admiring one of her etchings, and who does not look to me as if she could as much as crank a flivver. Nevertheless, she must be able to command a press with her own hands, for the trial proof at least, since she turns out a good plate now and then. Margery Ryerson has a feeling for children, which is deep and sincere. It forces her to no quibble; it imposes no kink upon her manner. And her technique is akin to that of Mary Cassat. Mary went to Camille, Margery went to Mary—but it matters not where they go, so they come back with something really worth while. And there it is in *Peter* and *Dressing Mary Jane*, two of Miss Ryerson's plates, which are



THE  
PUMA

ETCHING BY  
WILL SIMMONS



*Courtesy E. Weyhe*

LA POURSUITE

AQUATINT BY  
OROVIDA PISSARRO





NUDE

LITHOGRAPH BY  
ALBERT STERNER

tenderly conceived and executed. But her work is not always clean. Across her etchings are hard straight lines, which do not seem to belong there; and whether they are the result of accident, or of negligence, which is worse, they certainly mar the delicate charm of her work.

Anne Goldthwaite, who is surer of her technique and wider in her scope, is also preëminently feminine. What she has to say has more of beauty than power;—comes straight out of the heart to the plate rather than labours through the mind. She is necessarily subjective, for she has an eye that can penetrate the rim of reality. What she then sees is her own. Thus in her southern scenes, as *Cotton Bales* and *Saturday in Alabama*, the subtlety of a fine emotion is translated into a whispering loveliness. Her *October in France*, more poetic than individual, is a graceful landscape against a background of aquatint. Her *Crucifixion* is big with æsthetic feeling and purpose. So too are the plates *Aviator* and *The Moth*, which are done in a summary and very imposing manner, the creamy blanks contributing nobly to their expressive charm. If Miss Goldthwaite did not attempt so much in scope and style,

thus contenting herself necessarily with the yield of "touch-and-go," she could make more, I think of her skill and talent.

I am in doubt about the femininity of another woman etcher whose work was exhibited in New York this year, and who has gone far—into the jungle!—for her subject. She is a descendant of two generations of artists and has an originality which her heritage did not spoil. Orovida Pissarro is the daughter of Lucien the wood-engraver, who is the son of Camille of impressionist fame. But Orovida, with her



TORTOISE SHELL  
BUTTERFLIES

KATHERINE  
CAMFRON

father's skill in drawing and her grandfather's skill in etching, had the pluck, it seems, to strike out for herself—and into the lions' den! Which, in her case, although I like to believe the contrary, is perhaps the Paris Zoo. But her style is her own, and her animals—well, she has an eye and an imagination. She has also a line, an elastic, a resilient, a snapping line. Her tigers and lions almost leap out of the etchings, so fiercely alive are they, albeit so excellently drawn. Indeed, here is where good drawing and the interpretation of movement do not antagonize each other; here is one example of the possibility of what is considered nowadays impossible.

Look at *The Pursuit* here reproduced. When I look at it, I feel I

ought to retract what I have just said about the jungle and the Zoo. For is it possible that she could get so much atmosphere and so much of realistic terror and movement into her composition by merely sitting before a cage in Paris and enlisting her imagination? It is wonderful, O Orovida, if you did: it is more wonderful, if you didn't.

Even Will Simmons, who himself sits occasionally before a cage in the Zoo to "get a rise" out of a monkey or a bear, approves of Orovida. But he can show her a few things in the jungle—I am not more sure of his than of hers—which she has not yet seen, perhaps because he is older in the game. His observations are more inclusive; his mood is sometimes deep but never murky; and there are translucencies in his work which reveal a delightful sense of humour. His bears are



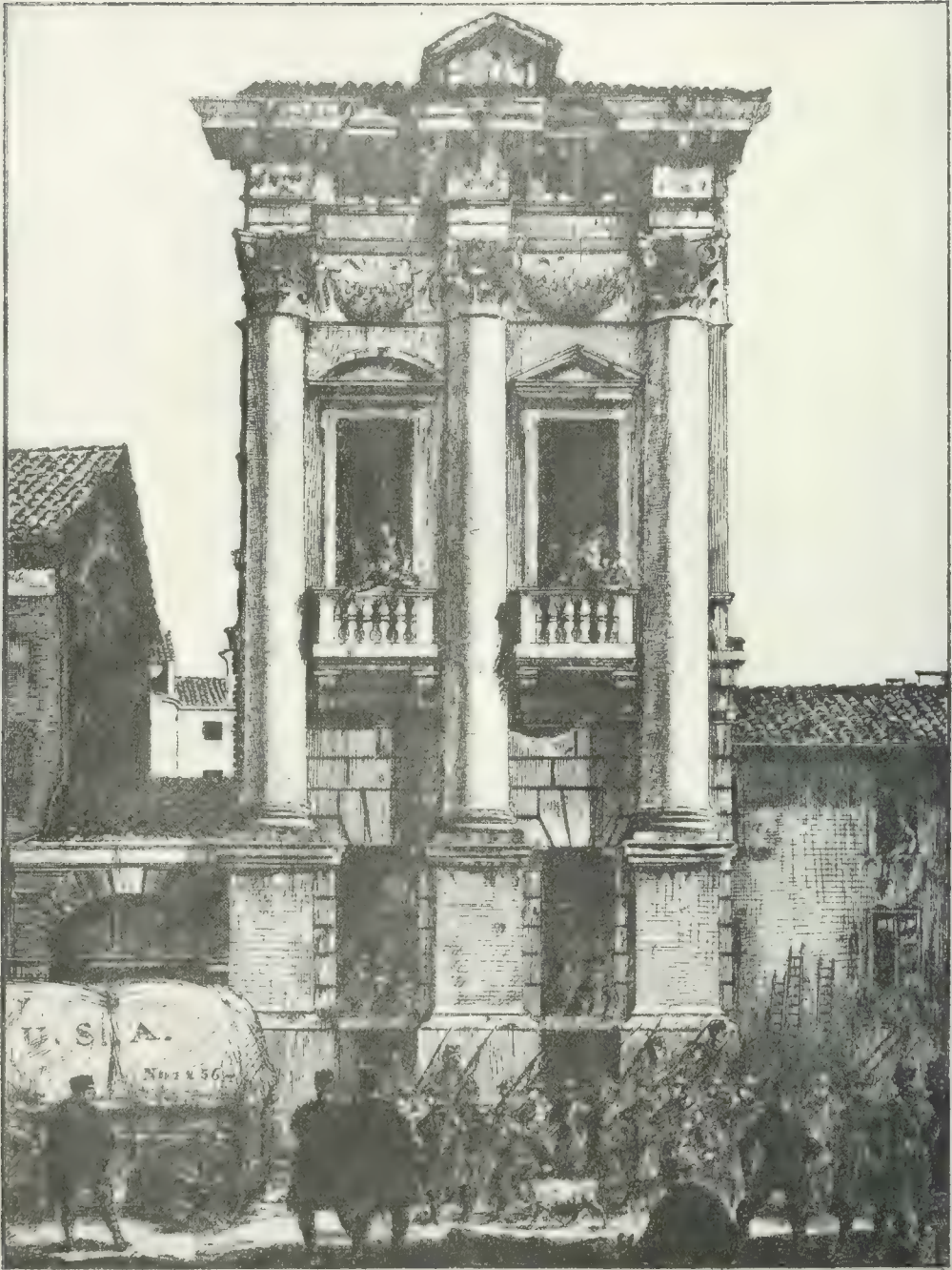
*Courtesy Kennedy & Co.*

THE SPIRIT OF  
THE VINE

ETCHING BY  
TROY KINNEY

comedians, his monkeys are philosophers, whom he approaches with a brotherly feeling—and a sensitive plate. For Simmons mixes his medium, using aquatint and drypoint to good effect. He gets some fine tones in his etchings and the decorative design is always pleasing. In the *Puma* plate, besides the central figure, are other good things. The cross-hatching in the upper left corner and the planes of tone revealing a dark vista in the forest, balance nicely the almost vacant spot in the lower right hand corner. The puma herself is majestic, but the vista, besides its contribution to the design, is eloquently suggestive of the terror of the jungle.

I doubt not the skill and sincerity of Philip Little, who is a lover and connoisseur of boats. But his sketchy manner is not telling enough, not decisive. Too often his white



OLD HOUSE  
VICENZA

ETCHING BY  
F. G. HALL

surfaces usurp the place of chemicals and ink. He would make them represent the water, the sky, and sometimes even the sails. His line is alternately nervous and blunt. His shad-

ows in the water are not convincing: the simple crisscross method is not mastered to the point that yields the necessary glimmer, the luminous depth. But this does not seem be-





*Courtesy F. Keppel & Co.*

THE WORKERS

LITHOGRAPH BY  
C. R. W. NEVINSON

## Prints of the Year

yond his power, for his plate *Seining at Dawn* is an example of what he can do. Technically he goes in it to the other extreme and succeeds. For in the grouping of his boats and the balancing of his masses, it is fine. And the sky, presaging a hot and sultry day, glowing fitfully, heavily, is the best of its kind I have seen. This plate is an achievement in impressionism.

Still in the realms of sport, we meet with Walter Tittle, who has taken to golf. The motive, I assume, is art. For in his portraits, which have a certain merit, the line is hard and the manner too conventional. But his golf plates are freely accomplished. There is action in them, there is atmosphere—and there is dust: a realistic rendering of a subject dear to the much abused slaves of wealth and fashion. Neither the banker nor the critic can take exception to these skillfully etched plates of Tittle. Nor to the ducks of Roland Clark,—those, at least, that are more recently

hatched. Clark is out for Benson's customers, and he will no doubt get some of them, for his birds are beginning to fly.

More even in his course is Frederick Garrison Hall, who, with a fanciful conception and an accuracy of line, started by making bookplates and thus brought to his etchings the temperament of both the architect and the poet. But gradually, the poetic quality became more vital and the fatal accuracy was lost. His three Willow plates show how this transformation was achieved,—how the architectural line in the first became in the last a line of suppleness and grace. Hall's plate *Old House at Vicenza* won the Second Prize of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers this year.

The first Prize was awarded to Frederick Reynolds' *Maria Luigia de Tassis*, a coloured mezzotint of rare charm. It shows how the most exacting of the graphic arts can yield in colour and tone, under the guiding hand and patient care of a master, the most fascinating



Courtesy Fr. Keppel & Co.

THE MURDER OF EDITH CAVELL

LITHOGRAPH BY GEORGE BELLOWES





*Courtesy Arthur Harlow*

PORTRAIT OF  
MARK TWAIN

LITHOGRAPH BY  
S. J. WOOLF

results. As a printer too he is fastidious and painstaking. A plate under his hand, if it had a tongue to speak, would thank him for the treatment. But there are many etchers, among them Troy Kinney, who will do the thanking.

Kinney left his last plate, *The Spirit of the Vine*, in Reynolds' hands before he set out again to discover new rhythms and forms in the dance. He is once more on the trail of some imperial Pastora, tramping leisurely *por Dios*, from shrine to shrine between Cadiz and Salamanca, studying the choregraphic mysteries of a gypsy's art. One of the great of the earth, writes Troy. O, beautiful Brother, that you can see greatness in a dancer's feet, is very assuring to art. *The Spirit of the Vine* is delightful—even Omar and Vedder would approve—but where in this wilderness, alas! is the Vine? Where the Spirit? Turn

down an empty glass for one who remembers.

But for John Marin, who must have had too many in the past, an obo and the mercy of the gods. Too many, I said; for how otherwise could he have produced such masterpieces in etching as the Bridge of Brooklyn and the Building of Woolworth? The leaning Tower of Woolworth, it should be called,—nay, the Hula-hula of the skyscrapers around whom everything tangoes gloriously. And lo, some one is poking her in the ribs! Is it the finger or the crown of the Statue of Liberty, which peeps out of a rim of profundity like a thorn in the side of the artist's unique vision? Even Henry Matisse, seeing this achievement, would exclaim, *C'est un farceur*. —*Non, Monsieur Matisse, c'est un Fauviste*. You were a *Fauviste* once, and you know what it is to make the grand gesture to the law-



## Prints of the Year

enslaved world of art. And then, out into the wilderness for new forms, new methods of personal expression! *Bon chance*, Monsieur Matisse. Take good care of John Marin. And don't send him back to us with what is neither an ostrich nor a camel.

Even the horses of Hunt Diederich are preferable. But Diederich, who may have been once a *Fauviste*, has justified the grand gesture. I don't know how long it took him and how far he has gone—out of himself—to do it. But there is the result: it is truth and it is beauty, and that's all I need to know. A personal expression, indeed, with a flare in the line, an originality in the rhythm, a classic quaintness in the design. And the exaggeration, like that of an ancient Persian drawing, is on the side of honour. *Hounds in Leash*, *Horsemen* and *Jockeys* are fine examples of Diederich's art. And here I pause. There

may be a few others I did not mention for lack of space or of knowledge. But I have no doubt that they will consider themselves as the choice few—this is consoling—who are more conspicuous for their absence.

Now a brief word about the lithograph. Among contemporary English artists who have used the lithograph in forms of expression as varied as the theatre and the trenches, the graphic realism of Nevinson, Pryse and Brangwyn contrast agreeably with the delicate charm of Ethel Gabain, the synthetic manner of Randolph Schwabe and the luminous technique of Charles Shannon. (See May issue.)

American artists have also produced lithographs of beauty and power and technical significance. Albert Sterner's work, of which *Homeless* and *Wilderness* are good examples, lacks none of these qualities. His nudes are done with a sincerity and sensitiveness that



*Courtesy, Philip Sueal*

GOLF

WALTER TITTLE



Courtesy Brozen Robertson

SCHERZO

CLEO

DAMIAN ALCES

will accept no ism-substitute for truth. Sterner has a classic fancy and an unimpeachable faith in the realities of beauty—the eternal sources of energy and form. His expression, therefore, is free from the affectations of any school.

So too is that of S. J. Woolf who is making some distinguished portraits of men of genius. With a direct and forceful expression, equally faithful to the fact and to art, his interpretations of such men as Beethoven and Poe and Lincoln are very impressive. His Whitman is shown in the serene shagginess of the patriarch of democracy, sturdy and composed and kind-eyed—the Walt we like best. His Mark Twain is a characterization that reveals more of the gentle tolerance of the philosopher than the rollicking humour of the novelist—the Mark I like best. Woolf works direct on the stone, for much of the delicacy of a lithograph, he believes, is lost in the transfer.

But there are a few artists who refuse to specialize. The versatile and exuberant George Bellows, for instance, who has dashed off enough lithographs on a multitude of subjects

for an exhibition and has incidentally proven to us again the uneven tenour of his way. Bellows believes, I think, in giving everybody a chance. If you don't like a prize fight, you might like this lady who is just resting, with a block under her delicate chin, supposed to be a shadow. No, there's no use of schooling yourself in the delicacies of art and life if you happen to have too much muscle in your cosmos. Bellows is foremost himself when he is "delivering the punch." I like best his prize-fight lithographs, his *Pool Player* and *Murder of Edith Cavell*, whose dramatic quality is most effective in black and white.

In striking antipodes to Bellows is Arthur B. Davis, who, even in his lithographs, will not make any concession to our two-penny world. With his Greek temperament and French manner, his idealizations seem to me vaguely Oriental. Fragmentary and elusive in expression, he points nevertheless in the direction of the Echo to the Cradle of the Dream. And in the fitful adumbrations of its ineffable loveliness, his women and men are achieving the Fourth Dimension. Good luck to them and to him.





*Exhibited at the Junior Art Patrons*

WOOD-BLOCK  
PRINT

HUNT  
DIEDERICH







"THE MOST HONOURABLE  
THE MARQUESS OF  
LANSDOWNE, K.G."  
FROM THE PAINTING  
BY P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.

## SOME PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY MR. P. A. DE LASZLO.

THERE seems to have come into existence during the last few years a new conception of the aim and purpose of drawing—a new view, that is to say, of what draughtsmanship means and of its function as a mode of expression. A generation or so ago the student was taught that the indispensable thing to seek for was absolute accuracy in the statement of fact, that he must set down what he saw with the strictest regard for truth; and that the faculty to represent realities with painstaking elaboration was one which he must sedulously cultivate. Any attempt on his part to develop a style of his own or to evolve a personal convention was rigorously suppressed; to give way to an inclination of that sort was altogether against the rules because it might lead to looseness of method and to an evasion of the draughtsman's strict responsibility. Quality of line, it is true, was not ignored, but it was accounted as a matter of secondary importance in comparison with the exact presentation of every detail of the subject; it was quite permissible to sacrifice it if thereby greater correctness could be ensured. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Now, the theory of draughtsmanship is almost entirely reversed; strict accuracy of statement is no longer insisted upon as the one and only aim of the student, and quality of line is put forward as a particular consideration. A drawing has to be a kind of decorative exercise, and even distortions of natural form and perversions of fact are allowed if the general decorative effect satisfies the modern idea. Nature need not be copied, but can be transcribed and altered to suit the artist's scheme of design; and the characteristic details of the subject can be emphasised and exaggerated to almost any extent, if by emphasis that subject can be brought more fully up to the latest standard of effectiveness—and that standard is one which recognises even caricature as legitimate. ■ ■ ■

Really, it cannot be said that either the past or the present conception of the draughtsman's obligations is to be accepted as correct. Against the unnecessary pedantry of the old days we have now a

rebellion which to a considerable extent has got out of hand; instead of excessive restrictions we have undisciplined freedom, and there is some danger that in the license of the moment we may forget what was good in the more precise methods of our predecessors. In most traditions there is something worthy of respect amid much that is out of date or obsolete, and the wise man sorts out the odds and ends which have come down to him from a previous generation to see what he can with advantage convert to his own uses. ■

For this reason the work of such an artist as Mr. de Laszlo deserves to be held up as an example to modern students. He has sifted the dust of tradition and he has found in it a good deal worth keeping. Yet he is no pedant and no follower of mechanical and stereotyped principles,



"BEATRICE PHILLIPS"  
DRAWING BY P. A.  
DE LASZLO, M.V.O.





SKETCH FOR "THE FIRST  
DRAWING LESSON." BY  
P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.

and his art certainly does not belong to the past. These drawings of his, which are illustrated here, show how well the habit of close and intimate observation and of sound appreciation of realities can be allied with thorough consideration for line quality and a sound sense of decorative arrangement, how correctness of subject record can be retained without loss of directness and spontaneity, and how subtleties of characterisation can be expressed without making them over-emphatic.    ♦    ♦    ♦    ♦    ♦

This series, indeed, provides what is at the same time a test and a demonstration

of his capacities as a draughtsman. It is a test, because it includes drawings of sitters of very different types and ages and, therefore, would be likely to show any want of flexibility there might be in his methods and any failure he might make in judging the essential facts in his subjects. It is a demonstration, because it proves that he does not sacrifice either the decorative completeness of his pictorial design or the fluent ease of his line statement in arriving at what he considers a necessary measure of portrait realism. In addition, it throws a very clear light upon what is really the fundamental principle



“ DIANE CHAMBERLAIN ”  
FROM A DRAWING BY  
P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.







"GERTRUDE LAUGHLIN"  
FROM THE PAINTING BY  
P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.



"JOHNNY." DRAWING BY  
P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.

of the whole of his practice and the distinguishing characteristic of his art: ▯

For it is pre-eminently by his draughtsmanship that Mr. de Laszlo has gained the position which he occupies to-day in the art world. The study of form, the investigation of intricacies of line, the observation of contours and space boundaries have always been with him matters of engrossing interest, and to them all through his career a very full share of his attention has been directed. He has learned to draw with almost uncanny certainty and with a speed and facility that are often amazing; but his certainty is the outcome of knowledge, and his

facility is a result of his instantaneous grasp of the things that count in the subject before him. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

That is why he gets so much into his drawings, and that is why they can be so interesting as arrangements of decorative line and still so satisfying as portraits; that is why studies like the *Diane Chamberlain*, and *Mary van Loon*, and the fascinating little *Beatrice Phillips*, are so attractive as line patterns and yet so significant as records of human types. They have style, they have in ample measure the personal touch, they are modern enough in manner of treatment, but all the same they have insistently the reality and the truth to



"PORTRAIT STUDY." FROM  
A DRAWING BY P.  
A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.





"MARY VAN LOON." FROM  
A DRAWING BY PHILIP A.  
DE LASZLO, M.V.O

nature which the artists of years ago strove to attain by far more laborious means. Evidently, it is not necessary for the student who wishes to strike the modern note to throw aside all that tradition prescribes; here is the proof that he can be spontaneous, decorative, "calligraphic," and all the rest, without resorting to conventional distortions of the human shape and without forcing characterisation over the boundaries of caricature. a

What can be said of Mr. de Laszlo's drawings applies equally to his paintings, the method is the same, and it is only the means by which it is carried out that is different. He draws just as decisively and

definitely with a brush as he does with pencil or chalk, and he is just as closely concerned with the arrangement and the character of his lines. Fundamentally, the procedure is the same in the study of *Diane Chamberlain* and the brilliantly expressive portrait of Lord Lansdowne, and there is as much spontaneity of draughtsmanship in the picture of the child, *Gertrude Laughlin*, as in the finely summarised *Portrait Study* (p. 51). In the paintings the lines are amplified by tones, broadened and enlarged, but they are there just the same, and by their decorative strength they give coherence and meaning to the pictorial arrangement.



"MR. AND MRS. DE LASZLO AND  
ELDEST SON." OIL PAINTING  
BY P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.



FROM AN EARLY STUDY BY  
P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.

It is a point worth considering whether in work like Mr. de Laszlo's we have not the best suggestion available at the moment of the lines along which modern art should be developed. In British art the study of form has been to a great extent subordinated to the pursuit of colour, and drawing has been made a matter of laborious effort with the point rather than—as it should be—with the brush. Even in the modern school, with all its protests against the past, this fallacy persists, and drawing is regarded as penmanship rather than brushwork. It would be better to recognise that as the painter's mission is to paint he ought to learn the sort of drawing that will help him to put on his paint in the proper way and to retain in it the qualities of line statement that will give to it a right degree of vitality. Mr. de Laszlo, with his Continental training, has acquired this type of drawing, and that it

serves him well his work shows conclusively. The way in which he uses it is, of course, personal to himself and to imitate it would be foolish; but the principles of his practice could be applied to equal advantage in almost all kinds of personal expression. ■ ■ ■

It was certainly his Continental training, the prolonged and arduous discipline in drawing prescribed in the schools he attended at Buda-Pesth, Munich, and Paris, that developed his perception of form and this insight into variations of line. In Paris particularly he learned the value of simplification—how to grasp instantly the large character of his subject and how to realise infallibly its more salient and important essentials. Now, in his matured methods he seeks as surely for truth and for the maintenance of right principles as he ever did in his student days.

A. L. BALDRY.





"PROFILE STUDY," FROM  
A DRAWING BY  
P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.





"MISS FAITH MOORE AT  
CHEQUERS." OIL PAINTING  
BY P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.



# THE ROYAL SOCIETY *of* PAINTER-ETCHERS AND ENGRAVERS

The following illustrations are from prints shown in the thirty-ninth Annual Exhibition of this Society now being held in the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colour, Pall Mall East



"AUTUMN." DRY-POINT  
BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.  
(By courtesy of Mr. H. C.  
Dickins)



"THE END OF THE STORY"  
ETCHING BY MALCOLM  
OSBORNE, A.R.A., R.E.



"A LITTLE WINDING  
ROAD." ETCHING BY  
LEONARD SQUIRRELL, R.E.  
(By permission of Mr. H. C. Dickens)





"AN OLD WALNUT TREE." DRY-  
POINT BY W. P. ROBINS, R.E.  
(By permission of Messrs. Colnaghi & Co.)



"GOLDFINCHES FIGHTING"  
BY ANNA AIRY, R.E.



**"SOUP." ETCHING BY  
E. BLAMPIED, R.E.**

By courtesy of Messrs. Ernest Brown  
& Phillips





"THE BARBICAN." ETCHING  
BY F. L. GRIGGS, R.E.

## STUDIO TALK

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The rumours in circulation a few months ago as to the probable closing of the Grafton Galleries to art exhibitions were, as stated in one of our recent issues unwarranted by the facts, and now they have been definitely disposed of by a public announcement made a few days before the end of the year. From this it would appear that these excellent galleries, which only need an improvement in the lighting arrangements to make them perfect, will henceforth be under practically the same control as the Grosvenor Gallery before it closed at the end of 1919, when two of our important art societies were deprived of facilities for exhibiting. The National Portrait Society

now holding its annual exhibition at the Grafton under the managing directorship of Mr. Francis Howard was accommodated last year by Messrs. Agnews, but the International Society, which will hold its exhibition at the Grafton at the end of April, after an important exhibition of contemporary American painting to open there next month, has been homeless since its last exhibition at the Grosvenor. The autumn programme will have as its principal feature a Fourth National Loan exhibition, of pictures of the Elizabethan, Jacobean and Carolean periods, in continuation of the highly interesting series inaugurated at the Grosvenor at the beginning of its career. ■ ■ ■

The Grosvenor, too, is making a fresh start this month under the sole proprietorship of Messrs. Colnaghi, with an impor-



"RAILWAY BRIDGE, ARTHOG,  
NORTH WALES." OIL PAINT-  
ING BY WALTER BAYES  
(New English Art Club)





"THE STORM." WOODCUT  
BY M. I. SOMERSCALES  
(New English Art Club)

tant exhibition of paintings and drawings. Associated with Messrs. Colnaghi in the management of the gallery is Mr. Alfred Yockney, who has relinquished his position as Keeper of Pictures at the Imperial War Museum. Mr. Yockney was formerly editor of the "Art Journal" and before his appointment to the War Museum did valuable work at the Ministry of Information. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

The winter exhibition of the New English Art Club, held in the gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, had very little to show in the way of work of outstanding significance, especially among the paintings, where again the "advanced" contingent predominated. The gallery is, as we have before pointed out, not an ideal one for the Club's displays, for the collocation of oil paintings, water-colours, pencil and other drawings, and prints gives to it a motley appearance which is not a little disconcerting to the onlooker. The paintings, numbering about a hundred, filled two of the walls, and amongst the items of

chief interest were a couple of landscapes by Mr. C. J. Holmes, Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones's *Poltesco Farm*, Mr. Leon Underwood's *Milliners*, Miss M. Koop's *Scene from the Beggars' Opera*, Mr. Walter Bayes's *Railway Bridge, Arthog*, Italian landscapes by Mr. C. M. Gere, an interior by Mr. Maresco Pearce, and Mr. Medworth's *Night Rays*—the last a street scene at night as viewed from above, with a curious perspective effect. The drawings included some excellent work by Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Francis Unwin, Miss K. Clausen, Mr. Francis Dodd, Mr. A. W. Rich, Miss M. Gere, Mr. Rushbury, Mr. Muirhead Bone, among others; and on one of the screens were two interesting woodcuts by M. I. Somerscales, *The Storm* (here reproduced) and *Illustration to Pilgrims' Progress*. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

In the first of a series of "Modern Painting" folios to be inaugurated shortly after the publication of the present issue, we are reproducing examples of the work of Laura and Harold Knight in oil painting,





THE BATHERS  
FROM THE WATER  
COLOUR BY LAURA  
KNIGHT ARMS







"NIGHT RAYS." OIL PAINTING  
BY FRANK C. MEDWORTH  
(New English Art Club)

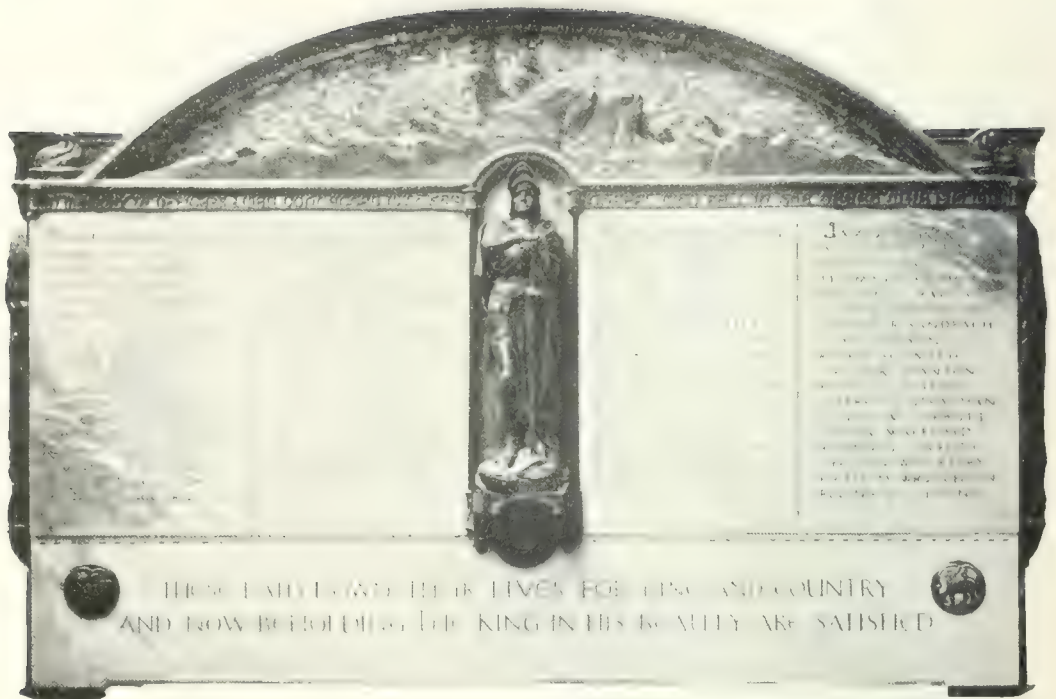
a medium with which both these talented artists are thoroughly at home. Both Mr. and Mrs. Knight have from the beginning also employed the water-colour medium with success, but while Mr. Knight nowadays confines his attention almost exclusively to oils, work in the more fluid medium continues to form a considerable part of Mrs. Knight's practice, and her election as Associate of the Old Water Colour Society some time ago was a fitting recognition of that work, of which we reproduce opposite a recent and characteristic example. ▀

Two important pictures by Mr. William Nicholson have been purchased recently

for Public Galleries—*Carlina* for Glasgow, and *The Hundred Jugs* for Liverpool. Both paintings attracted considerable attention when they were exhibited in London a few years ago, and both have been reproduced in colour in this magazine—the former in our issue of June, 1911, and the latter in that of June, 1918. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

Mr. William Strang, A.R.A., addressing the students of the St. John's Wood Art Schools at the recent distribution of prizes, welcomed the existence of a school which aimed at producing Art firstly and its application secondly. He contrasted the work done with that of the State-aided





WAR MEMORIAL TABLET IN  
THE ROYAL SAVOY CHAPEL  
BY GILBERT BAYES

Schools, whose sole aim appeared to be to produce teachers who again taught teachers and so on, never producing an artist who could teach, but making the "teacher" the end in view. The Principal, Mr. Frederick Walenn, gave an account of the year's work. Amongst the prize winners were Miss M. Lane Foster, Miss Nelson Dawson, Miss Russell, Miss D. Jerrold, and Mr. Onabolu (from Lagos). The competitions were judged by Mr. George Clausen, R.A., Mr. Hatherell, Mr. Goetze, and Mr. L. Richmond.

The memorial illustrated above as having been designed by Mr. Gilbert Bayes was unveiled by the Earl of Athlone a few weeks ago in the Royal Chapel of the Savoy, the names it bears being those of men associated with the Chapel who fell in the war. It is executed in a warm tinted alabaster set in bronze. The centre figure of St. George is in bronze and enamel with a little inlay in the mail at the throat. In the lunette above against a mosaic back-

ground is a very simply treated line of marching men in bronze flanked to right and left by the lamps of sacrifice and freedom. The two circles at either side of the lower inscription are in bronze also with enamel background, and in one the Lamb—the Chapel symbol—is figured, and in the other the English Lion. On a shield below St. George a small Dreadnought stands for the Navy. The whole memorial is about 6 ft. in length.

Two bronzes by Mr. Bayes—*Sigurd* and *Artemis* (both illustrated in one of our issues of 1917)—have been purchased by the Corporation of Liverpool for that City's permanent collection.

The first show of the Society of Graphic Art, which was the subject of an article in our last issue, was a far greater success than one expected, and it would not be going too far to say that no more important display of its kind has been held in London for many years, if ever. No doubt the chief factor in its success as an exhibition was



"LA GRAND'MÈRE DES PÊCHEURS  
À EQUIHEN." WOOD ENGRAVING  
BY EDWARD ERTZ



## STUDIO-TALK

the great diversity of the collection, for apart from the high average standard of the individual exhibits the variety of the mediums represented completely dispelled any sense of monotony. The display in its entirety was an eloquent demonstration of the vitality of the modern British School of Graphic Art and a vindication of the aims of the promoters of the new Society.

Mr. Edward Ertz's wood engraving, *La Grand'mère des Pêcheurs à Equihen*, of which we give a reproduction, was one among numerous wood block prints in the last-mentioned exhibition, though most of these prints were of a different type to that of Mr. Ertz, whose methods, rarely practised in these days, are essentially those which Bewick practised with so much success. In this type of wood-engraving the "white line" plays an all-important part, and it demands not only a manipulative skill in the use of the burin which takes years to acquire, but also the exercise of sound judgment in the interpretation of planes, atmosphere, transparency, opaqueness, softness and depth in shadows, and in fact every gradation of tone. ❧ ❧

We referred in a previous number to the important discovery by Mr. George Sheringham, the well-known decorative artist, of a means of overcoming those properties of artificial light which so alter the effect of colour as practically to preclude an artist from working in colour except in daylight. Further developments have taken place, and lamps embodying the principle of the "Sheringham Daylight" are now available for those who have need of them. We illustrate on this page one of these lamps designed by Mr. Harold Stabler. It is an electric lamp intended for the desk, and the curved arm of the lamp is made to move in a screw joint just above the base, the lamp itself with the shade being fixed at the other end. ❧ ❧

The last exhibition of the National Portrait Society, held at Messrs. Agnew's in June last, was a small affair, less than fifty works, nearly all in oils, being shown, whereas the present exhibition at the Grafton comprises close on three hundred items, of which a considerable proportion are in various mediums other than oil. Both on this account and because the

work exhibited, besides reaching throughout a high level of attainment, presents numerous deviations from the formal types of portraiture which make portrait exhibitions as a rule rather wearisome, the display is more than usually interesting. Three portraits by artists of a bygone generation are included amongst the paintings—one by Etty, another by Winterhalter of Queen Alexandra (lent by Her Majesty), and the other by Gustave Ricard. Mr. Sargent and Sir William Orpen are also represented by a single loaned work respectively, Mr. Sargent's being a brilliantly executed portrait of Mrs. Ricketts, which has now toned down so much as to make it look rather out of place amidst the paintings of to-day. The Society has many other distinguished



"SHERINGHAM DAYLIGHT". DESK LAMP IN POLISHED ALUMINIUM DESIGNED BY HAROLD STABLER





"SERRANILLA" (MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS). OIL PAINTING BY JOSÉ PINAZO Y MARTÍNEZ (See next page)

painters on its roll of membership, and most of these are well represented on this occasion, Mr. Charles Shannon, Mr. Greiffenhagen and Mr. Pryde being amongst the few notable absentees. Mr. Augustus John is represented by seven paintings and a number of characteristic drawings. In his painting called *The White Mantilla* he makes effective use of a black background. He has also lent to the exhibition a group of curious works by "an unknown Victorian artist"—a true primitive whose art is not less interesting because of its artlessness. There are a few examples of "interior" portraiture in the show, the most conspicuous of them being Mr. Guevara's *The Author of Modern Sculpture*.     ♦     ♦     ♦

Exhibitions of war pictures, very numerous in 1919, were comparatively few last year. One of the last to be held in 1920 was a collection of sketches and paintings by past and present students and members of the teaching staff of the St. Martin's School of Art, shown in connection with the monthly Sketch Club Exhibition, when Mr. Clausen, R.A., officiated as critic, and it was of special interest as representing all the areas in which the war was carried on—France, Italy, Gallipoli, Egypt and Palestine, Salonica, East Africa and Russia as well as India. Of the staff Mr. C. H. Lomax and Mr. Stafford Leake showed drawings of German East Africa, and Mr. Francis Hodge work done in France.     ♦     ♦     ♦



"ROSETA." BY JOSÉ  
PINAZO Y MARTINEZ

MADRID.—The painter Señor Dn. José Pinazo y Martínez is the brother of the Secretary of the Spanish Exhibition in London, Sr. Ignacio Pinazo, and is the son of a painter, Ignacio Pinazo Camarlench, and a painter who has himself achieved considerable success. He was actually born in Rome, while his father was residing there, but very soon returned with his family to Valencia, and devoted himself, like others of his family—for his brother Ignacio is a sculptor—to the profession of art. One of his most successful works is his *Poem of Valencia*, which was exhibited this winter in London. It has been said of

this painting that it gives all the expression of his art—"toda la sua galeria." Señor José Pinazo has exhibited with success in International Exhibitions in Paris, London, Munich, Brussels, and in Brighton, and has had individual exhibitions in Madrid, Barcelona, Bilbao and Valencia. His exhibition at Madrid of 1919 was patronised by the Queen of Spain, who acquired for her own collection one of his paintings. His canvases have been acquired for the Museum of Modern Art in Madrid and the Musée du Luxembourg at Paris. In March and April of 1919 he held an exhibition



"TWILIGHT." FROM THE PAINTING  
BY JOSÉ PINAZO MARTINEZ







EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GRAN  
CAPITAN GONZALO DE CORDOBA  
BY MATEO INURRIA

of his paintings in New York, which achieved a distinct success: there were thirty-two paintings by him shown here. In the recent Spanish Exhibition at Burlington House, besides the *Valencia Poem*, he showed *Tea Rose* and *Twilight*. He has won gold and silver medals in Madrid, Paris, Brussels and Panama. ♣

The sculptor Mateo Inurria Lainosa, two specimens of whose work are shown here—a mounted group of the Spanish leader Gonzalo de Cordoba and a beautiful marble female torso, exhibited this winter at Burlington House under the title of *Forma*—was born himself at

Cordoba on the 23rd of March in 1867. He made his first studies in decorative sculpture with his father, and went later to Madrid, where he went through the Schools of Painting and Sculpture. Inurria had the opportunity of visiting and studying later the masterpieces of ancient and modern art in Italy, France and Belgium, before he settled finally in his own country, where he became Director of the National Art Schools (*Escuela de Artes y Oficios*), a post which entails his residence in Madrid. Mateo Inurria has won medals of the first and second class in National and International Exhibitions, and

## STUDIO-TALK

in the last-named the medal of honour. It may be of interest here to mention some of his most successful works. These are *Naufrago* ("The Shipwreck") in the Provincial Museum of Cordoba; *La Mina del Carbon* ("Coal Mine"), in the National Museum; *Marina* (Monument of Alfonso XII.); *Seneca*; *Lopez de Vega*, *Monumento al Gran Capitan* (mentioned above); *Idolo Eterno*, and *Forma*. Both these last were shown in the recent Spanish Exhibition at Burlington House; the delicacy of modelling and knowledge of form in *Forma* could scarcely be surpassed. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

from the stone will reveal his talent in a new phase. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

ROME.—The piece of sculpture illustrated on page 80 was one of the finds yielded some time ago by the excavation operations in Cyrenaica (Tripoli). The figure is, to judge by the attitude, most likely that of a Bacchante or dancing woman, and probably belongs to the Græco—Roman period; it is particularly interesting on account of the fine modelling of the drapery. Several other statues and some busts also came to light at the same place and time.

VENICE.—The Twelfth International Art Exhibition of Venice, which terminated at the beginning of November, was visited by nearly a quarter-of-a-million people, according to a printed statement issued by the President, and the sales at the date of this public statement amounted to a figure exceeding two-and-half million lire. Of this sum more than a million lire represented the sale of the whole group of works forming the *mostra individuale* of Antonio Mancini. Considering the many difficulties that had to be contended with, and chiefly the disorganisation of the transport service, the results achieved are considered by the Presidenza to be very gratifying. Three auto-portraits of artists were acquired for presentation to the Uffizi Gallery at Florence—one of Mancini, and the others of Ambrogio Alciati and Federico Beltram Masses. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

CHRISTIANIA.—The charming lithograph, *Svanens Tod*, reproduced here, is Professor Olaf Willum's impression, drawn on the stone, of the famous Norwegian dancer, Madame Lillibel's, version of the dance "La Morte du Cygne," with which Madame Pavlova so exquisitely illustrated the lovely music of Saint-Saëns. Professor Willums, of Christiania, painter, etcher, wood-engraver and lithographer, and principal of the largest arts and crafts school in Scandinavia, is not unknown to readers of THE STUDIO, but this beautiful print



"FORMA." BY  
MATEO INURRIA





"SVANENS TOD." FROM AN  
ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY  
OLAF WILLUMS



ANCIENT SCULPTURE  
RECENTLY UNEARTHED  
AT CYRENE



PORTRAIT OF CHESTER  
 D. MASSEY, ESQ.  
 BY F. H. VARLEY  
 (ROYAL CANADIAN  
 ACADEMY)

**M**ONTREAL.—The Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition of 1920 was held in the Art Association Galleries in Montreal. It was higher in standard than it has been for many years and contained many pictures of real interest. This was no doubt due in part to the natural recovery from war times, but there were signs that it was also due to a growing interest of the Canadian public in the Fine Arts.

The most interesting exhibits were in landscape. A number of painters are taking their inspiration from the wild scenery of the Canadian woods. Their interpretations as shown in this exhibition ranged from the delicate greys and blacks of Mr. Cullen's snow scenes to the vivid

reds, blues and oranges of Mr. Frank Carmichael or Mr. J. E. H. Macdonald. The Canadian landscape painters can hardly at present be called a "school," and would possibly resent any such appellation, but on their foundation a real school seems to be being built up. As the foundation is broad, so we may hope that the result will be secure. Mr. Cullen's snow scenes are perennially fresh; Mr. Macdonald's *River Valley*, Mr. Frank Johnston's *Beaver Haunts* and Mr. Carmichael's *Autumn Hillside* are sincere attempts to interpret the changing qualities of the woods. Mr. Harry Britton takes his subjects from the sea. His water-colours are strong in colour and form,





"SPRING." PAINTING BY  
MAURICE CULLEN, R.C.A.  
(Royal Canadian Academy)

and his seapiece, *Near Land's End*, is interesting and well painted. ♣ ♣

The official portrait is not always a fine picture. The more is Mr. Varley to be congratulated on his excellent portrait of Mr. Chester D. Massey from Hart House, Toronto. Mr. Hewton's portrait of Miss Sybil Robertson, on a pale yellow background, was another pleasant departure from the conventional among the exhibits.

RAMSAY TRAQUAIR.

*The Print Collectors' Quarterly*, long and ably edited by Mr. FitzRoy Carrington of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts until 1917 when war conditions necessitated a temporary cessation, makes its reappearance this year under the editorship of Mr. Campbell Dodgson of the British Museum, and will in future be published by Messrs. Dent & Son. Mr. Carrington will act as American editor. ♣ ♣

## REVIEWS

*The Year's at the Spring. An Anthology of Recent Poetry.* Compiled by L. D'O. WALTERS and illustrated by HARRY CLARKE. (London: George G. Harrap & CO.) Rather more than sixty pieces, representing more than half-as-many authors, all now living except eight, comprise this Anthology, which, though reminders of autumn are not altogether absent, conforms in the general tenour of the selected poems to the title of the book. Mr. Harry Clarke, who has illustrated this selection with some two dozen drawings, of which half are in colour, exclusive of head and tail pieces and other decorations, is an artist of marked individuality, and the imaginative faculty which he possesses in a high degree is well shown in these drawings as it is in those stained glass creations of his of which several examples



" . . . DRUMMING UP THE CHANNEL  
HALING PRIZES IN THEIR WAKE "  
ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY CLARKE TO  
E. J. BRADY'S "BALLAD OF THE CAPTAINS"  
(from "The Years at the Spring," C. C. Horlap & Co.)



## REVIEWS

have been reproduced in this magazine. As showing the quality of his black and white work we give here a reproduction of one of his illustrations to this Anthology in a spirited drawing illustrating Mr. Brady's stirring "Ballad of the Captains"—the captains "of the narrow ships of old, who with valiant souls went seeking for the Fabled Fleece of Gold." The book is attractively got up, the type used being large and well arranged. ♪ ♪ ♪

*The Art of E. A. Rickards.* (London: Technical Journals, Ltd.) Mr. Rickards died a few months ago while this publication was in preparation, and so what was intended as a tribute to the living now makes its appearance as a memorial to the dead. One of the most eminent architects of this generation, Mr. Rickards is, perhaps, best known—certainly to dwellers in London—by the Central Hall at Westminster, while Edinburgh, Cardiff and other places have important buildings which will keep alive his great reputation. Drawings of these and other buildings erected from his designs are reproduced on an ample scale in this volume, and with them are reproduced in black and white or colour many public monuments, programmes, lithographs, book illustrations, caricatures, water-colours and sketches of which he was the author, and all of which bear witness to the versatility which was a marked characteristic of this distinguished man. Mr. Arnold Bennett contributes a personal sketch of him, and Mr. H. V. Lanchester an appreciation, while Mr. Amor Fenn has written some notes on the technical aspects of Mr. Rickards' drawings. ♪ ♪ ♪

*Highways and Byways in Northumbria.* By P. ANDERSON GRAHAM. With illustrations by HUGH THOMSON. (London: Macmillan & Co.) The several volumes in the delightful "Highways and Byways Series" illustrated wholly or in part by the late Hugh Thomson will, apart from any other work he has left behind him, always ensure respect for his memory. Facile in more mediums than one, he excelled in the use of the lead pencil, and the drawings he made for these volumes show how admirably it could be employed for recording the beauties of Nature and

the romance of old buildings. The region covered by this volume and the companion volume on "The Border," by Andrew Lang, also illustrated by Mr. Thomson, must have made a strong appeal to an artist of such susceptibilities, for it teems with thrilling historic associations, while the character of the country itself is in keeping with the wealth of legendary lore to which it has given birth. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

*An Introduction to the Study of Terra Sigillata.* By FELIX OSWALD and T. DAVIES PRYCE. (London: Longmans & Co.) The term "Terra Sigillata" (literally "stamped" earth or clay—that is, clay with figures or patterns impressed upon it) is used by the authors of this treatise to denote the red glaze ware so frequently found on Roman sites in the western provinces of the Empire and formerly designated by the erroneous title "Samos ware." The ware herein dealt with comprehends, however, a good deal of pottery which is not strictly speaking sigillate, being either quite devoid of decoration or having decoration of a different character. The subject is treated from a chronological standpoint, details of technique, form, decoration and design being discussed in regard to their bearing on the question of date. The authors have obviously devoted an immense amount of time and thought to it, and the wide range of their knowledge is everywhere in evidence, especially in the chapter on the origin and evolution of the ware. The plates are over eighty in number and comprise many hundreds of figures, and there is a very comprehensive bibliography of the subject. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

The Medici Society has issued a reprint of the Ricciardi Press edition of Malory's *Le Morte Darthur*, which was published in 1911 with a series of beautiful illustrations in colour by Mr. W. Russell Flint, R.W.S. The new reprint is of a smaller format (small crown quarto) than the original issue, but otherwise the impressions are the same. The work forms two volumes of about 500 pages each, and Caxton's text, as reprinted a few years ago by Dr. Sommer, has been closely followed, but modernized spelling has been adopted where necessary. ♪ ♪







"A WATER WHEEL, SALLÉ,  
FROM THE WATER COLOUR  
BY ROBERT BURNS.

MR. ROBERT BURNS'S PICTURES  
OF MOROCCO. BY E. A. TAYLOR.

TO bear the name of one whose fame has spread throughout the world, and especially one whose life work is beloved from childhood to old age in every Scottish household, may become burdensome by its many humorous associations despite the impetus it may give the namesake to maintain the idealistic honour attached to it. Had, however, Robert Burns, the poet, clung to his father's baptismal name of Burness, Robert Burns, the artist, would not have so personally enjoyed the many quaint incidents which continually arise due to his similarity of name. Without departing from Scotland, one will find there few poets, or lovers of poetry, who have not a remarkable appreciation for Robert Burns, the poet, and so, too, one will find there few artists and lovers of painting who have not a sincere appreciation for Robert Burns, the artist. ◻ ◻ ◻

A man of distinct individuality as well as thoughtful ability, he has for a number of years been acclaimed with the notable amongst the outstanding Scottish painters, and there are probably few artists who have touched so many strings in their art gamut. A native of Edinburgh, various Scottish art schools were tried by him, but it was in Paris, with its Jardin des Plantes and the life class in the Académie Delecluse, that he found most satisfaction akin to his early artistic outlook. On returning to Edinburgh he devoted much of his time to designing stained glass, iron and silversmith's work. Twenty years ago, while still a young man, he made his mark with a series of figure subjects on legendary and historical themes of great beauty and power. In mural decoration and book illustration, too, his fine decorative sense found an outlet from time to time, and many of those early illustrations are prominent to-day amongst the most vigorous in that branch of art. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻



"A PORTUGUESE ARCHWAY, MAZAGAN"  
WATER-COLOUR BY ROBERT BURNS



## MR. ROBERT BURNS'S PICTURES OF MOROCCO



"A COVERED MARKET, FEZ"  
WATER-COLOUR BY  
ROBERT BURNS

Having closely attached himself to the study of design, it is that rare quality that he has charmingly assimilated and never lost sight of throughout his varied and always progressive work. His innate sense of design, aided by a masterly craftsmanship enables him to achieve, with the utmost economy of means, that which he sets out to do. This was fully demonstrated in a collective exhibition of his water-colours shown in Messrs. Taylor and Brown's Galleries, Edinburgh, in April, 1918, and one in the same galleries during the following spring, brought nothing but praise from his brother artists, as well as a generous measure of appreciation from the general picture lover. This was almost entirely composed of scenes from his native land, moorlands in snow and sunlight, rivers in spate and chattering burns, all delineated with a selective refinement, and appealing eloquently to those who find poetry in

the note of the curlew and love the haunts of whaups and peewits.     ♦     ♦     ♦

From those scenes of silence and romance, it seems a far call to Morocco, and one might wonder how an artist imbued with a Stevensonian affinity to the hills would translate the more turbulent life and glowing colour of the East as conjured up in the imagination. One's idea of the desert is that of a barren wilderness, but Mr. Burns in many of his pictures has surely found where it blossomed like the rose—and roses of other colours than red, such as pale cream, tending to white, amid seas of waving grass on sandy ground, stretching into eternity under delicate blue skies.

In his recent sojourn he sketched in many out-of-the-way towns and villages throughout Morocco into which few artists, if any, had before penetrated, and his own description of them to me may be interesting to those whose imagery

## MR. ROBERT BURNS'S PICTURES OF MOROCCO



"ORANGE SELLERS AT THE BAB  
SMARIN, FEZ" WATER-  
COLOUR BY ROBERT BURNS

is that of a "gorgeous East." "Nothing of the sort," says Mr. Burns. "A land of mud and dust, of dogs and donkeys, fleas and flies, of green grass and glaring skies, of clouds and shadows, and opal-hued distant hills, a land of tall silent-footed men clad in white and grey, of veiled women who glide about white and statuesque as marble Madonnas, a land of unceasing noise where day and night *dera-bouka*, *ghaita* and *gimboi* throb and scream, above all the land of smells, all pervading and defiling high heaven." That description may not truly be one of a "gorgeous East," but it certainly conjures up a gorgeous East in suggested material for drawing and colour—material, however, which in view of the people's known objection to being portrayed de-

mands from the artist a keen sense of observation as well as a retentive memory if he would fully realise the spirit and life of the place. From the multitude of drawings Mr. Burns produced while there undoubted proof is forthcoming that he possessed those qualities, and that nothing essential escaped his brush or pencil. All the results of his visit are recorded in water-colour, and as many of the drawings are of fairly large dimensions, it necessarily follows that black and white reproductions on the reduced scale appropriate to magazine illustration can give no more than an approximate idea of the originals.

Those interested in refined colour and drawing, as well as vigorous sincerity, should not miss the comprehensive collection of these drawings, which will be

## MR. ROBERT BURNS'S PICTURES OF MOROCCO



"BAB DEKÈKENE, FEZ." WATER-  
COLOUR BY ROBERT BURNS

shown at the Leicester Galleries during the month of April. Though Mr. Burns's work is well known as that of a distinguished painter in the north, it will, if I am not mistaken, be the first one-man exhibition of his water-colours to be seen in London. His figure subjects and landscape paintings have been amongst the outstanding features in the various exhibitions of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, but as an artist he has little opinion of initial honours, and certain strong convictions he entertains regarding art societies and their rules, prompted him to resign his

connection with the Royal Scottish Academy, of which he was an Associate. He is equally strong, too, in upholding the work of younger painters of promise, many of them he started on the right road to achievement during his influential directorship of painting in the Edinburgh College of Art, and much regret was felt when he severed his connection with the College, to follow more closely a less trammelled course in his own creative work. I doubt, indeed, if any other artist has gained so many admirers by his generous encouragement of struggling and sincere students of art. ■ ■ ■



A PAINTER OF BIRDS: C. W. SIMPSON, R.I., R.B.A.      ▢      ▢

EARLY in his career, Mr. Simpson's robust and versatile talent won him recognition and a reputation which his latest work is certain to increase and establish. For it marks not merely a synthesis of what he has done in the past, but the evolution of a distinctive and individual art. Experiment has always been the note of Mr. Simpson's work, both in conception and handling. After a period of study at Bushey, he spent some years in Cornwall painting landscape and studying the wild life of the Land's End and the Lizard. Devoted to the open air, he soon discovered that animals, and especially birds in their natural surroundings, gave him the material he wanted for expressing his vision of the world. At one time, indeed, he planned to visit Africa, and there combine big game hunting with painting,

but a riding accident unfortunately prevented this. But before coming to grips with the work which has been the main interest of his life, Mr. Simpson went to Paris, and there came under the influence of the Impressionists. For some years, therefore, his work united the direct naturalism characteristic of nineteenth century British art with a technique derived from France. Then, as now, his range was wide. Working for the most part in Cornwall, he painted landscape, the sea, figure subjects and portraits, but chiefly concentrated upon birds, especially sea-birds. In intervals of painting, hours were spent with field glasses in patient observation of the bird life of Cornwall in all its aspects; and to strengthen his hold upon animal anatomy, slaughter-houses were visited and many careful drawings made. It was at this time, in the years immediately preceding the war and during the war, that some of Mr. Simpson's most im-



"CURLEW." TEMPERA PAINTING BY  
CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.I., R.B.A.  
(Painting Art Union, N. S. W., 1911-12.)

## A PAINTER OF BIRDS



"A BEVY OF DUCKS." OIL PAINTING  
BY CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.I., R.B.A.

portant work was produced and exhibited, notably at the Royal Academy, the International Society, and the New English Art Club. In 1915 he received a gold medal and diploma at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition for a landscape in oil. With this painting it is interesting to compare the somewhat similar *Trink Hill*, exhibited last year at the Royal Academy. The warm glow which suffuses this picture was secured by painting on a vermillion ground, an interesting and successful experiment. But though success and recognition were secured, Mr. Simpson was not satisfied. He felt that the ideas and methods on which his work had so far rested were inadequate to express what he wanted to say. Consequently, much experimental work was produced. From studying form more or less in repose, the artist passed to the study of form in movement, at the same time exploring and testing many different technical methods. Water-colour, gouache, oil, and pastel Mr. Simpson uses with almost equal facility. But, working as he does

direct from nature, his animal work calls for a medium which will give him what he wants to get in the shortest possible time; and therefore, especially in painting birds, he has developed considerably the use of water-colour mixed with Chinese or tempera white. This alone gives whites of the quality and brilliance which he requires. The constant practice of working direct from life has to some extent hindered Mr. Simpson from fully exploring the possibilities of colour. Speed in working almost necessarily demands a restricted palette, as it did with Frans Hals, perhaps the most accomplished of all *alla prima* painters. But in the last year or two Mr. Simpson has been overcoming this difficulty by working more and more from memory and sketches. Needless to say, this practice has been possible only as the result of much study and working direct from nature; and it has had even more important effects than increased mastery over colour. As I have remarked, up to a point Mr. Simpson worked in the British naturalistic tradition. Not



"SILVER MORNING" FROM THE PAINTING  
BY CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.I., R.B.A.  
(IN THE POSSESSION OF DR. COLINGWOOD STEWARD)







"BLACK BACKED GULLS." BY  
CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.I., R.B.A.

that his work was transcript; but he was content to take his material more or less as he found it on the ground, and make his design fit his facts rather than the other way round. Recently, however, study of Japanese and Chinese art stimulated the desire to use natural forms as the basis of conscious and deliberate design. To this end Mr. Simpson has directed his latest work. Several examples are here reproduced, and a representative exhibition has recently been held at the Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where one of his paintings has been acquired for the permanent collection. ■ ■ ■

This work of Mr. Simpson's deserves the most careful study. Throughout, the greatest attention has been paid by the artist to the rhythm and balance of line and mass. Spontaneous and unpremeditated though these pictures may appear, close examination shows how carefully every detail has been considered in relation to the general design. Take, for example, in *Silver Morning* the way in which the gulls are placed in relation to the sunlit water, and the darker mass of the boat

and its reflection. But there is no obvious mark of conscious arrangement, which as a rule only secures design at the expense of vitality. As the result of long study, the artist has been able to weld his materials—birds, water, shipping—into a harmonious and balanced pattern, without losing their structure and essential character. There may still be room for further investigation of problems of colour and atmosphere; but Mr. Simpson has gone so far that there is little doubt he will go further. At present he is almost without a rival in the particular field he has chosen to explore. The work of Joseph Crawhall was slighter in conception and execution, and was less influenced by conscious design. Perhaps the most interesting comparison is with the Swedish painter, Bruno Liljefors, to whom Mr. Simpson is very close in aim and method. The development of the two artists has been quite independent, but their achievements are alike grounded in the love and study of animal life, and the use of a Western technique for a treatment of design inspired by Eastern Art.

W. G. CONSTABLE.

LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A.,  
R.O.I., LANDSCAPE PAINTER. BY  
W. H. CHESSON.    ♡    ♡    ♡    ♡

BIRDS are said to have pecked at a painting of grapes by Zeuxis who, on the same occasion, was himself deceived by the skill of Parrhasius into asking that artist to remove from his picture a curtain as triumphantly illusory as his grapes. Those for whom painting is a technique of imitation find much refreshment in this classical anecdote, and wonder how any art which claims to be representative of fact can so ignore the outwardness and obviousness of things as to be at all perplexing to the simple man who admires every visible sunset and any scene where grass, flowers and running water speak pleasantness to the soul.    ♡    ♡    ♡

And yet when the soul is truly per-

cipient or awake the outwardness of that which affects it has ceased to serve as an exclusive informant. It may be that the passions and yearnings of the individual inside the object seen are manifest; it may be that the yearnings and passions of the spectator become temporarily translated by that object. The tiger may become a furnace, the tree a hamadryad, so mighty is the spirit of hunger shaking and lighting the feline form, so inveterately desirous of the feminine is man. But such a tiger, such a tree, are not wanted to illustrate treatises on natural history and botany. One may say, too, that if Zeuxis had painted a vine suggestive of Bacchic revelry, of eyes deliriously joyous and zones snapped by the sorcery of sex, no bird would have alighted on his picture. And if the curtain painted by Parrhasius had really conveyed that feeling of mystery,



"HARLECH CASTLE." PASTEL BY  
LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A., R.O.I.





"WATERLOO BRIDGE." PASTEL BY  
LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A., R.O.I.  
(In the possession of H. H. the Maharaja  
Rana Bhawani Singh of Jhalawa.)

sometimes awfulness, which is, as it were, the soul of a curtain articulate in the spectator, it is not probable that Zeuxis would have asked him to draw it aside.

The above serves as an approach to my subject, the art of Leonard Richmond, one of the most original and poetic contemporary landscape painters, an exquisite colourist who so loves trees that he sees them as no eye obsessed by outwardness will ever see them. ♡ ♡

Born at Taunton in Somersetshire on a 9th of June in the nineteenth century, Mr. Richmond is still young enough to consider every virgin canvas before him as an opportunity for expressing something new. His father, Andrew Richmond, who died when Leonard was sixteen, built a suspension bridge and was an expert draughtsman. At the age of twelve Leonard borrowed his father's water colours and painted an imaginary land-

scape. This he laid on the desk of his father, who viewed it with delighted surprise. The death of Andrew Richmond obliged the young artist to seek employment, regardless of its congeniality. He therefore worked in a lawyer's office, and in the evening benefited, as a voluntary student, by instruction at the Taunton School of Art. There the headmaster, Mr. Fred Mason, a very clever draughtsman, observed his great talent, and in 1898 appointed him assistant teacher. ♡

He was still in the lawyer's office when a phrenologist happened to call there and feel bumps. On feeling Leonard Richmond's he exclaimed, "My boy, it is absurd for you to be here. You should be an artist!" ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

This was no news to a youth who, since he learned to spell, was as fascinated by the mere word *painting* as if it were a mesmerist's eye. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡



"THE BRIDGE." PASTEL SKETCH BY  
LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A., R.O.I.

That word, like a magnet, drew him to London where life was, for a time, a trying discipline for an idealist forced by his genius to offer the hurrying town visions of a lover of things or creatures less intelligible to men than sylphs or salamanders—trees, hills, clouds, winds.

In 1909 Mr. Richmond went to live in Brentford and often sketched with Mr. John Littlejohns, a well-read artist of great skill and sensitiveness.   ♦   ♦

In 1911 the Modern Gallery exhibited several Somersetshire landscapes by Leonard Richmond; in 1914 Mr. Frank Brangwyn proposed him successfully for membership of the Royal Society of British Artists; in 1915 he gained the Bronze Medal in the International Section

of the Panama Exposition at San Francisco; in 1918 he was elected, on the initiative of Mr. H. Davis Richter, to the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, and in the same year he went to France to study for the Canadian Government the subject of a colossal oil-painting, which was afterwards exhibited at Burlington House under the title *Railway Cutting*. Exhibitions at Messrs. Derry & Tom's (1919) and the Eldar Gallery (1920) showed that good commercial judges regarded our artist as one of the "arrived."   ♦   ♦

Mr. Richmond is a mystic—that is to say he is aware of a harmony or discord that cannot be verbally communicated. When he is in a wood he knows that the trees are with him, that he and they



"THE SOWER." PASTEL  
BY LEONARD RICHMOND  
R.B.A., R.O.I.





"DREAMLAND." PASTEL BY  
LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A., R.O.I.

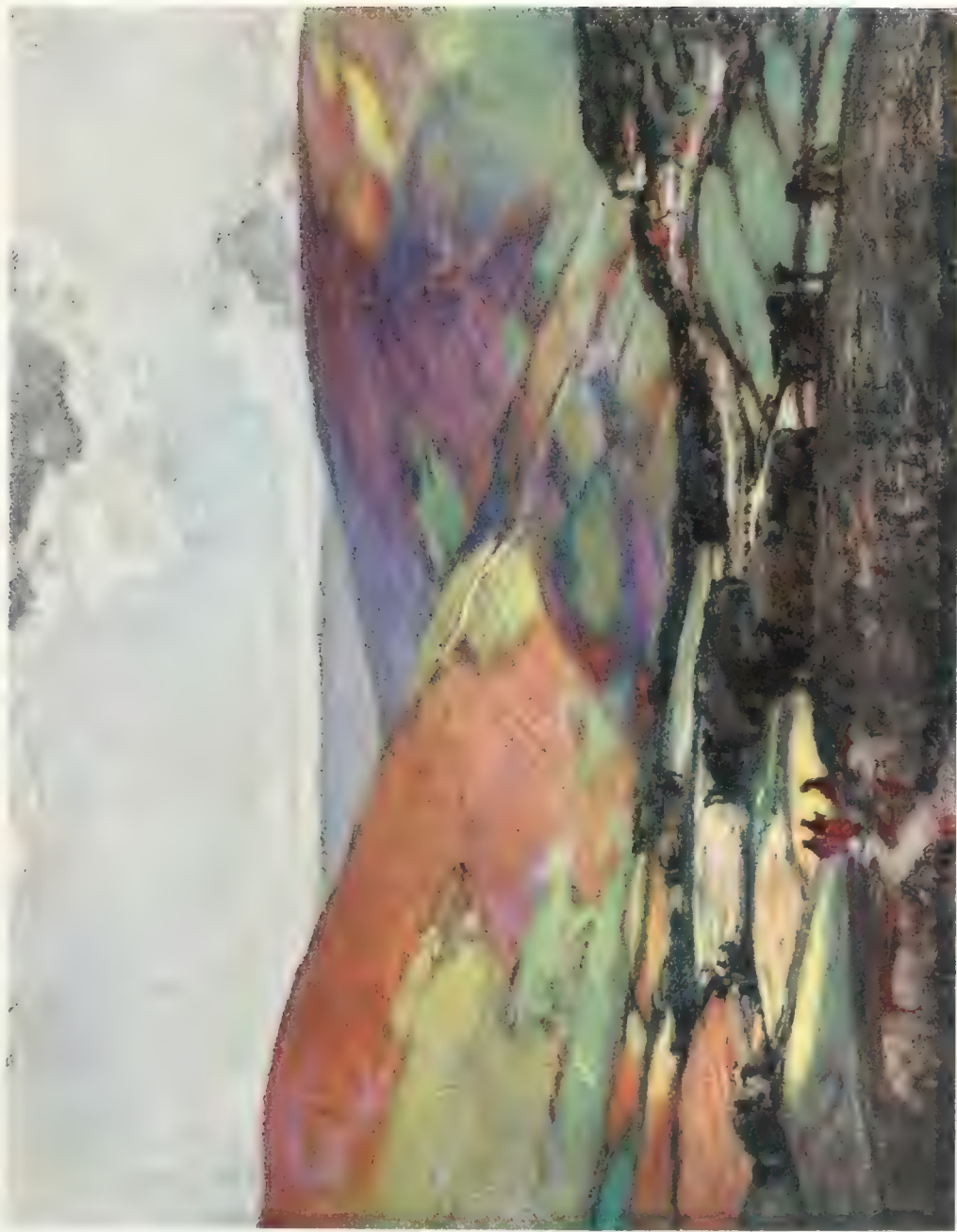
interflow, as it were. A skilful draughtsman, he can draw just what he chooses, and his trees, so extraordinarily different from those by typical English artists (e.g., Constable) are, nevertheless, the expression of a sincere vision. Studied sympathetically they will convey ideas of trees which the mere sight of familiar externals fails to lodge in the mind. It is not necessary to say what these ideas are. They may not be definable as information and yet they may re-open the lidded eyes of wonder. ♦ ♦ ♦

No psychic study of Mr. Richmond's art must neglect music. He dreamed once that there were pictures on the piano, and that he was playing them. The trees at the right of *The Sower* are to him like sinister music soaring: what

ironic significance this fancy gives to the plodding rustic at the left! ♦ ♦

He has been known to work with such self-obliviousness that the picture was practically "news" to him when he became normal again. This was the case with *Dreamland*; only the human figures were put in with conscious intellectuality: the rest was like the deed of a somnambulist.

His art is, happily, in no danger of making a mannerism of mystery. It never wearies of reference to the realities which it interprets. The tearing of vapours to reveal the sky, the creation of solitude to reveal the companionableness of hill and heather, tree and cloud, the revelation of distance as beckoning Romance—these are a few of its typical feats. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



"THE COMING SHADOW," FROM THE PASTEL  
BY LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A., R.O.I.





## SOME FRENCH TOYS OF TO-DAY.

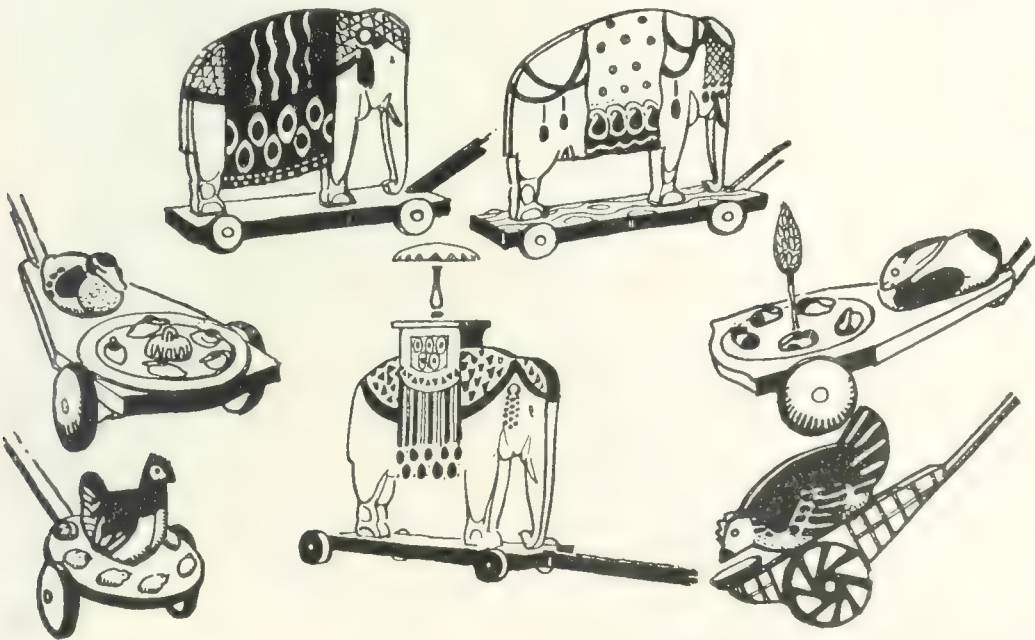
IN no branch of the industrial arts has the progress brought about by the participation of expert artists been greater than in toy-making. Practically every kind of toy, from rag-doll to hobby-horse, is nowadays very different, and far more pleasing artistically, than it was a very few years ago. But, toys after all being made for the children and not for the art critic, it is interesting to note how far recent improvements contribute to render the toys of to-day enjoyable for their youthful possessors.

Toys, intended for children, are bought by grown-ups. And the tendency to judge them from an adult's standpoint may become misleading. A toy may strongly appeal to the educated taste and yet fall short of its true purpose. It must be something to play with, not only to look at or to show. And being that, it may still fall short if it fails to do all that a really good toy does by way of educating not so much the child's mind—for the range of the educational toy proper is narrow—as its eye, its imagination, acting as a stimulus whose potential powers are practically boundless.



"RUE DE CONSTANTINOPLE"  
WITH MOVABLE FIGURES  
MADE BY "LE JOUET DE FRANCE"

The nursery of to-day, as conceived and carried out by many a competent artist, plays an all-important part in the early training of the child's mind and senses: simple, cheerful schemes, carefully planned out in every detail; bright colours, interesting designs are the order of the day. And their carrying out calls for no less skill than the most elaborate works of art.



PAINTED WOODEN TOYS. MADE  
BY "LE JOUET DE FRANCE"

## SOME FRENCH TOYS OF TO-DAY



TOY FRENCH VILLAGE AND  
MEDIÆVAL MONASTERY  
CASTLE, ETC. MADE BY  
"LE JOUET DE FRANCE"

At a time when industrial reconstruction constitutes a vital question, it is indeed satisfactory to see how greatly Great Britain and France have progressed in the industries catering for the needs of the child. The French toys to which this article is devoted are a case in point.

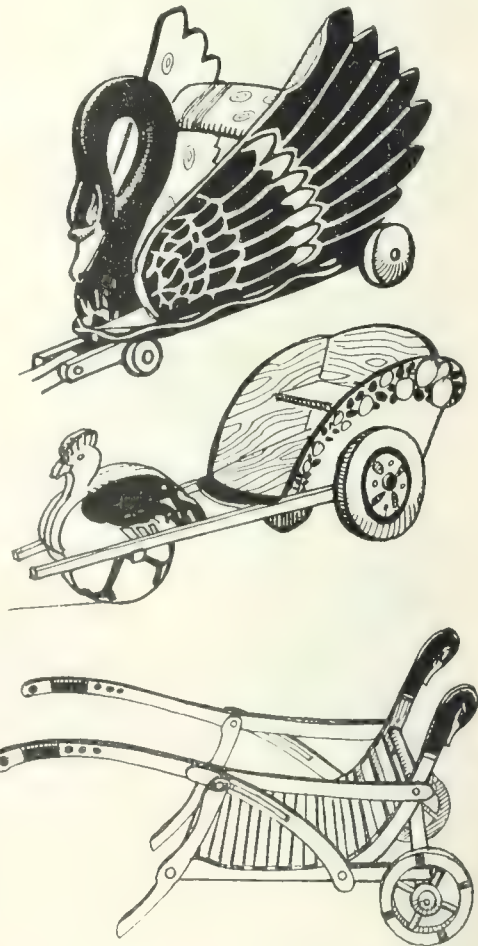
France has always been in the front rank as a toy producer. For a long time her mechanical tin toys, inartistic but intensely amusing, have provided a remunerative use for old tin and incomes for thousands of small manufacturers and hawkers, whilst in far away regions of the provinces, and especially in the mountainous districts, the peasants produce a variety of simple, quaint wooden toys.

The chief factors of the recent progress were the organisation of the toy industries on a co-operative basis, the creation of schools, exhibitions, and competitions for the encouragement of producers, and the entrance in the field of artists whose gifts of invention and execution have led to far-reaching results.

Among these artists may be selected, as thoroughly representative, Le Bourgeois, Rapin, and Francis Jourdain. The former two design the toys made by "Le Jouet

de France"; the third has recently added toy-making to his wide and versatile range of artistic labours.

The key to quality in toy-production is the same as in all applied arts; good raw material, treated in accordance with its properties—which in turn means good design and good workmanship, the highest ideal of both producer and consumer. Let us consider for instance, among the toys designed by Le Bourgeois and Rapin, their wooden animals. Here we have substantial timber, cut on broad lines, with just the necessary amount of finish to give the toy individuality, to make it live. The design is superb and humorous; and for grip of form and treatment of material,

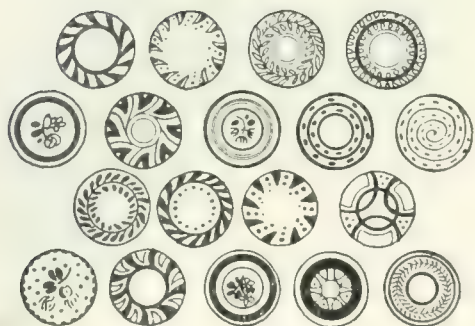


TOY CARRIAGES. MADE BY  
"LE JOUET DE FRANCE"

## SOME FRENCH TOYS OF TO-DAY



TOY ANIMALS, BIRDS, ETC. MADE  
BY "LE JOUET DE FRANCE"



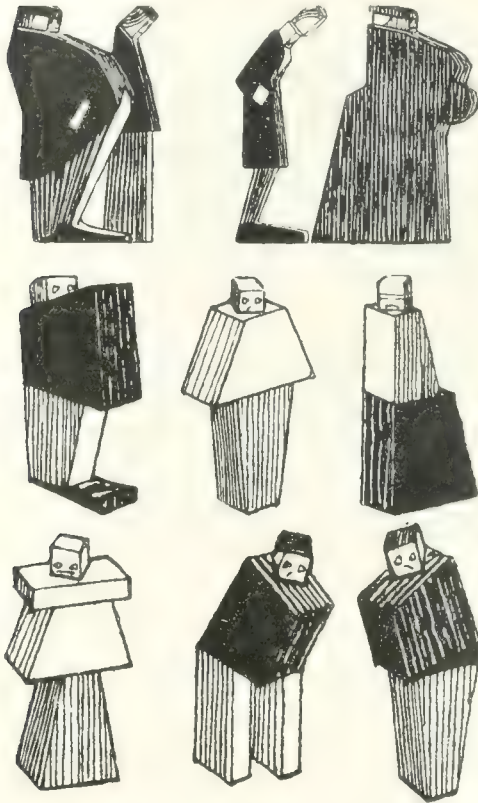
TOY PLATES. MADE BY  
"LE JOUET DE FRANCE"

these toys stand unparalleled. The massive dignity of the elephant, the quaint pompous waddle of the goose, the constant, futile anxiety of mother hen, all wonderfully observed, find their true expression. In the broad curves of the swan, the artist finds the natural constructive elements of a push cart. The rocking-horse he designs in action, selecting the very attitude in conjunction with which the movement of rocking will appear most natural and lifelike. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

And all those toys are toys to play with, stout in build, useful, as delightful in the



## SOME FRENCH TOYS OF TO-DAY



CUBIST TOY FIGURES. DESIGNED BY FRANCIS JOURDAIN

home as they are in the alluring surroundings which the up-to-date toy-seller is an adept in providing. The design, a blend of realism and artistic interpretation, will stimulate the child's imagination, its sense of humour and capacity for perception far better than the crude renderings favoured by the toy-maker of yore. ♦ ♦ ♦

Another type of toys which calls for special notice is the miniature furniture. Simple, beautifully decorated examples produced by the same artists are far more satisfactory, from every point of view, than the elaborate, costly reproductions of current types of furniture that not long ago were the only substitute for worsely designed and even more coarsely adjusted rubbish. Particularly charming are the toy crockery sets, from which many a grown-up might be tempted to cull some choice bit to serve as ash tray or to grace the winket-shelf. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Far different in spirit, Francis Jourdain's toys partake of the same qualities in no less degree. They comprise a number of games in which the principle of such old favourites as the Game of Goose, Halma, and others is ingeniously renovated. How novel the delight of using, instead of pawns or counters, quaint little wooden cottages, or birds, or rabbits, or weird grinning puppets in infinite variety! The time-honoured box of bricks appears in a new incarnation, in which every brick is designed so as to enable the child to build cottages that stare and grin and roll their eyes and show their teeth as in fairy-tales. Cubism applying for its right of citizenship in the nursery will find no opponents when it appears in the shape of Pouf and Couic, travellers along a new kind of goose-board, or in the constructional game "The Cubist," which provides the infant cartoonist with inexhaustible material. Another striking instance of humour is afforded by the same artist's *Bécassine, the Market-woman*, whose head, a plain wooden ball with five dabs of paint for



"BÉCASSINE, THE MARKET-WOMAN"  
(SWEETMEAT BOX). DESIGNED  
BY FRANCIS JOURDAIN



NURSERY DESIGNED BY  
FRANCIS JOURDAIN

the eyes and mouth, expresses, according to the way in which it is turned, coyness or defiance, anger, bewilderment, or self-satisfaction. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Francis Jourdain also stands foremost among designers of complete schemes for the nursery, an instance of which is afforded in one of our illustrations. Design and colour-scheme contribute to the general effect of restfulness and brightness. The keynote is one of cheerfulness and simplicity. In another recent design of his we see even more clearly how every practical point can be turned to some artistic purpose. The high wooden railing round the fireplace, and well away from it, is an ornamental feature as well as a necessity, and will be found a welcome substitute for the usual ugly iron guard. There is little furniture, so as to allow plenty of free room; yet one could desire nothing better in the matter of completeness and com-

fort. For the frieze, notes of music are skilfully utilised—one detail among many well calculated to provide the mental stimuli referred to above. ♦ ♦ ♦

In short, the essential merit of all these innovations is their essential soundness from the critical point of view as well as the practical. They show that art and industry can always co-operate without sacrifice for either, and with the ultimate result that products far ahead of anything which either could create unassisted can be placed on the market at competitive prices. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Edmund H. New, whose panoramic drawing of *Westminster* we reproduced in a recent number as one of the illustrations to an article on the Society of Graphic Art, desires us to state that the original drawing belongs to Mr. H. Donald Hope, who also owns the copyright. ♦ ♦



## STUDIO-TALK.

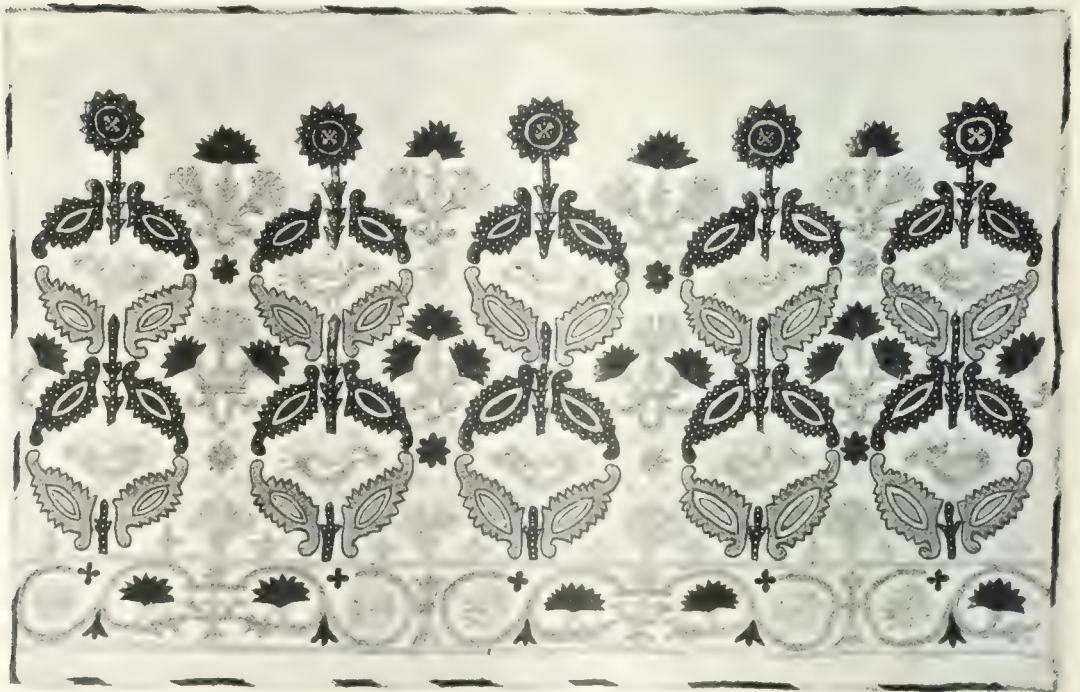
(From our own Correspondents).

LONDON. — An example of Miss Rayner's beautiful needlework which we reproduced as one of our colour supplements about a year ago, elicited much admiration on both sides of the Atlantic, and the further example we now give in the colour reproduction opposite will, we believe, be equally welcome to all connoisseurs of good stitchery. This panel, *The Edge of the World*, like the *Vase of Marigolds*, displays those qualities of design and skilled craftsmanship which give distinction to Miss Rayner's creations.

Lovers of embroidery will also be interested in the two illustrations here given of Greek embroidery executed under the auspices of the "Proëdos" Society of Athens. The object of this Society is to revive the ancient art of embroidery as practised in the Greek islands, follow-

ing the traditional designs dating back to Byzantine times. The finest collection of this ancient Greek embroidery is in the South Kensington Museum, and many designs from this collection have been adopted as a basis for the revival of the industry. The first illustration shows a characteristic design of this type; the second represents a copy in embroidery of the design of an ancient Greek vase, and is interesting as a first attempt in this direction. Further information as to the "Proëdos" Society and its work will be gladly given to anyone interested by Miss Cosadinos, 35, Lancaster Road, London. N.W. 3.

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, which, under its charter, exists, *inter alia*, "for the promotion of engraving in all its forms," has recently formed a Print Collectors' Club, with the view of bringing people who are interested in etching and engraving into closer



CUSHION CENTRE IN GREEK  
EMBROIDERY EXECUTED FOR THE  
PROËDOS SOCIETY OF ATHENS  
(The property of Mrs. Psimemos)





"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD."  
NEEDLEWORK PANEL BY  
E. RUTH RAYNER.





COPY IN EMBROIDERY OF AN  
ANCIENT GREEK VASE. EXECUTED FOR  
THE PROÖDOS SOCIETY OF ATHENS  
The property of Mr. F. H. ...

touch with those who practise the art, and of promoting general knowledge of all forms of engraving. The Club will hold a certain number of meetings at which lectures or demonstrations will be given on subjects connected with the art of engraving and etching. A Reference Committee has been set up, to which members can apply, without incurring expense, for authoritative advice and information about prints. Mr. Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E., Keeper in the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, and Mr. Martin Hardie, R.E., Keeper in the corresponding department at the Victoria and Albert Museum, have consented to serve on this Committee. Another feature of the Club will be an annual issue to members of

presentation prints, limited in edition and reserved entirely for such issue; to inaugurate this, Sir Frank Short, R.A., the President of the Society, and Mr. W. P. Robins, R.E., have promised to present the first plates. Among other privileges members may introduce a friend personally at any *conversazione* held by the Club, and will have free admission to all exhibitions and social meetings of the Society. The entrance fee (except for the first 200 original members) is £1 1s., and the annual subscription is £3 3s. Membership has already been taken up with keen interest, and there are only a comparatively small number of vacancies for original members. Applicants for membership should apply for details as to election to the Secretary, Royal Society



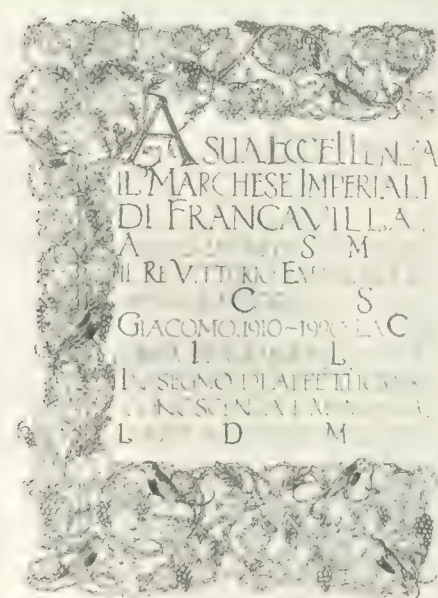
## STUDIO-TALK

of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, 5A, Pall Mall East, London, S.W. 1. ◊ ◊

The Society's thirty-ninth exhibition, which has just terminated, contained no contribution from the President, Sir Frank Short, and several other prominent supporters were likewise absentees on this occasion or but sparsely represented, but on the whole the display, if not exceptionally interesting, marked a fairly good level of achievement. Among some of the later recruits to the Society's ranks are two or three artists—such as Mr. Edmund Blampied and Mr. G. L. Brockhurst—who excel in figure subjects, and their contributions undoubtedly helped to make the recent exhibition more agreeably varied than it would have been without them, and Miss Molly Campbell's studies of everyday life—such as the *Jumble Sale*—also tended in the same direction. Contemporary portraiture is rarely seen at these shows, because among the many etchers of to-day so very few



PILKINGTON'S LANCASTRIAN LUSTRE POTTERY. DESIGNED AND PAINTED BY GORDON M. FORSYTH



ILLUMINATED ADDRESS FROM THE ITALIAN COLONY IN LONDON TO HIS EXC. THE MARCHESE IMPERIALE. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY M. BAVERLEY AND BEATRICE HOLMES

ever essay any experiments in this field, but the recent display contained a notably successful effort by Mr. Lumsden in his dry-point *The Connoisseur*, a portrait study of one who is well known to readers of this magazine as a writer on the graphic arts. ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

We reproduce on this page an illuminated address presented to His Excellency the Marchese Imperiali by the Italian Colony in London on his retirement from the Italian Embassy in December. The vine with its cluster of grapes and the birds perched on the branches form a pleasing and appropriate decoration. This is the work of Miss M. Bowerley, while the lettering was done by Miss Holmes. ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

We also illustrate here a recent example of Lancastrian lustre ware designed by Mr. Gordon Forsyth, and on the opposite page is shown an altar cross presented to Bradford Cathedral by Miss Florence Milnes who herself designed and executed it. Miss Milnes is a student of the City of Bradford School of Art. ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

The eleventh exhibition of the Senefelder Club, which exists for the advancement of artistic lithography, was held at the

Leicester Galleries last month and contained, like previous exhibitions, a number of prints by deceased artists of note, British and foreign, in addition to a goodly display of work by members of the Club and other practitioners of the art in this country and abroad. Prints by Whistler, Conder, Fantin-Latour, Rodin, Degas and Millet were the principal features in the retrospective group, while among living exponents of lithography represented on this occasion, Mr. Brangwyn, the President of the Club, who sent three characteristically vigorous essays, was well supported by the leading members, such as Mr. Augustus John, Professor Rothenstein, Mr. Spencer-Pryse, Mr. and Mrs. John Copley, Mr. Ernest Jackson and others, and Mr. J. Pennell and Mons. Forain, both honorary members. A fine study of a man by Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., was among the interesting things by outsiders, which also included some spirited work by Mr. Blampied, two or three prints by Mr. Saltoft, the Danish artist, one of them being a portrait of the Russian revolutionary leader Trotsky, and a few colour prints which, in giving variety to the exhibition, once more demonstrated, in conjunction with other deviations from black and white, that lithography as a medium is capable of a wide range of interesting effects.

In an adjoining room at the Leicester Galleries were shown the originals of a large number of humorous drawings by Mr. H. M. Bateman which have enlivened the pages of many periodicals. Mr. Bateman's drawings do really contain humour in themselves—that is to say, their power to provoke mirth does not depend wholly or mainly on what is written under them, as is the case with so many drawings that are commonly accepted as humorous.

An exhibition of drawings and cartoons (with a few etchings) by the late Mr. F. H. Townsend, at the Fine Art Society's galleries last month accentuated the loss which British graphic art has suffered through his untimely death. The drawings represented work done for "Punch" during his Art Editorship of that journal from 1905 till the very eve of his death, and the reproductions of them in its pages have made them familiar to myriads of people

both at home and abroad, but while yielding no fresh revelation they served to emphasize once more the fine qualities which invariably distinguished his draughtsmanship and insured for him a high position among the black and white artists of this generation.

Mr. George Carline, R.B.A., who died suddenly at Assisi, Italy, in December, was, though a regular contributor to his society's



SILVER AND JEWELLED ALTAR CROSS. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MISS FLORENCE MILNES AND PRESENTED BY HER TO BRADFORD CATHEDRAL



## STUDIO-TALK

exhibitions in Suffolk Street from 1904 onwards, better known personally in Oxford where he resided for over 20 years until he settled in Hampstead four or five years ago. In the university city he was an energetic supporter of the Art Society, and besides painting portraits of some of the notable residents, he illustrated Andrew Lang's book on Oxford. He leaves two sons who follow his profession with success.

Mr. Robert Gibbings whose woodcut *Clear Waters* we reproduce opposite is a member and honorary secretary of the newly formed Society of Wood Engravers, whose inaugural exhibition at the Chenil Gallery we referred to in a recent issue. His own work has already been discussed in these pages and in our Special Number on "Modern Woodcuts and Lithographs." His quite recent work as shown at the exhibition just mentioned reveals a partiality for designs of a more or less geometrical character and some very telling effects are thus achieved. In *Clear Waters* simplification could hardly be carried further, and it is indeed a striking example of what can be accomplished with a few passages of black intelligently disposed. ■ ■ ■

Miss Molly Power's work was also referred to in the Special Number just mentioned, but it was not possible to include any specimens among the illustrations. The three prints now reproduced make good this omission and show that she appreciates the pictorial possibilities and limitations of her medium. ■ ■ ■

Amongst the names of prize winners at the St. John's Wood Art Schools, as noted in our last issue, was that of Mr. Aina Onabolu, of Lagos, who is said to be the first native of West Africa to receive an art training in Europe. He has been studying portraiture more especially, and on returning home proposes, we are told, to instruct his fellow countrymen in European methods of painting pictures, about which native art is ignorant. It will be interesting to see what success will attend the innovation. The chief form of art practised by the natives is woodcarving in high and low relief, and colour is usually applied to the figures. They also excel in metal and leather work, and display a good deal of taste in ornamentation. A specimen of their leather work is illustrated on page 118 in the shape of a cigarette canister which a



"STAPLE INN." WOOD-  
CUT BY M. POWER





"CLEAR WATERS" WOOD-  
CUT BY ROBERT GIBBINGS





BOOKPLATE  
BY M. POWER

France as Point d'Irlande, is concerned, has practically a monopoly of this branch of the trade. Ireland has always remained faithful to the handmade article which has ever been a woman's trade, and was, indeed, first known as "nun's work," convents being the usual centres of the industry, as is still the case in Ireland. ▯

The industry seems to have owed its origin and success always to individual effort, and this was especially the case in the black famine years of 1846-48, when lace-making took a real hold in Ireland. Nowhere perhaps was the distress of the peasantry more deeply realised than in the Presentation Convent at Youghal, where the Reverend Mother, Mary Magdalen Gould, had already exhausted all her re-

native has covered with thin leather of a crimson colour and decorated with flat interlaced strips of another colour. Work such as this prompts the question whether after all it would not be better to foster and develop the handicrafts for which they show a marked aptitude rather than endeavour to transplant and acclimatise a type of art which is utterly alien to native traditions. Native races throughout the world have most of them an art of their own which is organically related to their mode of life, but unfortunately contact with so-called "advanced" civilization is year by year making this art a mere relic of the past. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

**BELFAST.**—Two very fine examples of Irish lace are reproduced on page 119, both of them being from the collection of Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver of this city, and it may be of interest to enumerate briefly the chief facts in connection with the industry and the various kinds that are made. The term "Irish lace" is somewhat of a misnomer, inasmuch as there never was anything of the kind native to the country, all Irish laces being copies of continental originals introduced into Ireland at a comparatively recent date. Nevertheless, the peasant women have shown such an aptitude for this class of work that Ireland now ranks with France, Belgium and England as one of the principal lace producing countries of Europe, and, as far as Irish crochet, known in



"ROYAL OAK PASSAGE, WIN-  
CHESTER." WOODCUT BY  
M. POWER





LEATHER COVERED CIGARETTE  
CANISTER FROM WEST AFRICA  
(Lent by Mrs. Onabolu, St. John's  
Wood Art School—see p. 114)

sources in the endeavour to relieve their wants. It was then that Mother M. A. Smith, chancing to discover a small piece of old Italian lace in the Convent treasure-chest, was inspired with the idea that here lay the means of helping those who were incapable of helping themselves. Taking the old lace carefully to pieces, she examined all the stitches till she succeeded in mastering their details, devised a method by which they might be reproduced, and then teaching the new art to a few of her cleverest pupils, she soon had a number of expert lace-makers under her instruction. From copying, the workers before long progressed to originating stitches and designs, and now Irish Point is justly celebrated for its beauty and artistic merit. ▢

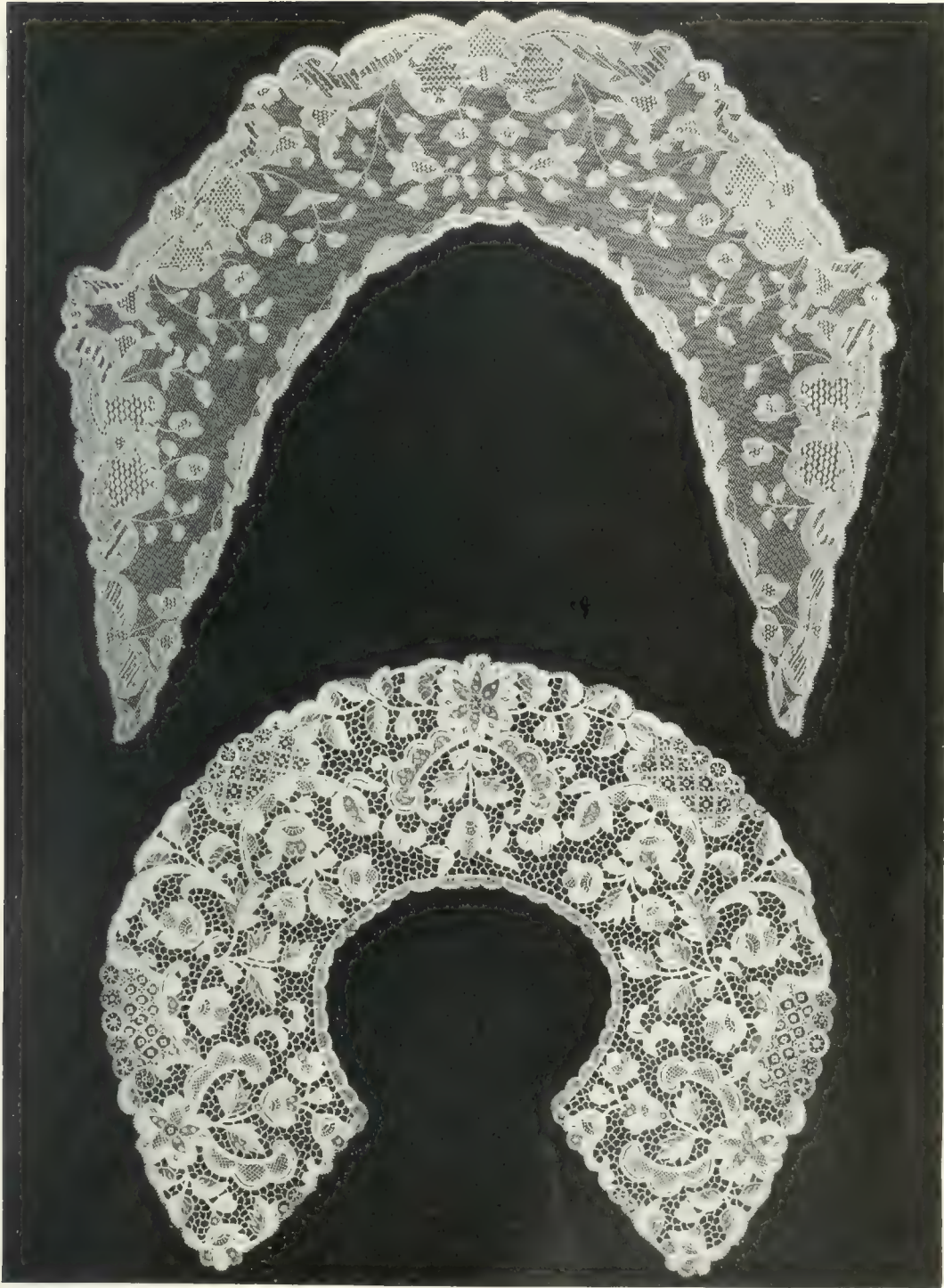
It is characteristic of the lace that it is entirely worked with the needle and is therefore sometimes called "Needle-point," and in making it the utmost care is shown. This lace has the great merit of being very durable as well as exquisite in texture and design. The chief centres of the

industry are at Youghal, New Ross, Kenmare, Killarney, Kinsale and Waterford. The work of the Convent School at Youghal, where it was first made, is, indeed, so favourably known that when the ladies of the City of Belfast decided, at the time of the Coronation, to offer to Queen Mary the gift of a Court Train of Irish Needlepoint, Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver, who were entrusted with the carrying out of the order, gave the work into the hands of the Sisters, and in the record time of six months the almost impossible task was completed, 60 highly skilled workers being continuously occupied in the production of this most beautiful and costly example of the lace-makers' art. ▢ ▢ ▢

Limerick lace, originated by Charles Walker, an Englishman, in 1829, formerly ranked next to Irish point in popularity, though that is no longer the case, Carrickmacross having at the present time the greater vogue. Limerick lace is more strictly an embroidery than a lace if one uses the term lace in any very restricted sense. Carrickmacross has been produced in Co. Monaghan since about 1820, when Mrs. Grey Porter, wife of the then rector of Dunnamoyne, taught her maid Ann Steadman to copy a specimen of appliqué lace brought from Italy. ▢ ▢ ▢

Rose Point, or Inishmacsaint, is another lace copied from an old Italian model, in this case Venice Rose Point being the original employed, and it also owes its introduction into Ireland to the great Famine. In 1855 the centre of the industry was removed from Co. Armagh to the shores of Lough Erne, and it is from its picturesque second home, Inishmacsaint in Co. Fermanagh, that the lace takes its Irish name.

Irish crochet is perhaps the most distinctively Irish product in the line of lace. It was originally an imitation of Spanish and Venetian guipure, but has far outdistanced its originals in point of beauty, grace and ingenuity of design, all of which it owes to the skill and artistic sense of the Irish worker. Most of this lace comes from Co. Monaghan, while the Carmelite Convent, New Ross, is also noted for its manufacture; but, indeed, there is scarcely a cottage in the country where at least one member of the family is not engaged in plying a crochet hook. ▢ ▢ ▢



LIMERICK LACE (TOP)  
IRISH POINT (BOTTOM)  
(The property of Robinson & Co. Ltd., Belfast)





"ROSETA." MARBLE HEAD  
BY IGNACIO PINAZO

Tatting, made with a small shuttle by means of which loops and knots are produced, is also made in Ireland, but it is mainly confined to the district about Ardee, Co. Louth. It is one of the cheapest forms of lace made in Ireland.   ♦   ♦   ♦

The value of this lace-making industry to the community cannot be overestimated. Many a mother or delicate daughter is able to add to her income without having to abandon the shelter of her own fireside, that familiar hearth so dear to every Irish heart. It also introduces an element of

refinement and culture into places where little of that sort of thing is known, and where opportunities to learn anything about art are rare. The importance of lace-making, therefore, is not merely commercial, but educational in the highest sense.

**M**ADRID.—A Valencian by birth and sentiment, like his brother the well-known painter, Don José Pinazo, the sculptor D. Ignacio Pinazo, who discharged the arduous duties of Secretary to the Exhibition of Spanish Paintings at Burling-





"VALENCIA." MARBLE GROUP  
BY IGNACIO PINAZO

ton House, has his home in Valencia, but his studio in Madrid. It has been remarked of him that, Valencian as he is by birth and blood, he seeks to express in the elegant forms of his marbles, the things of his own land, "las cosas de su tierra"—the scenes and people of the Valencian "huerta" (those wonderful orchards which are famous through Spain), their quarrels, their torments, their sorrows, their loves. No one before him had done what this artist proposed to himself to do, and is now occupied in doing—to be the Blasco Ibanez of sculpture, to give life, genius, the wonderful breath of art to that corner of

Spain where the orange-trees flower beside the rice fields, and whose shores are kissed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean.     ♦     ♦     ♦     ♦

We trace, in fact, this breath of his own sunny southern province of old Spain in the artist's creations in sculpture—directly and deliberately, of course, in his *Valencia*, the group we reproduce here, in which, as in so many of his brother's paintings, the beautiful woman typifies Valencia herself—but not less so, though not so directly, in his ideal busts; in his *Paganía* with her elaborate and richly detailed coiffure, exhibited recently at Burlington House, and in the charming portrait

## STUDIO-TALK

bust in the same exhibition of *Roseta*—a young girl of Valencia.   ♦   ♦   ♦

The tradition of the fine arts seems to be in the Pinazo family. The sculptor himself won the travelling studentship in Rome and Paris from the Academy of Arts in Valencia. He gained the silver medal in the National Exhibition of Madrid and the International Exhibition of Saragossa, as well as the grand diploma of honour in the Franco-Spanish Exhibition at Saragossa, and has received from the Government of France the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

S. B.

**MELBOURNE.**—A description of the National Gallery, Melbourne, and the Felton Bequest, which is the principal source of its income, has appeared in THE

STUDIO, and it may be a fitting corollary to give a short account of the Director, who has charge of this important collection.

Mr. L. Bernard Hall, who has held the post of Director for thirty years, received his scholastic education at Cheltenham College. In 1874 he entered the Art Schools at South Kensington, then under the direction of Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A., where he worked for four years. Subsequently he studied at Antwerp under Verlat, and was for some time at Munich. Lenbach was there then, and Mr. Hall occasionally saw him with Wagner and his frau at the Opera. He was present at the Artists' Costume Fête, in 1880, when a fire broke out and ten students lost their lives. Returning to London in 1882 he started life professionally and executed drawings for the *Graphic*, *Black*



"BUSH TENT." BY  
L. BERNARD HALL



"INTERIOR." BY  
L. BERNARD HALL

and *White* and other illustrated newspapers. He was an original member of the New English Art Club, and was a constant contributor to its exhibitions; he also exhibited paintings, chiefly portraits, at the Royal Academy until 1892, when he left England to take up the post of Director of the National Gallery, Melbourne, to which he had been appointed in the previous December. In 1905 Mr. Hall returned to Europe and made a short stay of four months, during which he visited the chief art centres in

England and on the Continent in search of paintings and sculpture for his Gallery. His chief acquisitions were the noted *Bent Tree, Morning* by Corot; *Okehampton Castle*, a water-colour by Turner; paintings by Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, George Clausen, Meissonier, Camille Pissaro and Isabey; and sculpture by Alfred Gilbert, Rodin and Barye. He also arranged with Fremiet for a replica of his *Jeanne d'Arc*, in the Place des Pyramides, Paris; and the replica now stands on the front terrace of the Gallery,



## STUDIO-TALK

as a pendant to *St. George and the Dragon* by Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A., the two being emblematic of male and female chivalry.

The Director has also under his charge the Art Museum, contained in two large galleries, one of which is filled with the Cornell Collection, a fine gift of English and French eighteenth-century furniture, arms, silver, Sheffield plate, glass, drawings and engravings. In addition he

superintends the Art Schools; they are held both during the day and evening, and are attended on an average by one hundred students—men and women. The work is devoted entirely to figure drawing and painting, and he personally conducts the painting class. In spite of his multifarious duties, Mr. Hall pursues his painting on Saturdays and during his holidays. Most of his portraits, usually life-size, are executed at one sitting,—he styles them his “Saturday furies,” his method being “hit or miss.” His other paintings such as *Sleep*, for which he was awarded a silver medal at the Panama Exhibition, suffer, he says, from being executed a day at a time. ▀ ▀

In 1910 a one man's show of Mr. Hall's work was held at the Athenæum, Melbourne, at which seventy of his paintings were exhibited; they comprised portraits, views of interiors, still-life and landscape, and demonstrated his versatility as a painter. His picture *The Model* hangs in the Sydney Art Gallery, and *After Dinner*, a still-life group, has been acquired by the Adelaide Gallery. ▀ ▀

Besides executing excellent portraits Mr. Hall excels in painting studies from the nude. In speaking of a recent exhibition of his works held at Sydney, it was said “he is undoubtedly our finest draughtsman of the figure; and his art, founded on the probity of drawing, is individual in feeling, in colour and in decorative value.” In the latest issue of *Art in Australia*, published at Sydney, it is stated: “In the employment of pure colour Hall is some years ahead of a movement which is agitating European studios of to-day. His art is intellectual rather than emotional, and he stands alone in Australia in his ability to handle paint with distinction and beauty of surface.” It is evident that Mr. Hall's work is greatly appreciated “down under,” and it deserves to be better known in the Old Country. ▀

The many valuable additions which have been made to the Melbourne National Gallery on Mr. Hall's personal recommendation, not only indicate his knowledge of what is really of first-rate importance, but also show his catholicity of taste, the most essential attribute of a Director of an Art Gallery. H. M. C.



“THE PICTURE IN  
THE MIRROR.” BY  
L. BERNARD HALL



"BATH CHARACTERS." SILHOU-  
ETTES BY AUGUST EDOUART  
"From Mrs. Nevill Jackson's: *An-  
cestors in Silhouette*," John Lane

## REVIEWS.

*Ancestors in Silhouette cut by August Edouart.* Illustrative notes and biographical sketches by Mrs. F. NEVILL JACKSON. (London: John Lane.) A truly amazing record of activity is here unfolded in Mrs. Nevill Jackson's account of the career of August Edouart, who in the course of about twenty years is estimated to have cut no fewer than a hundred thousand "shadow" pictures, mostly portraits of people in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America. After serving under Napoleon and losing all his property he sought refuge in England, where, failing to earn a sub-

sistence by teaching French, he occupied himself in making hair pictures, then much in vogue, and he had turned forty when, through a chance incident, he adopted the scissors as the means of procuring a livelihood. Among his multitudes of sitters were many prominent personages of the day, and the list of those he delineated in America during a visit in 1839-1844 includes five Presidents of the United States and other leading statesmen. Very methodical in his habits, he kept a systematic record of all his work until his return from America, when, unfortunately, a large number of the registers he had compiled with so much care were lost by the wreck,

## REVIEWS

off Guernsey, of the ship which brought him home. The salvaged remainder, lost sight of until 1911, has, however, furnished material for what may prove to be a very valuable source of information to thousands whose ancestors figure in the long lists reprinted in this volume. That his portraits were on the whole accepted as satisfactory likenesses in outline may be concluded from their great popularity, and it is indeed astonishing how much "character" he managed to express by this form of delineation. Of course everything done with the scissors is necessarily very precise. Thus one notes, among the many reproductions which illustrate this record, how very "spick and span" are the garments of the American men of affairs—no hint of any bagginess at the knees here, and the cut is clean enough to elicit the approval of professors of the sartorial art, which painters' portraits rarely do. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

*Barbizon House*, 1920. This illustrated record contains with a few pages of introduction written by Mr. Croal Thomson, a selection from the chief works of art which passed through the gallery over which he presides at 8 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, during the past year. One of the two-colour reproductions is a particularly fine example of Mr. Brangwyn's water-colour work, *The Rialto, Venice*, while among the many photogravure reproductions various painters of eminence, living and deceased, are represented, such as Turner, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Hoppner, Whistler, Sargent, Clausen, and D. Y. Cameron of the Anglo-Saxon School; Daumier, Fantin, Diaz, Daubigny, Millet, and Corot among the French Masters; and Israels, James and Matthew Maris, and Bosboom of the Modern Dutch Painters. The Spanish School is represented by a fine Goya (*Portrait of a Bullfighter*), and there are two delightful pictures by the Italian masters, Da Sesto and Del Garbo, who both died in 1524. Two bronzes of Bastien-Lepage and Rodin give additional interest to this fine record. ♦ ♦ ♦

*Antiques Genuine and Spurious*. By FREDERICK LITCHFIELD. (London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.). Mr. Litchfield's high reputation as an expert will ensure for this new book from his pen a welcome among collectors who are already indebted to

him for the valuable guidance he has published in his book on "Pottery and Porcelain," first issued over 40 years ago and two books on furniture. Intended for the amateur this new volume contains much useful information concerning both these subjects, and the chapters on furniture are supplemented by one on Lacquer, about which there is little published information. In addition there are special sections dealing with enamels and bronzes, and appended to the latter is a list of Bronze Artists from the early Renaissance to the reign of Louis XVI. The author also communicates some interesting personal reminiscences from his 50 years' experience as an art expert and recollections of some notable legal cases in which he has been concerned. Besides a large number of half-tone illustrations their is a colour frontispiece showing two fine specimens of Battersea enamel. ♦ ♦ ♦

*A Book of Dovecotes*. By ARTHUR O. COOKE. (London: T. N. Foulis.) A description of many of the most interesting dovecotes now extant in various parts of Great Britain forms the principal subject matter of this little volume, and illustrations are given of some of the more noteworthy examples. It is claimed for the book that it is the first to be published on the subject in this country, and, as all that has been written about it hitherto—and that not a great deal—has appeared in periodicals, Mr. Cooke's work has certainly the advantage of novelty which so few books can boast of nowadays. The topic is one of no small interest historically, for prior to the eighteenth century the dovecote formed a very important adjunct to the country house. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Messrs. George Bell & Sons' recent publications include a new edition of Mr. R. C. WITT's little book, *How to look at Pictures*, which, first published in 1902, has several times been reprinted, and is now re-issued with a new chapter, "How to Show Pictures." Intended for those who, without having any special knowledge of pictures and painting, are interested in them, and written in a clear style free from technicalities, it deserves to be still more widely read as a means of stimulating the understanding and appreciation of pictures by artists of diverse schools. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦







"GRENOBLE BRIDGE" 1824  
BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

WATER-COLOURS AT MESSRS.  
AGNEW'S.    ♦    ♦    ♦    ♦    ♦

MESSRS. AGNEW have held many spring exhibitions of water-colour drawings in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, but perhaps there has never been one with unfamiliar masterpieces in such a number and such even distribution over the range of the English art, as the exhibition which has just closed. There have been rows of even more resplendent Turners, but this year, too, he has the predominant place, as is his due for his overwhelming fertility and the exuberance of his effect. De Wint ran Turner close even in size and richness of colour, and, though Cotman was absent, more than the usual space was given to Girtin. But the principal novelty was the greater share of importance allowed to the predecessors of Girtin and Turner, and after the interest aroused by the recent show of the earlier

men at Cambridge it is not dangerous to prophesy that they will loom more and more largely in such exhibitions as time goes on, and it becomes recognised that they are not mere precursors but had a distinctive and valuable art of their own. ♦

Of these earlier men John Cozens holds the foremost place. He was magnificently represented. There was two years ago a fine series of his smaller works, but nothing of the monumental quality of the four principal drawings by him in this year's exhibition—the *Villa Frascati*, the *Lake Albano*, *The Goat-herd*, and the so-called *Mountains of Elba*. There were also an *Italian lake*, one of his slighter, coloured sketches and two of the direct monochrome studies from Nature which he made in Switzerland in 1776. The *Frascati* and the *Albano* are full of varied but subdued colour. The *Elba* and *The Goat-herd*, contemporary drawings, are in deliberately cool grey tones. It is in these that his extraordinary



"LAKE ALBANO" [ALSO CALLED  
"LAKE NEMI"]. BY J. R. COZENS





"THE GOAT-HERD." BY J. R. COZENS  
(Acquired by the National Art Gallery  
of Victoria, Melbourne)

sensitiveness to tonality is most evident. The depths and varieties of the foliage in the wood in one, the subtle play of light on the cold hillside in the other, are presented by almost imperceptible touches of tone, occasionally by spots of ochre or blue, which build up the fullest effect of atmosphere and suggest space and distance without either exaggeration of values or the slightest confusion of planes. ■ ■

In these two drawings, also, the subtlety and sensitiveness of Cozens's composition were best exhibited. He repeated certain subjects over and over again, no doubt, on commission, and some, of course, are mere tired and mechanical repetitions. But in others he worked upon the composition, varying it and improving it, perhaps elaborating details with too much subtlety, but

always with genuine interest. In this he is like his master, Wilson, and they are almost alone among English painters in making their pictures better than their sketches. Nor is his composition conventional or empty. On the contrary his harmony is never merely easy nor his rhythm mellifluous. His effects are sometimes so subtle as to appear abrupt, and the details in themselves are often disconcerting. In this version of *The Goat-herd* the outward and forward thrust of the tree trunks makes a very bold and original design, fully suggesting the close, overhanging character of the wood. In the *Elba* a tiny spot representing a chapel hanging on the edge of the cliff in the very centre of the picture—a feature less developed in other versions—gives at once a point of view and an emphasis on the swirl



"WINDERMERE FROM AMBLE-SIDE." BY FRANCIS TOWNE

of lines. In the *Albano* his subtlety and abruptness have gone too far. The curve of the lake is too steep for the straight line of the surrounding cliff side ; the picture seems broken and unbalanced, and it only falls together when looked at from above as Cozens looked at the scene when he drew it. In other versions this fault is

corrected by emphasising and enlarging the nearest portion of the hill. At the same time the top right-hand portion of the drawing is flattened out by the removal of the mountain, and the trend of the composition becomes horizontal instead of diagonal. ▯

There is a word to say about the nomenclature of two of these drawings. That



"MONTE CAVO—IN THE CAMPAGNA." BY FRANCIS TOWNE





'BRIDGE AND WATERFALL  
NEAR LLYNGWELLYN"  
BY FRANCIS TOWNE

sold at Sotheby's and exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's as *Lake Nemi* is a view of Albano with Castel Gandolfo. Of several other versions known with that name one was reproduced in *THE STUDIO* in February, 1917. The other point is more mysterious. The versions of the great divided mountain are always called *Mountains in Elba*. Perhaps there is a good forgotten reason for this. But a magnificent variant which belongs to Mr. Girtin brings apparently the same mountains right down to the sea where there is a strange half Oriental town with shipping. It is inscribed at the back *Cittario*. A drawing by Warwick Smith of the same subject and inscribed more fully, *Cittario on the Bay of Salerno*, was among the Northwick drawings dispersed at Sotheby's in 1919. The place meant is without doubt Cetara. Unless, as is possible, mountains from Elba have been placed above a view of Cetara, the very effective piece of foreground which occurs in most versions and the little chapel apparently seen from high up in this are probably pure "chic,"

for the mountains could scarcely look the same from the sea, as from a point high above it. Such liberties were of the essence of the art of these great masters of landscape composition. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

A special feature in this year's exhibition was a selection of some eight drawings by John Cozens's elder contemporary Francis Towne. This artist was practically unknown until a few years ago, because with too long an aim for posthumous appreciation he left the best of his work to the British Museum, where it lay invisible in volumes until Mr. Binyon praised it in his catalogue, and because, unlike most artists, he bequeathed the rest to a family sufficiently well-to-do and proud of their possessions not to dispose of it at the first opportunity. He lived much of his life away from London in Exeter, and never worked for the engravers, which is the surest way to secure a place in the history of Art. A journey to Italy and Switzerland in 1780-81 was his high water mark. Nearly all the coloured Italian drawings





"A RUINED ABBEY"  
BY T. GIRTIN

were left *en bloc* to the British Museum, and consequently there was nothing at Messrs. Agnew's gallery to illustrate the richness and even brilliance of colour with which he, as other contemporary artists, represented Italian scenes, nor the grandeur and effective composition of his ruins and buildings. But the *Naples* is sketched with pleasant freedom and freshness, and the two views from near Monte Cavo in the environs of Rome, quaintly named "The spot where Hannibal is said to have looked at Rome from," show his boldness of vision and effective simplification of planes. *The source of the Arvion* has much greater depth and subtlety of colour, and is his most imaginative composition. The other drawings were in the quieter and more conventional, and therefore, perhaps, more generally acceptable mood, in which he saw Wales before, and the Lakes, after he had visited the Continent. *Llyngwellyn*, pleasant as it is and well composed, is a little empty and wanting in freedom and

spatial structure as were all his works before he went abroad. The four Lake views are consciously cool and quiet. One of two long drawings is reproduced here and is a good example of one of his most marked characteristics, the careful building up of a pattern by means of almost flat washes of colour. All of these were his original drawings from Nature, coloured up afterwards and retained by the artist as examples from which the patron could choose subjects for reproduction in oil or water-colour. The sketch book from which the two long Lake drawings were torn still exists; the *Arvion* is made up of two sheets of the size on which the mass of his other Swiss sketches were drawn. This method was followed by many other men of his date, for their portraits as well as for landscapes, and often the version based on the original study was totally different in technique. Towne in such finished drawings and generally in his later work discarded the pen outline. ■ ■ ■

## WATER-COLOURS AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S

Towne, so far as is known now, had no influence on his contemporaries or the younger generation. Of the former, Marlow and Wheatley were well represented. The men of the next generation, Hearne, Rooker, Dayes and Alexander, were all exhibited. They, following one side of Sandby, excelled in the minute representation of interesting or pleasant detail, and are the true precursors of the Birket Fosters of the nineteenth century. Certainly there is something particularly suitable to English landscape in miniature portrayal of little scenes and precise, almost stippled, building up of a sometimes sparkling but never brilliant atmosphere.      ♪      ♪      ♪

Cozens on the other hand was a force of great importance. Constable was his great prophet, but Girtin also owed much to him. Girtin began as a pupil of Dayes and surpassed him in careful and dainty miniatures of ruins and buildings for the antiquarian's cabinet, but this was not his true genius. He copied Cozens as he copied Canaletto or Piranesi, even at a late stage in his short

life, and, all the more because he did not go abroad until the very end, he was dependent on them for support in enlarging his vision and freeing his hand. His copy in the British Museum of a *Geneva* by Cozens shows the origin of the long flat lines which form the distance in the *Lyme Regis* at this exhibition, and Cozens might have taught him to subdue their emphasis as he taught him the dignity of the broad untroubled foreground in the same and many another drawing. The way in which the ruin in the *Kirkstall* becomes merely an incident in a quiet, subtle landscape also owes something to Cozens. It is worlds apart from the unrelieved but unimpressive prominence which such ruins assume in the topographic portraits of Girtin's other masters and his own early period. It is perhaps mere accident that the *Stepping Stones on the Wharfe* reproduces almost exactly the abruptness and awkwardness of Cozens's *Albano*; at any rate in this drawing the colour and the liquid manner are entirely his own. So, too, in the depths of



"THE SILENT POOL"  
BY T. GIRTIN



"ST. PRIVÉ." BY  
H. HARPIGNIES

colour and naïf English tenderness of *The Silent Pool*, except for certain similarities of technical detail with the practice of Cozens, Girtin is himself alone. Quite apart from Cozens, too, are the golden glow of the *Exmouth* and the richness of the full wet brush work in the *Ruined Abbey*, but in all of Girtin's mature work there is a sobriety and reticence, and generally a striving after dignity of form and atmosphere which bring him within the great tradition and the group to which Cozens belongs. It is this, joined with a new technical excellence, which converts his early tightness of hand and vision into the freedom and plenitude of the *Ruined Abbey*. ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

In Turner, on the contrary, the new found glories of colour overwhelm the older traditions and while, unlike Girtin, he deliberately set himself out to surpass them on their own ground, he often seems to have missed their essentials. He is at bottom much more closely akin to the

school of copper-plate engravers in which he began. Even in the work of, and after, his first Swiss journey when the technical similarity with Cozens is naturally most marked, Turner fails to catch the essence of his spirit. In the *Lucerne* at Messrs. Agnew's, apart from the vivid foreground, very little is added to Cozens's colour, but everything of real grandeur, rest and dignity is sacrificed in the fretfulness of the composition and the over-manipulation of surface and detail. For a still earlier period the two well-known copies of Cozens, which were shown here side by side with the originals, are naturally of the greatest interest, but till the doubt raised by Mr. Finberg as to the authorship of the whole group is definitely settled, too much stress must not be laid on them. Certainly the copies are inferior to the originals where they depart from them. Bold features and restful surfaces are broken up, ornamented and enfeebled and, wherever possible, simplicity is re-





"VILLAGE BY THE RIVER"  
BY PETER DE WINT, R.A.

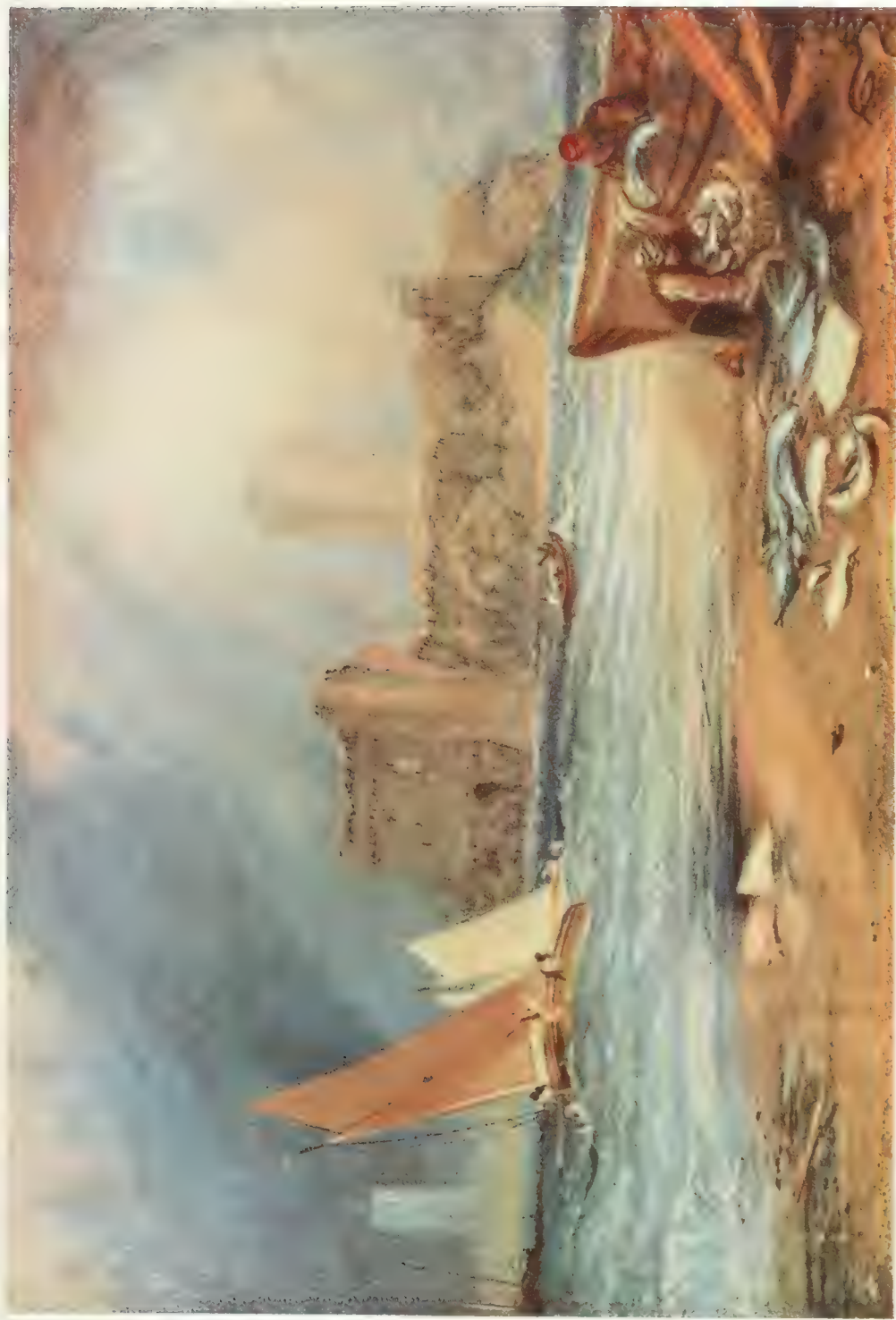
placed by daintiness. There is nothing in this which is inconsistent with Turner's authorship. He was only a youth when the copies were made and, like Girtin, trained in a school which was the most remote from Cozens. Further, his very genius for colour—brilliance, that is, not subtlety of colour—which was in the eyes of his predecessors only an embellishment of secondary importance, argues a lack of sympathy with the qualities of composition and dignity which they held highest. He is at his best in his sketches where colour and form are of one inspiration or the latest work, where colour is everything and form merely hinted at. Elsewhere the blaze of colour cannot entirely mask the pettiness of the forms it clothes nor make one forget its total independence of them. Both the *Pembroke* and the *Grenoble* gain from reduction in size, for which the former, at any rate, was intended. ▀

Because it is not true, as was once held, that English water-colour was born with Turner, it does not follow that it died

with him. This was, of course, abundantly shown at Messrs. Agnew's, but space does not suffice for any mention of the later works except the two drawings which are reproduced here. The first is one of de Wint's rapid sketches which with their full colour and spontaneous brushwork represented him more happily than the large water-colours, exceptionally fine though they were. The other, Harpignies' *St. Privé*, made the naturalistic work of his English contemporaries look woolly and unsubstantial, neither decorative nor true. The fresh vision of the English landscape artists had to be transported to France in order to join the best qualities of the older school which Turner could afford to sacrifice, but the want of which in his imitators led to empty rhetoric and a natural reaction against the whole tradition.

A. P. OPPÉ.

[The Editor desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Messrs. Agnew & Sons for giving facilities for making the reproductions accompanying the foregoing article.]



"PEMBROKE CASTLE," c. 1829.  
BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.





# LITHOGRAPHS FROM THE 11<sup>TH</sup> EXHIBITION OF THE SENEFELDER CLUB

(Leicester Galleries, London, February 1921)



"SPLASH!" BY  
E. BLAMPIED, R.E.



"A SAWYER." BY FRANK  
BRANGWYN, R.A.



"THE THEATRE QUEUE"  
BY G. SPENCER-PRYSE





"SI L'AMOUR S'EGARE ICI-  
BAS." BY ETHEL GABAIN



"SPECTATORS AT A TRAGIC  
PLAY." BY JOHN COPLEY  
(Sensbolder Club)

THE WATER-COLOURS OF MR.  
STAFFORD LEAKE. BY MALCOLM  
C. SALAMAN. ■ ■ ■ ■

WHEN a picture hanging on a gallery wall with other exhibits distinguishes itself from its neighbours, and seems to say to us, "Rest here with me awhile, I have something to say to you," one feels instinctively responsive to the appeal, for the mental restlessness invariably induced by a heterogeneous collection of pictures has been suddenly arrested by a mood of artistic tranquillity. Now, the water-colour drawings of Mr. Stafford Leake usually have this effect. Their content may be the enviroing landscape or old buildings of the storied towns of Northern or Southern France ; they may afford the spectator's eye a remoter and

stranger experience among the native habitations of East Africa ; but the artistic message will be beauty implicit in the harmonious compact of simple design and glowing or reticent colour which the pictorial essentials of the scene offer to the painter's imaginative vision. That vision is always individual, and if, in its intuition of the structural elements of a scene that lend themselves to breadth and dignity of design, it suggests at times happy reminiscence of Cotman's noble pictorial way, the emotional impulse of Mr. Leake's colour-vision reveals a temperament artistically susceptible to romantic glamour rather than to the actual effect of natural light. This would seem to explain a special fondness for certain blues that he is not always able to keep under harmonious control, though

## WATER-COLOURS BY STAFFORD LEAKE

when his vision is truly held by the spell of an East African night he conveys to us with impressive beauty the solemn scenic influence of its blue intensity of sky. This is notable particularly in the more spacious and comprehensive version of the drawing, *Near Dar es Salaam*, reproduced here. In both versions the Arab house with its white plastered walls takes the eye with dignity, but in the larger drawing we see it at an hour when the sky is paling with a haunting glow, and the shadows are not of the deep blue that seems to obtrude a little stridently on the harmonious solemnity of the drawing we see here. Impressive, too, is *The Boma, Morogoro*—a native enclosure suffused with the blue glamour of an Afric night. ■ ■ ■ ■

It was while serving with the Royal Engineers through the campaign in German East Africa that Mr. Leake made

these drawings. He had joined as a dispatch-rider, since that adventure promised varied excitement and scenic opportunity, and not Don Quixote himself loved his Rosinante more than did Mr. Leake his motor-bicycle. But with pictorial motives strange and attractive offering themselves, the artist in him would out at any opportunity for drawing, and then his graphic ability was requisitioned by the R.E.'s. Topographical Section for map-making. As far as I know, his drawings record none of the military activities of the campaign, but they show him responsive to the pictorial aspect of native buildings in lone places aglow with strange hues. The effect of one incident, however, we see in the drawing reproduced as *Damage on the Central Railway at Mikesse*. The Germans had blown up the bridge over the river some fifty miles from Dar es Salaam, and had



"NEAR DAR ES SALAAM"  
BY STAFFORD LEAKE





"A STREET IN AUTUN"  
BY STAFFORD LEAKE

then driven their locomotives on to the débris, and in the ordered confusion resulting Mr. Leake's intuition for design discerned the elements of an interesting pictorial pattern. His controlling sense of design is evident in all this artist's pictures, and doubtless he owes it in a measure to his having, during his training at the Campden School of Art, made a special study for the career he followed for some years of a designer of wall-papers.

Mr. Leake is seldom attracted pictorially by landscape that does not offer as a salient feature some work made by man, be it a bridge, a viaduct, an old gateway, or houses over which time has hung the lamp of memory, lighted though never so dimly. The ancient towns of France have afforded him many a subject that has enlisted his pictorial sympathies to impressive artistic issue. He was on a sketching tour in the valley of the

Rhone when the War broke out, and near Montélimart he was arrested on suspicion of espionage, together with his companion, the Dutch artist, Mr. Hubert van Hooydonk, and they were detained for three weeks before proofs of their nationality and identity were accepted. But happily, ere this unpleasant if exciting experience Mr. Leake had visited places of such abiding interest as Rochemaur, Autun, Vienne, and recorded his pictorial visions of each in notable drawings. A ruined building would seem to have always a fascination for Mr. Leake, and in *A Street in Autun* (Bibracte of the ancients) he shows us how the Porte d'Arroux in its surviving simplicity and dignity of ruin lends itself to noble design. The ruins of the Castle at Rochemaur, seen in a blue evening light as they stand in solemn solitude on their rocky base, above the stone houses of the old village



"DAMAGE ON THE CENTRAL RAILWAY  
AT MIKESSE." BY STAFFORD LEAKE

built on the slopes, have moved the artist to a drawing of strange beauty in which he has yielded with pictorial advantage to his fondness for glamour. In *A Courtyard in Vienne* he gives us a suggestive vision of that very ancient historic town, an allure of mystery investing the silver grey tones that fill the design. No less than the South does Northern France inspire the art of Mr. Leake, Brittany more potently perhaps than Normandy; yet our colour-reproduction of *Entrance to the Ruins, Beaumont le Roger*, shows that in the precincts of what time has left of the ancient abbey of that storied town our artist has found his vision stimulated to pictorial expression of simple charm. In no drawing of his, perhaps, have form and tone responded in more delicate harmony to the sensitiveness of his art and the romantic suggestion of his temperament. In Brittany it is the rugged landscape in the neighbourhood of Carhaix,

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that has inspired his most expressive draughtsmanship in tonal scheme and design of a distinguished reticence. Morlaix, on the other hand, is apt to tempt Mr. Leake to a revel with his favourite blues. It is well that the varied charm of his work may be enjoyed in London during the present month in the galleries of the Fine Art Society. ♣ ♣

The picture galleries at the Victoria and Albert Museum, occupied during the war by the Board of Education, are undergoing redecoration before being reopened to the public. In the meantime a temporary exhibition of selected water-colours has been arranged in Rooms 88 and 90. Drawings by Cozens, Girtin, Turner, Crome, Cotman, De Wint, David Cox, and others are hung in Room 88, while in the other room are shown a number of more recent acquisitions, with special reference to Brabazon and Sir Alfred East.



"ENTRANCE TO THE RUINS, BEAUMONT  
LE ROGER." WATER COLOUR BY  
STAFFORD LEAKE, R.B.A.





## DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION.    ■    ■    ■    ■

THOUGH it is now more than three years since the last instalment of "Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture" appeared in these pages, it is scarcely necessary to explain why this feature, now resumed with a slightly different title, has remained so long in abeyance. Government restrictions on private building during the war, and the tremendous increase in the cost of every element in construction which has ensued in the meantime have operated as an effectual barrier to the execution of projects which would otherwise have kept architects busy.

Nor is it possible to ignore the effect of the heavy demands made upon the individual in the shape of taxes. For years before the war there was a decided trend on the part of the fairly prosperous classes to give up residence in town and have houses built to their own designs on the outskirts, paying for them out of their savings, past or future, but so much of their income now goes to the tax collector, that very few can think of building houses. Thus the activities of architects and builders have of late been centred almost entirely upon the schemes promoted by public bodies for providing houses for the working classes. In not a few cases, however, the attention of both architects



BILLESLEY MANOR, NEAR ALCESTER  
—THE GREAT HALL WITH GALLERY  
ABOVE. M. EYRE WALKER AND  
A. W. HARWOOD, ARCHITECTS FOR  
THE RESTORATION WORK



BILLESLEY MANOR, NEAR ALCESTER  
—SOUTH FRONT WITH GARDEN  
ENTRANCE. M. EYRE WALKER AND  
A. W. HARWOOD, ARCHITECTS FOR  
THE RESTORATION WORK



BILLESLEY MANOR, NEAR ALCESTER  
—DINING ROOM. M. EYRE  
WALKER AND A. W. HARWOOD,  
ARCHITECTS FOR THE RESTORA-  
TION WORK





DINING ROOM FIREPLACE  
OF HOUSE AT BYFLEET  
M. EYRE WALKER AND A.  
W. HARWOOD, ARCHITECTS

and owners has been turned to the possibilities of utilizing existing old buildings by reconstructing or adapting them to meet modern needs, and there must be, up and down the country, a large number of houses of various kinds and dates which admit of this treatment. One instance is afforded by the country house of which some illustrations are here given.

The Manor of Billesley, in Warwickshire, dates back to the time of William the Conqueror, and is mentioned in Domesday Book. It passed into the hands of the Earls of Warwick from one of whom, in 1165, the Manor was held by Osbert Trussel. It remained in his family apparently for the next 400 years, when it was sold to Sir Robert Lee, son of the Lord Mayor of London of that name. Sir Robert rebuilt a large part of the house, and it is possible that most of the oldest part of the house as it at present stands is his work—dating about

1600. This part comprises the present boudoir, the dining room, vestibule and the billiard room, all on the south side, as shown in the illustration opposite, with the rooms over these. The great hall contains a very fine Jacobean chimney piece. Part of the entrance hall wing, running at right angles to the south front, was built about thirty years ago. The later work of restoration consisted in the rearrangement and repair of much of the panelling, the replacing of modern chimneys by shafts in two-inch bricks to harmonize with the old stacks, structural repairs and alterations, with the formation of the great hall and gallery, the main staircase and offices with their decorations. New hot water, electric light and drainage systems were also installed. Messrs. Walker & Harwood were the architects responsible for the restoration work for the present owner, H. Burton Tate, Esq.



"DISQUIETUDE, 1914." DRY-  
POINT BY JAMES MCBEY

With these illustrations we give one of a fireplace in a house at Byfleet, built from the design of Messrs. Walker and Harwood. Constructed of multi-coloured bricks with flush joints, this fireplace has a very homely appearance, pleasing emphasis being given to the arch by the curved character of each brick and the slightly projecting centre bricks. ▯

#### STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents).

LONDON.—Mr. E. S. Lumsden has found many motives for etching in Benares and its Holy River, but seldom has his fine sense of design been stirred with more beautiful and dignified result than it was when he etched his *Ganges Boats, Morning*, seen here in reproduction. Every detail of this large boat, of picturesque local build and character, with its bamboo mast, its high matting-roofed cabin, helps

the charm of the design, in which the subsidiary rowing and sailing boats are important factors. But the expressiveness of the drawing, the command of the etching, are masterly, else had we not realized the atmosphere so completely filled with the heavy morning heat of the ambient sunshine. Mr. Lumsden is at last taking his proper place among the masters of etching, and *Ganges Boats, Morning*, will support him there. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

In Mr. James McBey's dry-point, *Disquietude*, 1914, we find another triumph of graphic expression. The drawing is exquisite in its tender simplicity; the face of the young woman pressed against the hand of the upraised arm that supports it, is instinct with the apprehension of unknown terrors inseparable from the presage of war. How eloquent the eyes are of the fears that grip the heart and haunt the day and the night! This dry-point was a sketch of Mrs. Martin Hardie, done in 1914, when the air was filled with war's alarms. ▯



"GANGES BOATS, MORNING."

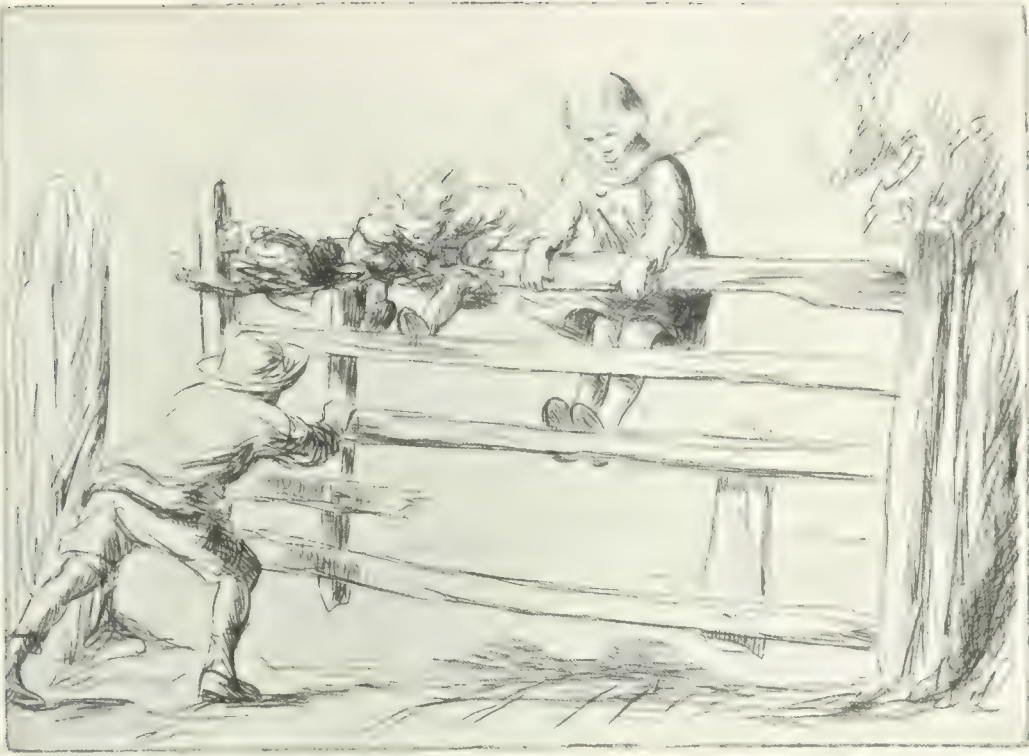
FROM AN ETCHING BY E. S. LUMSDEN, R.E.

(Messrs. Colnaghi & Co.)









"LA BARRIÈRE CASSÉE." ETCH-  
ING BY EILEEN SOPER

Miss Eileen Soper, whose delightful etching, *La Barrière Cassée*, we reproduce, is the gifted daughter of Mr. George Soper, the well-known etcher, but, although she is only fourteen years of age, her talent is entirely her own; there is no hint whatever of parental influence in her vision, her manner or her technique. Her handling of the etching needle and the acid, extraordinary for one of her age, shows no less vitality than her drawing. Those children are actually singing on that gate, the tiniest of them struggling with all her might to keep on; but what is quite inspiring is the responsive vivacity of the bitten line, with the promise of etching power it reveals in one so young. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The double loss which the Royal Academy sustained in the last week of February by the death of two of its veterans—Mr. George Dunlop Leslie and Sir William Blake Richmond, K.C.B.—

was of more than ordinary significance, from the fact that both these distinguished painters were themselves the sons of Royal Academicians. Mr. Leslie was born in 1835, and his father, Charles Robert Leslie, Constable's friend and biographer, was one among several young Americans who crossed the Atlantic to study art at the Academy during the presidency of Benjamin West, in the second decade of the nineteenth century. The long and intimate association of father and son with the Academy, extending over a century, furnished the latter with abundant material for his interesting book on "The Inner Life of the Royal Academy," published by Mr. Murray in 1914. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Sir William Blake Richmond was seven years younger than Mr. Leslie, and entered the Academy Schools when the latter had reached the Painting School, the final stage in the course of training.

## STUDIO-TALK

His father, George Richmond, R.A., was a close friend of William Blake "the mystic," after whom he named his son. Sir William was elected Associate of the Academy in 1888 and full member in 1895, the year before his father's death, so that for a short time the Academy had the unique experience of having a father and son on its roll as Royal Academicians. His Knighthood was conferred in 1897. He was a facile writer on art and public affairs, and besides letters innumerable to the newspapers he was the author of several books, the last of which, "Democracy—False or True?" published a day or two after his death, is dedicated "to the honest working classes of England, rich and poor, by one of themselves," and unfolds the distinguished artist's dream of an ideal social state. He was a very energetic champion of schemes for the improvement of the Metropolis, and the London Society loses an ardent supporter by his death.

We also regret to record the death of an old and valued contributor to this magazine in the person of Sir Frederick Wedmore, who died a few weeks ago in his 77th year. Sir Frederick was chief art critic of *The Standard* for about 30 years, and his contributions to this magazine date back almost to its beginning in 1893, terminating in 1918 with articles on the work of Mr. William Nicholson, Sir William Orpen and Mr. H. M. Livens respectively. Broad in his sympathies, and an erudite exponent in England of Nineteenth Century French Art, he specialized as a connoisseur of etchings and engravings, and his numerous writings gained for him a high reputation in this branch of art.

The decorative drawing by Miss Jeanne Labrousse, reproduced on this page, is executed in black and white with the addition of gold in several places. The text which furnishes the motive for the drawing is from a mediæval Ave Maria "Heil be Thou Marie Christis Moder dere."

In any ordinary English home an over-mantel panel like Mr. George Sheringham's *The Two Poets of Canton*, reproduced in colour opposite, would, of course, be rather out of place, but it was

designed for a room equipped with lacquer furniture, and there it is perfectly at home, so thoroughly has the artist expressed the spirit of the Far East in this fantasia of gay and harmonious colour.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes's panel representing the burning of the Royal Exchange in 1838, which we reproduce on page 159, is the latest addition to the unique



"MADONNA." DRAWING  
BY JEANNE A. LABROUSSE





"THE TWO POETS OF CANTON."  
OVERMANTEL PANEL BY  
GEORGE SHERINGHAM.  
PAINTED FOR MRS. WILLIAM CUNTS  
LACQUER ROOM.







**"THE BURNING OF THE ROYAL  
EXCHANGE, LONDON, IN 1838"**  
**BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, R.A.**  
(Presented to the Royal Exchange by the Corporation of  
the Royal Exchange Assurance)





NAME SIGN IN PIERCED BRASS  
WITH DURALUMIN BACKING  
EXECUTED BY THE BIRMING-  
HAM GUILD FOR MESSRS.  
GLYN AND CO., LONDON

series of paintings executed by contemporary artists for the walls of the Royal Exchange. It was presented by the Royal Exchange Assurance in commemoration of the bi-centenary of their incorporation (1720) and was unveiled by the Lord Mayor in February. ▀ ▀

Two additions to the ranks of the Royal Academicians were made at a General Assembly held on March 1, the artists accorded this distinction being Sir John Lavery, painter, who had been an Associate since 1911, and Mr. William Strang, who was elected an Associate Engraver in 1906 and has now been promoted in the same category. Mr. Strang is President of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. Mons. Besnard was at the same time elected Honorary Foreign Royal Academician. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

**BIRMINGHAM.**—The metal working industry has been centred in Birmingham for many centuries—it is said, indeed, that many of those relics of hoary antiquity (!) which travellers bring back as curios from the ancient seats of civiliza-

tion in the East have had their origin in the Midland metropolis, but as to that, of course, it is with modern Birmingham that the secret lies, and any obscure reputation her metal craftsmen may have thus gained, certainly does not detract from her world-wide fame as the principal seat of one of our most important industries. In days gone by, before machine production became general, the metal workers of Birmingham were celebrated for their skill of hand and alertness of vision, and though so far as the bulk of her production is concerned the hand has largely given place to the machine, the old traditions of craftsmanship are still kept alive and find an outlet in the best class of work. And nowhere are they followed and respected more than in the workshops of the Birmingham Guild, which, established over 25 years ago



SHIP IN BRONZE, FORMING  
PART OF MEMORIAL FOR THE  
WHITE STAR SHIPPING COM-  
PANY'S OFFICES IN LONDON  
EXECUTED BY THE BIRMING-  
HAM GUILD



COAT OF ARMS IN BRONZE RELIEF, WITH ENAMELS IN HERALDIC COLOURS. EXECUTED FOR MESSRS. KEILLER AND SONS, GLASGOW, BY THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD

of the Birmingham Guild, and there is a very real danger of men who have undergone a long training in this special type of work drifting into other occupations. As some set off to this adverse state of things the Guild has been able to utilize the skill of its technical staff in the execution of numerous memorials. It has made something of a speciality of bronze tablets, which, devoid of fussy ornamentation, command attention by their dignified lettering of easily legible kinds, like the example reproduced on page 162 and others illustrated on a former occasion. ■ ■ ■ ■

A more complicated piece of work executed by the Guild is the ship shown on page 160. This is throughout of bronze, the waves being modelled and cast and the rest made of wrought bronze. The ship is about three feet high and forms the top part of the memorial made by the Guild for the White Star Shipping Company, and

with the object of maintaining and fostering a high standard of workmanship and design in metal, and beginning operations with a small staff of not more than twenty workers, now enlists the services of more than 300 skilled workers discharging various functions—designers, modellers, chasers and engravers, casters, fitters, enamellers, etc., many of whom are shareholders in the concern, which is conducted as a limited liability company.

During the quarter of a century since its establishment the Guild has carried out a great deal of architectural metal work for London architects in connection with important building undertakings. It will be readily understood that the conditions which have arisen during the past three or four years through Government restrictions and economic causes, involving as they do an interdict on the erection of buildings of sufficient size and importance to justify the inclusion of any considerable amount of metal work, have made it very difficult to maintain an organized body of skilled craftsmen such as that which forms the personnel



PAIR OF GLAZED BRONZE SCREEN DOORS FOR MR. BENE-DUM'S HOUSE, CLEVELAND, OHIO. EXECUTED BY THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD



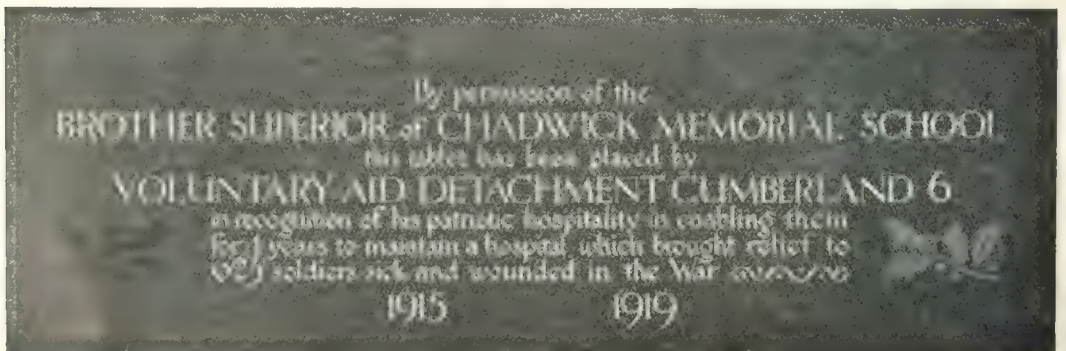


DOOR FURNITURE IN CAST  
BRONZE. EXECUTED BY  
THE BIRMINGHAM GUILD

erected in the offices of the Shipping Corporation in Cockspur Street, London. The making of the component parts—the rigging, turrets, blocks, etc., called for the highest form of craftsmanship in every sense. The coat of arms made for Messrs. Keiller & Son, of Glasgow, in whose window it hangs mounted on a sheet of plate glass, is also very effective, the bronze being here relieved by the heraldic colours of the shield and flags in enamel. The Guild has recently experimented with the use of enamel for exterior decorative effect, and an example of its use may be seen in the entrance hall of

Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove's premises in Oxford Street, London, where this form of treatment has been employed. Attention has been called in *THE STUDIO* and elsewhere to the need for a little more colour in London exteriors, and this experiment, therefore, is a move in the right direction. ■ ■ ■

**PHILADELPHIA.** — Resuming its long established position among the most important manifestations of the art of oil painting in America, the One Hundred and Sixteenth Annual Exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine



MEMORIAL TABLET IN BRONZE  
ENGRAVED WITH ENAMELLED  
LETTERS. EXECUTED BY THE  
BIRMINGHAM GUILD





"ELEANOR, JOAN AND ANNA"  
BY GEORGE BELLOWES  
Pennsylvania Academy, Carl  
Beck Gold Medal)

Arts offered to the public this year a collection of works by contemporary artists that had been selected with discriminating care by the jury and hung on the walls with a fine sense of harmonious juxtaposition. Pictures of delicate tonal and chromatic quality were grouped together in one of the galleries apart from those of vivid colouring and "bravura" brush work, to the advantage of both. In this group were three delightfully atmospheric landscapes by the late J. Francis Murphy; a self portrait of Robert Vonnoh and another by him of Bessie Potter Vonnoh, the sculptress; *December Sun* by Mr. Leonard Ochtman,

and a fine marine by Mr. Emil Carlsen, *Stormy Sea*. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. John Singer Sargent's portrait of Carolus Duran lent by the Knocdlers, was in the honour place in gallery F, and his portrait of Mrs. Kate A. Moore was near by—neither of them recent productions, but superb examples of the master and should be acquired for the permanent collection. Mr. Robert Susan, one of our younger painters, made his mark as a delineator of character in both sexes in his works, *The Golden Screen*, a portrait of a handsome girl in black velvet bearing an orange fan, and *The Connoisseur*, a portrait of a man in top hat and frock



"MAMMOTH COVE." BY  
WILLIAM RITSCHER  
(Pennsylvania Academy)

coat, and one of the most remarkable portraits that have been seen here for a long time; the latter signally honoured by immediate invitation, exempt, to two of our leading American expositions to follow the Academy's Annual—those of the Art Museums of Toledo, Ohio, and Detroit, Michigan. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

While all the prizes to be awarded had not been announced when these notes were written, Mr. Leopold Seyffert's painting of the nude, styled simply *A Model*, received the Temple Gold Medal; Mr. George Bellow's portrait group, *Eleanor, Joan and Anna*, was awarded the Carol H. Beck Gold Medal; the Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal went to

Mr. Charles Morris Young for his marine, *Wind on the Sound*; the Walter Lippincott Prize to Mr. Irving Couse for his Indian picture, *Chant to the Rain God*; the George D. Widener Memorial Gold Medal for sculpture was awarded to a life-size bronze nude by Miss Evelyn B. Longman, entitled *The Future*; the Mary Smith prize for women painters was awarded to Miss Katherine Patton for her landscape, *Deep in the Woods*. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Portraits abounded, many of them of people prominent in American public life, others whose only claim to attention was pictorial. In the former class should be mentioned Mr. Wayman Adams's portrait of Edward W. Redfield, the land-





“TOHICKON.” BY  
DANIEL GARBER  
*(Pennsylvania Academy)*





"GIRL COMBING HER HAIR"  
BY WILLIAM PAXTON  
(Pennsylvania Academy)

scape painter, a penetrative psychological study of the man; that of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, the distinguished President Emeritus of Harvard University, by Mr. Charles Hopkinson; of the Hon. Frederick H. Gillett, by Mr. Edmund C. Tarbell; of Mrs. G. Glenn Newell, by Mr. Ernest L. Ipsen; of Mr. W. H. Barnes, by Mr. Leopold Seyffert; of Miss Catherine Wharton Morris, by Mr. William Cotton; of Miss Alice, by Mr. Louis Betts.

There were good figure subjects by Mr. Frank W. Benson, in *The Sunny Window*; by Mr. Joseph De Camp, in *The Window Blind*; by Mr. Charles

W. Hawthorne, in *Mother and Child*; in *Wass the Scotchman*, by Mr. Albert Delmont Smith, and in Mr. Horatio Walker's *Hippocrene*. The nude received adequate representation in figures by Mr. Wm. M. Paxton, *Girl Combing her Hair*; by Mr. Henry Rittenberg, *Before the Mirror*; Mr. Philip L. Hale, *Tannhauser*, and in Miss Lilian Genth's *Bather*.

The landscape painters were at their best in works like Mr. Hobart Nichols's *Sunny Brook, Winter*; Mr. W. Elmer Schofield's *Morning Shadows*; Mr. Daniel Garber's *Tohickon*; Mr. Edward W. Redfield's *Road to Point Pleasant*; Mr.

Carroll S. Tyson's *New England Town*. A capital bit of animal painting was to be seen in Mr. G. Glenn Newell's group of cows, *A Shady Spot*, all the more interesting from the rarity of competent cattle painters. Another canvas of unusual but very good character was an interior by Mr. George T. Hobbs, entitled *Objects of Art*, rich in the warm golden light of the old Dutch masters. ▀

Opportunities for display of important collections of sculpture in America are few and far between, making the showing at the present Academy exhibition most interesting, although it must be admitted portraits and statues are not improved by a background of paintings and gilt frames such as we saw here. Mr. A. Stirling Calder exhibited the most imaginative work of the group in his *Naiad with Tragic Mask*; Miss E. Kathleen Wheeler showed some good studies of Indian ponies in

her bronze *Out West*; and good modelling was to be seen in Mr. C. C. Rumsey's *White Bull*. Mr. Samuel Murray showed an admirable bronze portrait of Dr. W. W. Keen, and Miss Nancy Coonsman's *Baby Fountain* had charm of infantile character. Bold and direct treatment of the subject, *Honourably Discharged*, perhaps the only echo of the great war in the show, drew attention to the work of Mrs. Gertrude V. Whitney. E. C.

REVIEWS.<sup>1</sup>

*Sir Hugh Lane's Life and Achievement.* By LADY GREGORY. (London: John Murray.) A life such as that of Sir Hugh Lane deserved to be commemorated in print, and it is well that the telling of the story has fallen to his kinswoman, from whom we get a more intimate revelation of a rare personality than either of the two biographers originally selected could have given. The record of his career, brought to an untimely end through the sinking of the "Lusitania" in 1915 ere he had completed his fortieth year, makes it abundantly clear that prosperous as he had become through his extraordinary faculty for appraising works of art, the pursuit of self-aggrandisement was far from being the aim of his life. "Almost criminally generous, but almost criminally penurious to himself"—these few words of Mr. Charles Ricketts, quoted by Lady Gregory, aptly sum up his character. The book contains reproductions of some of the important pictures given by him to the Dublin galleries, including Rembrandt's *Lady with Gloves*, which, originally selected by him for the Michaelis Collection in South Africa, was withheld because its authenticity was not then accepted as beyond question. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

*Russian Portraits.* By Clare Sheridan. (London: Jonathan Cape.) This volume contains Mrs. Sheridan's narrative of her expedition to Moscow last autumn for the purpose of modelling the busts of the leading revolutionists, which are reproduced among a number of other illustrations. These busts, recently exhibited in London, have aroused a good deal more curiosity than they would have done had they been the busts of less notorious subjects—a



"NAIAD WITH TRAGIC MASK"  
BY STIRLING CALDER  
(Pennsylvania Academy)

## REVIEWS

result which appears to have been foreseen by a Mme. Balabanoff with whom the artist had a not altogether amicable interview in Moscow, for "she practically told me that I was doing Lenin's head to take back to England to show to the idle curious." Her adventure, however, does not appear to have yielded any very exciting experiences, nor does she tell us much about the conditions of existence in Moscow under the rule of the Soviet, though here and there we get an inkling of the sad straits to which the people have been reduced. A girl art student she met at the Stroganoff School said to her, "If you are a friend of those in power I suppose you will get some food; we are expected to work here all day from 9 in the morning till 6 at night without any." The Bolshevik leaders profess to have a great respect for art—it is said that they aspire to be "the Medici of the North," but the Russian artists themselves, according to Mrs. Sheridan, are reputed to be hostile to the new régime, and perhaps that accounts for the fact that she saw little of them during her sojourn. She notes, however, that in Moscow the galleries were "full of working people," and contrasts this with London where the galleries are empty—"in the British Museum one meets an occasional German student" ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

*Dictionnaire des Sculpteurs de l'École Française au dix-neuvième Siècle.* Par STANISLAS LAMI. 4 vols. (Paris: Honoré Champion.) With the recent publication of the last volume of this work, of which the first three volumes were published in 1914, 1916, and 1919 respectively, M. Lami has completed his record of the achievements of French sculptors from the Middle Ages to the eve of the present day. The nineteenth century was especially fruitful in sculptors of commanding talent, and thus in these four volumes we find mingled with the names of a host of artists who, if less distinguished, have collectively contributed to the proud pre-eminence of France in this field of artistic production, some whose place is among the great masters of all time—for instance, Rude, Barye, Carpeaux, Dalou, and Rodin. The plan followed throughout these volumes is to give under each name first a biographical sketch of the sculptor and then a

chronological list of his works, sometimes occupying several pages of smaller type, references to the sources of information being added. The present dictionary does not contain the names of sculptors who were living at the time the successive volumes were completed, but it is, we believe, M. Lami's intention to prepare a supplementary dictionary on similar lines in which the record will be extended to living sculptors. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

*Perspective.* By REX VICAT COLE. (Seeley, Service & Co.) Vasari has recorded of Paolo Uccelli, painter of the famous *Rout of San Romano* in the National Gallery, London, that "he shut himself up, devoting himself wholly to the study of perspective, which kept him in poverty and depression to the day of his death." The modern student is more fortunate in having the difficulties of the subject smoothed away for him, so that he has no excuse for neglecting a very necessary part of his training. Certainly in this manual of Mr. Rex Vicat Cole's, a new addition to the "New Art Library," the subject is dealt with in a way that is more likely to attract than to repel, reproductions of pictures by painters of renown being plentifully used to supplement the diagrammatic demonstrations. To his systematic exposition of principles the author adds an interesting section on perspective as practised by other nations, including the Japanese, and another on its application to architecture. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

## SPANISH PAINTING.

The Special Spring Number of THE STUDIO will be devoted to Spanish Painting. Don Aureliano de Beruete, the distinguished writer and Director of the Prado Museum, Madrid, will contribute an important and authoritative article in which he will trace the history of Spanish Painting from its earliest manifestations, through El Greco and Velazquez down to Goya and the present day. There will be numerous full-page plates (including several in colours) after important works by El Greco, Ribalta, Zurbaran, Velazquez, Murillo, Carreno, Goya, and the leading painters of the Modern School. The volume will be ready about the end of May. ❖ ❖







PORTRAIT OF LUCIEN PISSARRO, ESQ.  
BY WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.

THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM STRANG, R.A. BY HERBERT FURST

WILLIAM STRANG is one of the most interesting living representatives of British Art ; and perhaps in certain respects *the* most interesting member of the Royal Academy. His position there is entirely anomalous : he had only shown, as he says, a single etching at Burlington House, and that as long ago as 1883, when he was elected an Associate engraver in 1905 ; and since that date his principal exhibits have been paintings in oil. Nevertheless, in this very year 1921, he is made an Engraver Member. How account for this anomaly ?

William Strang is an Artist. We are rather apt to think that that term indicates not so much a calling as a type of mind ; we speak of an "artistic temperament" as connoting a sort of long-haired confusion and a propensity for talking through a broad-brimmed hat. But if there is any real difference between the artistic mind and the rest of humanity it is only this that the artist is concerned above all else with *expression*. The others have only one predominating craving, viz., to acquire, to attract, to gain, to amass, in other words to take in or unto themselves—and to leave it at that. The artistic minority resemble the others in all respects save one : their constitutional inability to take without and a corresponding desire to give. The majority live by taking, the minority by giving—it is their beatitude. But in all other respects they resemble the rest of humanity, and consequently number in their ranks men of philosophic, scientific, poetic, prosaic, clerkish, mechanical, commercial, dilettantish, methodical, disorderly, or any and every other habit of mind.

To say of Strang, then, that he is an Artist describes really and precisely what he is : a mind primarily concerned with *expression*. Our brain, however, would seem to be organised on the card-index-system principle, so that we cannot make use of facts or ideas until they have been properly indexed and "filed" in our book of memory. Hence such a bald statement immediately provokes the demand for a "card," a label of some kind, and we are

given to experience a feeling of annoyance when such a thing is not readily forthcoming. I am afraid Strang's work has caused a good deal of annoyance to some people on no other account. Strang is not readily rubricised : he is neither an Academicist nor a Classicist, nor a Romanticist ; neither an Impressionist nor a Post-Impressionist ; he presents himself indeed to the impatient or merely casual observer in Protean illusiveness. Yet Strang is not only a very solid and unevasive personality but a singularly simple and ingenuous one to boot.

In the flesh he is a man of medium height, with iron-gray hair and moustache, a humorously enquiring scrutiny in his steel-gray eyes, a strong Scotch burr in his speech, and an aura of boyish eagerness and infectious enthusiasm about his person. He was born in 1859 at Dumbarton, as the son of a builder. Destined for a business career he became a clerk in the office of a Clyde Shipbuilder. Then it occurred to him to run away to sea. Having thus shown signs of an "artistic temperament," as generally interpreted, along with even less unshakeable evidence of artistic talents he was, on his not long delayed return (the adventure took him no further than Greenock), allowed to go to London and to join there that hot-bed of Genius-culture : the Slade-School, then under—*incredible dictu* it seems to-day—Poynter. Strang had three months of Sir Edward and six years of his successor, the never acclimatised but inspiring artist and teacher, Monsieur Alphonse Legros. Legros could speak no English, Strang no French, and yet Strang made extraordinary progress. "Legros," he says, "was the greatest teacher that ever lived, because he was the greatest artist who ever taught." Within a very short time Strang's remarkable talent for drawing and his keen interest in craftsmanship gained him promotion ; he became the Professor's assistant in the etching-class.

Then for many years Strang devoted himself to etching, a branch of art in which he has long held a position of unrivalled excellence. Meantime he also painted, but did not exhibit. He presently added to his reputation by a long series of notable portrait-drawings.



THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.



"THE PAINTER." BY  
WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.

Strang's etched work now embraces about seven hundred plates; how many hundred drawings he has made, so far, I cannot say, but their number must be very great, thanks to his tremendous energy for work. So for example he went to America for two months, intending to execute a commission of *twelve* portrait-drawings: he did, in fact, finish *forty* in that time. How many paintings he has to his credit he himself cannot say, but judging alone by the work he has done in this his sixty-second year his output must be prodigious. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Such are the principal data and demonstrable facts of his life; it is when we come

to the consideration of his art, the sublimation of his thought on copper, canvas and paper, it is then that the difficulty arises. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

A constant change of treatment, a variation in style, with elements reminiscent now of this, anon of that "master" or "movement," is characteristic of Strang's whole life-work; and it is precisely this apparent fickleness, this inconstancy that annoys his critics, the more so because everything he touches shows the perfect sureness of the master draughtsman, the deliberateness of the craftsman. It is never a question of a "pale copy" or "feeble imitation," even



"THE WORSHIPPERS." BY  
WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.

when, as in such a subject as his "Danaë" Rembrandtesque chiaroscuro, or in such a subject as *The Love Song* (p. 175), Venetian colour-harmony seems to have been the guiding principle. But what is even more intriguing than his inspirations gained from the great old Masters is the collateral production of such pictures as *Bal Suzette* or *The Picnic*, which seem to contradict the spirit of these masters in every respect. If an artist believes in harmonious suavity of line and colour, how can he at the same time paint blatant

colours and knifeblade contours ; or if he is an idealist how can he invent subjects of cynic irony, verging on caricature ? Yet the answer is simple.

Strang is an artist ; his business is therefore with *expression*, and the business of expression is twofold, viz., with the thing expressed and with the manner of utterance. As to the manner of utterance, we have already noted the aura of boyish eagerness that, surrounding him still, has clung to him all his life. In every boy the analytic faculty is uppermost. Boy's

## THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.

enthusiasms are kindled in the fire of interrogation. They ask not "What is this?" nor "Why is it?", but "How does it work? how is it done?" Strang has never lost this youthful inquisitiveness, this interest in processes. Thus every great picture, every good drawing or etching, awakens in him the desire to investigate its technique, and to emulate it. In this way he has improved upon Holbein's method of drawing and invented a new engraving-tool.

On account of this "inquisitiveness" of Strang's mind much of his work owes its existence quite as often to the *manner* as to the *matter* of expression; he is sometimes more interested in how he says a thing, than in the thing itself. On the other hand he is at other times again so interested in the thing he has to say that

he is unconscious of the manner in which he says it.

When Strang paints or etches imaginative, or what is more often called poetic subjects, things that are remote from actuality, both in form and in content, he breathes and thinks in the atmosphere of "Art"; he is concerned with aesthetic and technical processes. The outstanding achievements of past and present come before his mind, and are therefore reflected in his work. But when he deals with actuality, *i.e.*, with life directly, as when he paints portraits or etches such plates as *The Salvation Army* or *The Socialists*, he breathes a different air and thinks in a different manner. If he paints, for example, a young lady in a "Jazz"-hat and a crimson "jumper," the responsibility for the resulting discord in colour orchestra-



"JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER." BY  
WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.





"THE LOVE SONG." BY  
WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.

tion is her's, not his; she wore such things, and he does not tamper with such facts. So, too, *The Picnic* with its dancing couple, time-beating youth and lack of atmospheric modulation, is merely a statement of a series of such facts as happened to interest him at the time, and has no more conscious relation to aesthetic theories or artistic convention than van Eyck's *Jan Arnulfini and his Wife* in the National Gallery. ■ ■ ■

The absence of impressionistic or *plein*

*air* doctrines from his art is probably owing to the overpowering early example of his master Legros. He is consequently always more devoted to precise statement of outline and clear rendering of form. "Tone," *chiaroscuro*, occur in his imaginative subjects, or in portraits such as the *John Masefield* which was exhibited as *The Explorer*, but are, generally speaking, absent from his realistic subjects. Moreover, the present brightness, and sometimes harshness of his colour-key, is a

## THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.



"THE GREEN CLOAK (MISS  
BARBARA HORDER)" BY  
WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.

deliberate device of his, intended to counteract the dimming influence of Time, "the ancient workman" who, in Addison's words, adds "such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness to the colours, that he makes every picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from the master's pencil."   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

Strang's interest in character has exposed him to the charge of cultivating ugliness, but he can paint beauty in the conventional sense, and even prettiness, when he chooses and when he meets them face to face, of which a number of delightful girl-portraits are witness.   ♦   ♦

Nevertheless, elegance, *chic*, *verve* are things missing in the virile vocabulary of his art. Instead we have disciplined brilliant draughtsmanship, a strange, sometimes sombre, at other times humorous imagination, a high degree of technical skill and—absolute sincerity. It is this sincerity which makes him unorthodox, and therefore disconcerting to those who have persuaded themselves that artistic sincerity means the lifelong retention of one style, one single manner of utterance.

The position of Strang, the Etcher, is already secure, but unless I am much mistaken, Strang, the Painter, will eventually



"LAUGHTER." BY  
WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.

occupy an honoured place along with the Etcher, as one of England's (including Scotland's) outstanding artists, if for no other reason than for his admirable portraiture.

*Postscript.*—The foregoing article was already in type ready for press when the sad news of Mr. Strang's sudden death arrived. It must stand now as it is, written as if he were still alive and working. He himself doubtless would not have had it otherwise—at all events he wished me to write and knew what I had to say about him—and almost agreed. But I am sensible now how

little my article conveys of the many facets of his genius. A poet as well as a painter, he was also perhaps something of a mystic. "The Doings of Death" (the title of a series of his woodcuts) fascinated him; the subject constantly recurs in his work; and there is that strange etching *The Back of the Beyond*. I asked him what it meant but he would or could not tell. Quite recently he spoke to me of a "new convention" for portrait-painting he was trying. Always eager, always youthful, always in quest of new ideals, to William Strang life meant work, and Art the Great Adventure.



MR. JAMES McBEY'S NEW PALESTINE ETCHINGS. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.     ♦     ♦     ♦     ♦

MR. McBEY'S six new plates, recently issued by Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi and Co., carry us up to the taking of Jerusalem, and they are all distinguished by the originality of vision and magic of expression which this master of the etching-needle has taught us to expect. In No. 1, *Palestine : "Blue Bonnets over the Border,"* we see the 52nd Division march into the Holy Land after harassing the Turk in retreat for two years across the Desert of Sinai. No. 2, *Dust : Beersheba,* shows the Camel Corps advancing in a cloud of sandy dust stirred up by the camels' tread, and the way in which this has been suggested by the aid of "foul-biting" is an etcher's triumph. In No. 3, *Zero : (60 pr. opening fire),* Mr. McBey has used his dry-point with such wizardry of sug-

gestion that in the fierce flash of the great gun's discharge against the dark of night, one can almost hear the deafening report. The silhouette is masterly in its sufficiency to tell all the artist wanted to say. No less is No. 4, *The Advance on Jerusalem : Wadi Ali.* Eighteen miles up the Gorge of the Wadi Ali is Jerusalem. The infantry had consolidated their positions near Enab, about ten miles up, and artillery and supplies were being hurried to their assistance. Over the maritime plain long lines converged near Latron (about where the drawing was made), and for days a dense continuous column poured into the cleft in the Judean plateau. No. 5, *The First Sight of Jerusalem : Nebi Samwil :* I find it impossible to look at this etching without experiencing something of the thrill those troops in the foreground trench (the 1-123 Outram's Rifles, by the way) must have felt when day dawned on the 22nd November, 1917, and on the



"ZERO (60 PR. OPENING FIRE)"  
(DRY-POINT). BY JAMES McBEY



"DUST, BEERSHEBA"  
BY JAMES MCBEY

sky-line they saw Jerusalem. The previous night our troops had taken Nebi Samwil, the hill on our left. This, the Mispah of the Old Testament, was the spot from which Richard I. might have gazed upon the Holy City, which it overlooked across the Valley of Kolonieh. It was, therefore, a most valuable observation post for the attack, and after our troops had captured it, they spent the night in a trench taken from the Turks. But in the morning light Jerusalem revealed herself to the keen eyes with ready binoculars that were turned upon her from that trench, while shells burst in the intervening air. I remember being one day in the office of the Art Section of the Ministry of Information, looking through the latest batch of Palestine drawings received from Mr. McBey in his capacity of Special Artist, with my imaginative vision held in thrall by his vital verity of graphic suggestion, when the telephone bell rang, and Mr. Alfred Yockney, who was in charge of the department, perfunctorily put the receiver

to his ear. Then he quietly broke the silence with the stirring announcement, "Jerusalem has fallen." I shall never forget the thrill of it, though Mr. McBey's drawings had been preparing me for it, taking me comfortably along with the advance and interesting me all the way. Now, here is his etching, No. 6 of the series, *The Surrender of Jerusalem*, and we see the emissaries of the Holy City coming along the road to yield to two British "Tommies" possession of the sacred place for which the Crusaders of old would gladly die, though it were in vain. Sergeant Hurcombe and Sergeant Sedgwick, both of the 2-19th Battalion of the London Regiment, are here immortalised by the artist, who has touched to the very life, with that human understanding which gives so vital a charm to his etchings, the obvious wonderment of the two "non-coms." as to the correct behaviour in face of such a surprisingly ironical situation not exactly provided for in the manual of "Infantry Training."   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

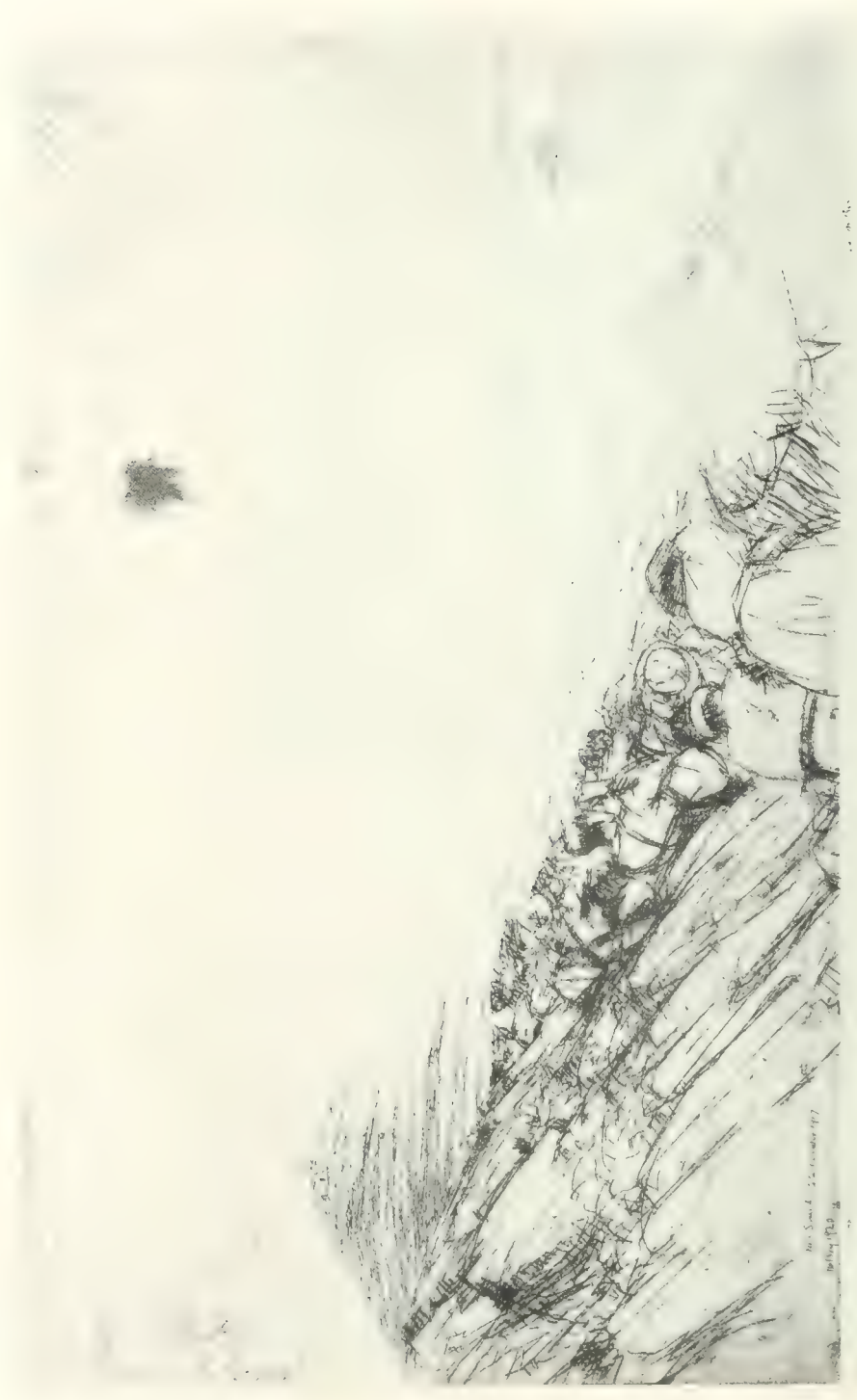


"PALESTINE: BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER." BY JAMES McBEY





"THE ADVANCE ON JERUSALEM  
WADI ALI." BY JAMES MCBEY



"THE FIRST SIGHT OF JERUSALEM:  
NEBI SAMWIL." BY JAMES MCBEY

"THE SURRENDER OF JERU-  
SALEM," BY JAMES MCBEY





## THE POTTERY FIGURES OF MR. CHARLES VYSE. ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

SCULPTURE in clay hardened by fire may be said to have begun, in a rudimentary form, almost with the birth of the potter's art itself, and when the cultures of ancient Egypt and Greece were at their zenith, pottery figures were amongst the finest productions of craftsmanship. In China also the arts of the sculptor and the potter were early united, as we have lately learned from the wonderful tomb figures that the present century has for the first time brought to the knowledge of the western world. It was, however, only with the revival of culture in the age of the Renaissance that small pottery figures began to play a rôle in the decoration of the dwelling. ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The suggestion for this new development came chiefly from sculpture in bronze, although technically its origins are to be found in the enamelled sculpture of the Della Robbia school. The Italian potters of Florence and Urbino were quick to perceive the effects lying within their reach by the application to figure-modelling of the maiolica-painter's scheme of colouring. Their fellow-craftsmen in France were no less successful in this direction, as witness, for instance, the charming *nourrice* formerly ascribed to Bernard Palissy, but now recognised as the work of a successor. ❧ ❧ ❧

The most remarkable growth of this branch of art in Europe came about in the eighteenth century, with the introduction of the manufacture of porcelain. A porcelain factory soon became an almost essential adjunct of every princely court. The peculiar aptitude of most porcelain "bodies" to fine modelling on a small scale was turned to account, and china figures, good and bad, were made in thousands. They were intended chiefly for the decoration of the boudoir and the salon, but in Germany particularly a most interesting use was found for them as an ornament for the dinner-table on state occasions. A *Schauspieler* at the court of a German prince when the rage for porcelain was at its height must have been a splendid and attractive spectacle. Its allegorical groups and centrepieces, and dozens of smaller statu-

ettes, in which every kind of conceit was represented, surely added much to the gaiety of the festivities. ❧ ❧ ❧

During the nineteenth century the art that had begun so well fell to a deplorable level. Old models were reproduced *ad nauseam*, and with ever-increasing carelessness of workmanship, and such new ones as appeared were, with few exceptions, made by wholly inferior artists. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we greet signs of a healthy revival at the present day in England. The conception of the house as a museum of miscellaneous and often incongruous antiques, gathered together



"THE BALLOON WOMAN"  
BY CHARLES VYSE

## THE POTTERY FIGURES OF MR. CHARLES VYSE

without much observance of method, shows signs of passing. Modern craftsmen are being given their opportunity by the adoption of original and carefully considered schemes of decoration in which some kind of harmony is kept in view. The possibilities of pottery figures as an element in such schemes of interior decoration are obtaining fresh recognition, thanks largely to the fact that, as in the eighteenth century, serious artists are again finding this class of work worthy of attention. Amongst those who are giving themselves to ceramic sculpture with great enthusiasm is Mr. Charles Vyse.

Being a native of "the Potteries," and descended from a family of workers in clay, Mr. Vyse has peculiar qualifications for his self-chosen vocation. He has, moreover, followed the only course of training by which one could hope to attain entire success. To be born in a town or district in which a particular craft has been traditional through many generations is undoubtedly a great initial advantage, but it involves a certain danger as well. Excessive conservatism and a tendency to allow facility of manipulation to degenerate into carelessness and disinclination for new effort are faults from which the potters of Staffordshire are not entirely free. Mr. Vyse, therefore, did well to withdraw himself from surroundings which he felt to be a danger to his freedom of thought.

After studying at the Royal College of Art he practised for some years as a sculptor, and his work of this order is already known to the public; we may mention his youthful John the Baptist, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1915. He has only lately abandoned sculpture on a large scale for the work in glazed and painted earthenware to which he gives himself with such keenness in his studio at Chelsea.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Vyse spends much of his spare time in studying at the Victoria and Albert Museum the work of his predecessors; he acknowledges his whole-hearted veneration for his fellow craftsmen of the past. He finds in their achievements not examples by the imitation of which he may save himself the trouble of thinking for himself, but a constant source of inspiration and a stimulus to independent effort.

Some of Mr. Vyse's productions are



"THE LAVENDER SELLER"  
BY CHARLES VYSE

shown in the accompanying illustrations. Their material is a white pottery body, fired at high temperature, and their decoration is painted in colours, mostly applied before glazing, differing essentially from the enamel pigments, fused in a muffle-kiln, with which, as a rule, porcelain figures are coloured. The number of versions that can be produced of each individual model is strictly limited; the reason for this is that the moulds will outlast only some twelve or fifteen castings from them, and the artist wisely refrains from continuing their use when they have begun to wear and thus to lose their sharpness. To obtain satisfactory results the numerous separate moulds from which a single statuette is built up need to be put together with the utmost nicety and care. The laboriousness of the process may be judged from the fact that for the head alone in most cases four separate moulds are



## THE POTTERY FIGURES OF MR. CHARLES VYSE

necessary. The success with which the artist achieves the operation is apparent in the entire absence of the seam-lines which disfigure so many pottery statuettes, and in the wonderful delicacy of the features by which he renders so powerful an expression of character. It is only by painstaking self-control and patience that such results can be arrived at.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

The several versions of any one model are of course capable of very varied treatment in colouring. So great an advance has been made in late years in the preparation of underglaze pigments that almost any chromatic scheme lies within the reach of the artist, including the telling contrasts and almost kaleidoscopic mingling of strong colours which seem to answer to the mood of the hour. Mr. Vyse handles these brilliant colourings skilfully and with judgment. In one figure we find a vivid green well combined with mauve; in another blue, yellow and green in vertical stripes on a skirt contrast with a more blended arrangement of colours in the hat and upper parts of the costume. As in the earlier and better of the old Chelsea porcelain figures, black is given the proper value by sparing use; when employed in any mass it easily disturbs the balance of a composition.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

It is perhaps allowable to say in passing that one would much like to see from Mr. Vyse's hand some essays in washes of slight colouring, or in white, plain and unadorned. Unpainted white porcelain figures, owing their charm to delicacy of modelling and to subtleties of tone in light and shade obtained by plastic means alone, are amongst the finest successes of eighteenth century ceramic sculpture. It is to be feared that the taste for such simpler work is for the moment in abeyance; yet it is to be hoped that any experiments made in this direction may meet with the encouragement they deserve.   ♦

In most of his figures, which average some ten inches in height, Mr. Vyse has found his subjects in the life which goes on around him in the streets of London. Thus we have the balloon woman whose baubles are a source of enjoyment to many, besides the more youthful members of society, the lavender girl who is so characteristic a personage in the summer scenes

of the drama of London life, and a woman with a basket of tulips. In the last-named composition the crowded details of the flowers, with their crisp petals separately modelled by hand and applied, provide an effective contrast to the broad lines of the skirt. Very charming also is the mother and child, designed with careful regard for balance of tone and mass, which Mr. Vyse has named the "Madonna of World's End Passage."   BERNARD RACKHAM.



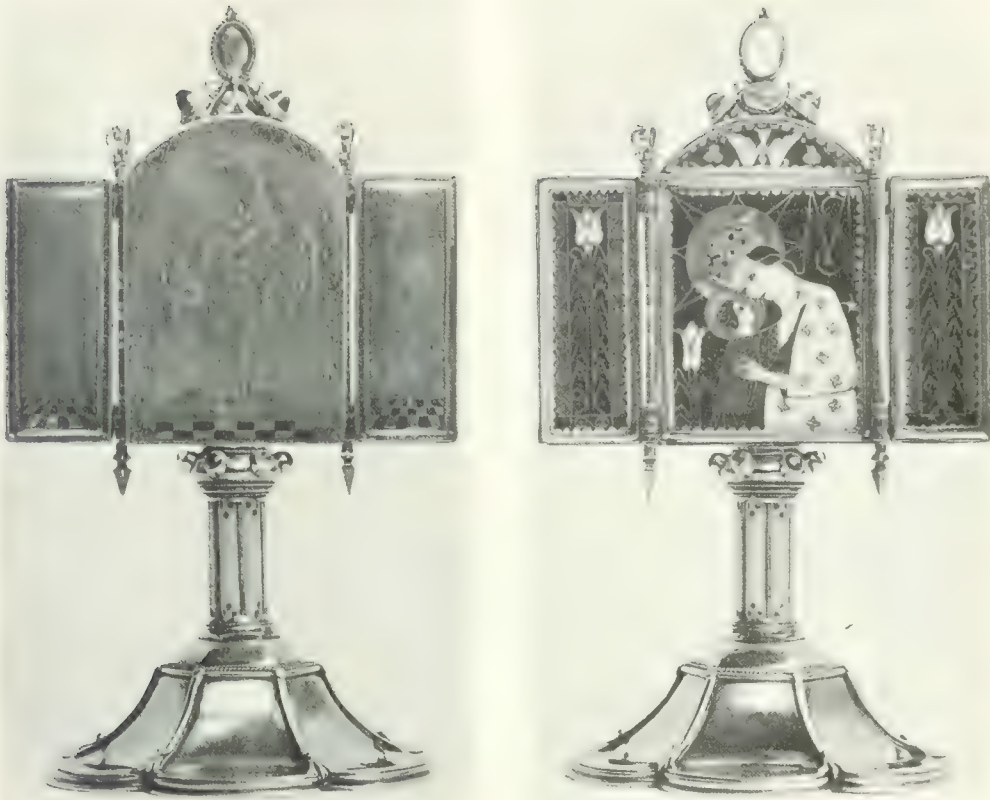
"THE MADONNA OF  
WORLD'S END PASSAGE"  
BY CHARLES VYSE





'THE TULIP GIRL.'  
BY CHARLES VYSE.  
BY GUTHRIE & SONS, LTD., LONDON.





TRIPTYCH IN SILVER, IVORY, AND  
ENAMEL SET WITH FIRE OPALS,  
CARBUNCLES, AND MOONSTONES.  
BY ARTHUR NEVILL KIRK

## STUDIO-TALK.

*(From our own Correspondents).*

LONDON. — Mr. A. Nevill Kirk's triptych illustrated above figured in a recent exhibition at the London County Council Central School of Arts and Crafts, of which he is a student, and it is shown closed as well as open, as the back contains some excellent niello work. Some examples of domestic silver ware by this young artist-craftsman are given in the current issue of *THE STUDIO* Year Book of Applied Art, where also will be found other work by students of the same institution. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

By the death of Mr. Marcus Stone in March the Royal Academy, of which he had become a Senior Member on completing his eightieth year early in 1920, lost

a painter whose name was perhaps more widely known than any other British painter of modern times, including Mr. Leader. The larger part of his long career was devoted to telling love stories on canvas and in untold thousands of middle-class houses in Britain at home and overseas will be found engravings made from these pictures. The superior person may sneer at picture-making of this kind, but the painter could at least console himself with the reflection that he had given pleasure to many, and, perhaps in an indirect way, helped to maintain the stability of our social fabric by encouraging domestic virtues. And there can be no doubt that such as it was he did his work well. ◻

The name of Monsieur Gabriel Mourey, Conservateur des Palais Nationaux in France, who is now in London delivering a





"BLUE MORNING." BY  
ETHEL L. RAWLINS

course of ten lectures on "La Peinture Française au XIX siècle" is well known to readers of *THE STUDIO* by the many illuminating articles and reports he has contributed to its pages in past years. There are few French writers who possess his intimate knowledge of the modern development of art in France and the works of its leading representatives, and, in addition, he has been instrumental in making known to his countrymen the achievements of the British School. As a *conférencier* he has met with much success in Switzerland, Holland, Scandinavia, and elsewhere, and it is to be hoped that the lectures he is giving at South Kensington will be well attended. They are being delivered at the Institut Français du Royaume-Uni, 1-7, Cromwell Place (opposite the Museum), on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 9 o'clock, and the subjects comprise all the great names in modern French painting

—Ingres, Géricault and Delacroix, Millet and Th. Rousseau, Corot and Daumier. Chassériau and Gustave Moreau, Puvis de Chavannes, Courbet and Manet, Renoir, Monet, Pissarro, Sisley and Cézanne, and, lastly, Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec. ♦

We reproduce here two pictures by Miss Ethel L. Rawlins; one a Northamptonshire landscape, and the other a flower study. Her work is characterised by a vigorous touch, and a certain fine audacity in the use of colour. Her exuberant delight in the wealth and splendour of colour is especially evident in her flower paintings, which are uncommonly exhilarating. Miss Rawlins has exhibited at the Royal Academy, the International, and other London exhibitions. ♦ ♦ ♦

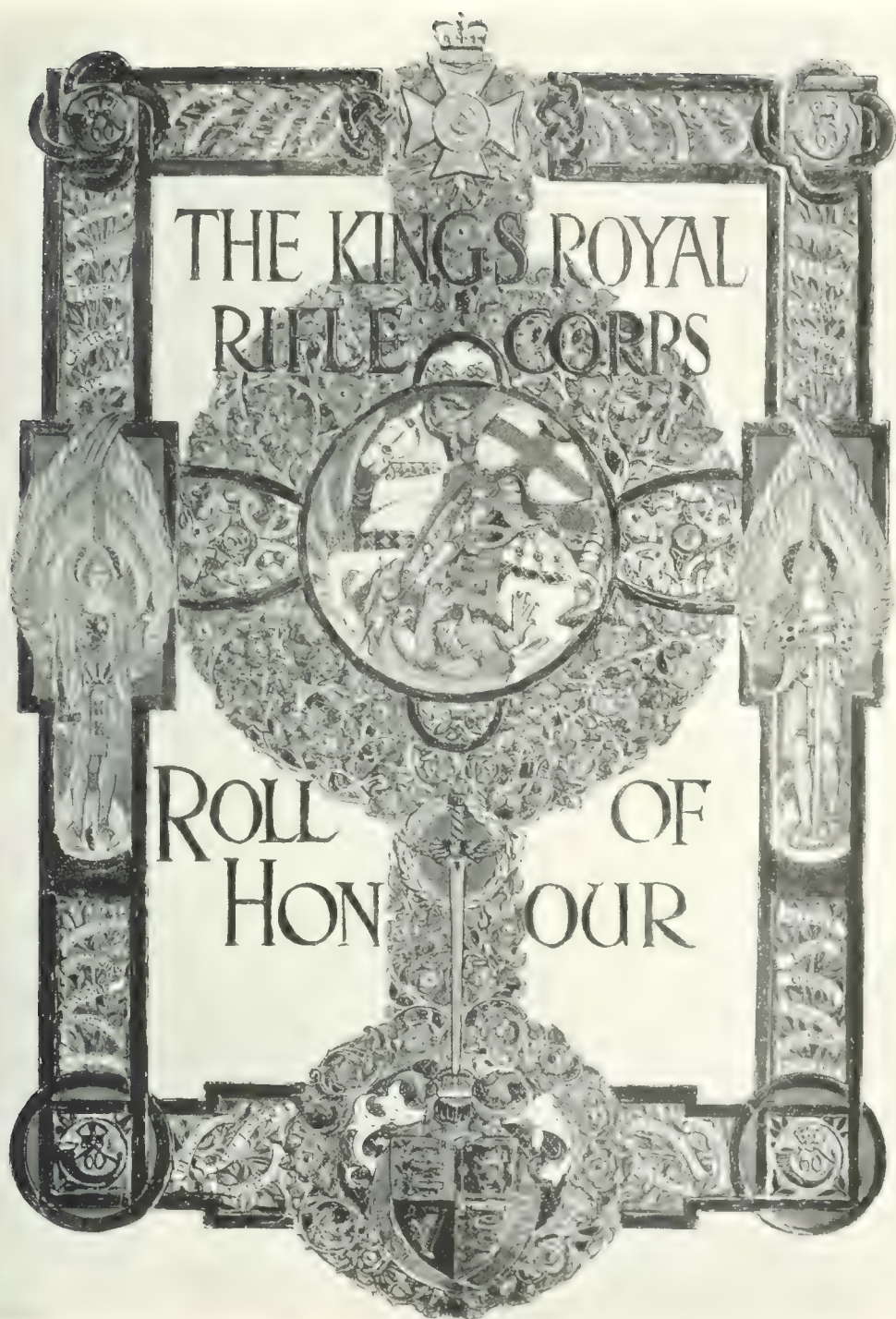
The front page designed by Miss Jessie Bayes for the Roll of Honour of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, illustrated on page 193,



"SUMMER FLOWERS."  
WATER COLOUR BY  
ETHEL L. RAWLINS.







OPENING PAGE OF ROLL BOOK FOR  
THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS—  
TO BE PLACED IN WINCHESTER  
CATHEDRAL. BY JESSIE BAYES

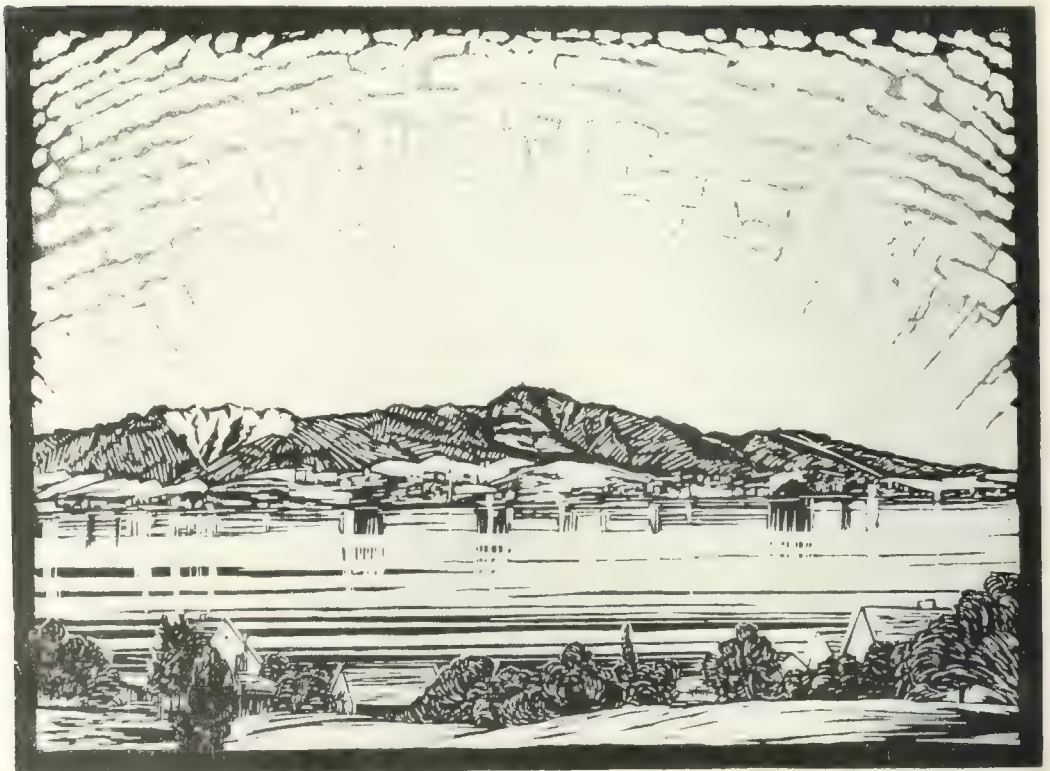
## STUDIO-TALK

exemplifies admirably the exercise of the decorative instinct with which this artist is endowed. It is this instinct which has enabled her to introduce the various symbols and names of places associated with the famous regiment in such a way as to play an effective part without detracting from the decorative quality of the design as a whole. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

Signor Ettore Cosomati, the author of the two woodcuts reproduced here, exhibited a collection of his prints at the headquarters of the Art Workers' Guild in Bloomsbury last year. A Neapolitan by birth, he began his art career as an etcher, and his plates number several hundred. From etching he turned his attention to the wood block, and a large number of prints testify to his accomplishment in this art. Of late years, and particularly since he settled down in Zurich, he has been

energetic as a painter of landscapes, still-life, and portraiture, and during the present month he is showing a collection of his pictures at the Æolian Hall in New Bond Street. Among the honours awarded to him are a Bronze Medal at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904, and a Gold Medal at Barcelona in 1911, and his work is represented in several public galleries on the Continent. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

The general question of the influence of art in everyday life, and in particular the bearing of art on our manufactures, has on many occasions been discussed in these pages, and we are glad to see that attention is being called to its importance at the present moment by the leading organs of public opinion. In the same connection a lecture recently delivered before the Royal Society of Arts by Professor William Rothenstein, who some



"ZURICH." WOODCUT  
BY ETTORE COSOMATI





"LORENZO DE' MEDICI"  
WOODCUT BY ETTORE COSOMATI

months ago became Principal of the Royal College of Arts, ought to be widely read. The subject of the lecture was "Possibilities for the Improvement of Industrial Art in England," and at the outset the Professor complained that our museums—and more especially those of the provinces—had "tended more and more in the direction of the wealthy collector," and failed to justify one of the principal reasons for their existence—"to help creative people and the manufacturers throughout the country to solve their own difficult problems." Turning to the position of the craftsman of to-day, he insisted that we are not making full use of the human material of this country, and that neither our museums nor our universities and schools, including art schools, are helping us to make use of it, and speaking of the ever increasing temptation of craftsmen to become teachers, he mentioned that during the few months he had served in a College of Art he had forty or fifty applications from every part of the country for teachers, and not a single application for a designer or crafts-

man. What will happen, he asked, if this sort of thing goes on. "In the end we shall have teachers teaching teachers, and a circle of teachers—for what end?" As to the oft repeated excuse for not giving artists and craftsmen a chance—that public taste is too bad to allow manufacturers to risk their own capital and other people's on making good things—he suggested that public taste had perhaps been underrated. We ourselves have urged that this is so—that as regards all or most of the things in daily use the public have to buy inferior things because better things which might be produced at no greater expense—and even less expense in many cases—are not available. But be that as it may, we cannot, as Professor Rothenstein pointed out in his lecture, lay claim to the name of a great nation if we are content to use shoddy things in our daily life instead of well-made things. And as to the shortcomings of our art-school students of design which manufacturers allege as the reason for not making use of them, we agree with him that these young craftsmen deserve to have a little more patience shown to them, and that unless they can be given "a position in which they are treated as extremely human beings, so that they slowly gain self-confidence in



HOCKEY CHALLENGE SHIELD  
IN BEATEN COPPER. DESIGNED  
AND EXECUTED BY GERTRUDE  
M. HECTOR, ABERDEEN





"THE LONELY PINE"  
BY ERIC ROBERTSON

their strange surroundings," we shall not get the best out of them. He suggested that, as a small beginning, much good might be done if research studentships were offered to a certain number of craftsmen and designers, allowing them to study, in addition to their knowledge of theoretical and practical design, the conditions demanded of designers and craftsmen to-day in the industrial world. ■ ■

In moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer, the chairman, Sir Frank Warnes, ex-President of the Textile Institute, had a good word to say for art schools, so far as his own industry was concerned. All his own designers, he said, had been trained at a provincial art school, and having studied

the question for many years he found that a marked change of attitude was taking place—the art schools were showing a desire to help the manufacturers and the manufacturers were waking up to the importance of industrial design, and obtaining the best regardless of the cost. ■ ■ ■

EDINBURGH.—The second exhibition of the Edinburgh Group, though not collectively better than the first, nevertheless clearly showed them to be a body of artists with a certain unity of progressive thought. Here and there it is true echoes recalled the works of already eminent masters, but these reminiscences were few. Probably never before has it



"THE CANAL BASIN"  
BY A. R. STURROCK

been more difficult than it is to-day to steer one's course in any of the arts through a sea more than ever charged with hypnotic influences. It seems, too, that many artists have yet to feel that the clever manipulation of paint and line, the exact recording of values and careful rendering of Nature in landscape or figures cannot by themselves produce a work of art. I doubt if in any other profession there is such a stringent demand made on thought, and the working dreamer in advance of the time will certainly be a lonely personality, and by many, no doubt, looked upon as a mountebank.    ♣    ♣    ♣    ♣

Amongst the work of the Group one will find nothing suggestive of the charlatan, but much that is healthy and full of life,

and if, not content with their achievements so far, they fulfil the promise of further progress already given, they will yet return a still truer response to the questions which Nature puts to them. As in their first exhibition Miss Cecile Walton was to the fore. Though using commonplace things and events as her subject matter, she imbues them with their real vital significance. Apart from her work in oils, she showed some twenty-one water-colour illustrations to Polish Fairy Tales, all of which were captivating by her quaintly imagined realisation of the story. Quite different in outlook, but with an accomplished quality of their own, the portraits by Miss Dorothy Johnstone, and those by Mr. W. O. Hutchison, were uncommonly attractive, both



"A FAIRY TALE." BY  
CECILE WALTON

these artists standing out prominently as figure painters in the Group. Vibrating colour and a feeling of the cheerfulness of the open-air, pervaded the majority of Mr. John R. Barclay's landscape and figure canvases, his *Les Petit Bateaux* and *Kites* being especially enticing. In pure landscape the work of Mr. A. R. Sturrock was distinguished by his distinct individuality, there being a straightforwardness about his art which provokes no other comparison as to style, save with that which by his keen appreciation of Nature he has made his own. Equally at home in landscapes, portraits and figure subjects Mr. Eric Robertson, too, stands alone, each subject being treated with a strong conviction of his

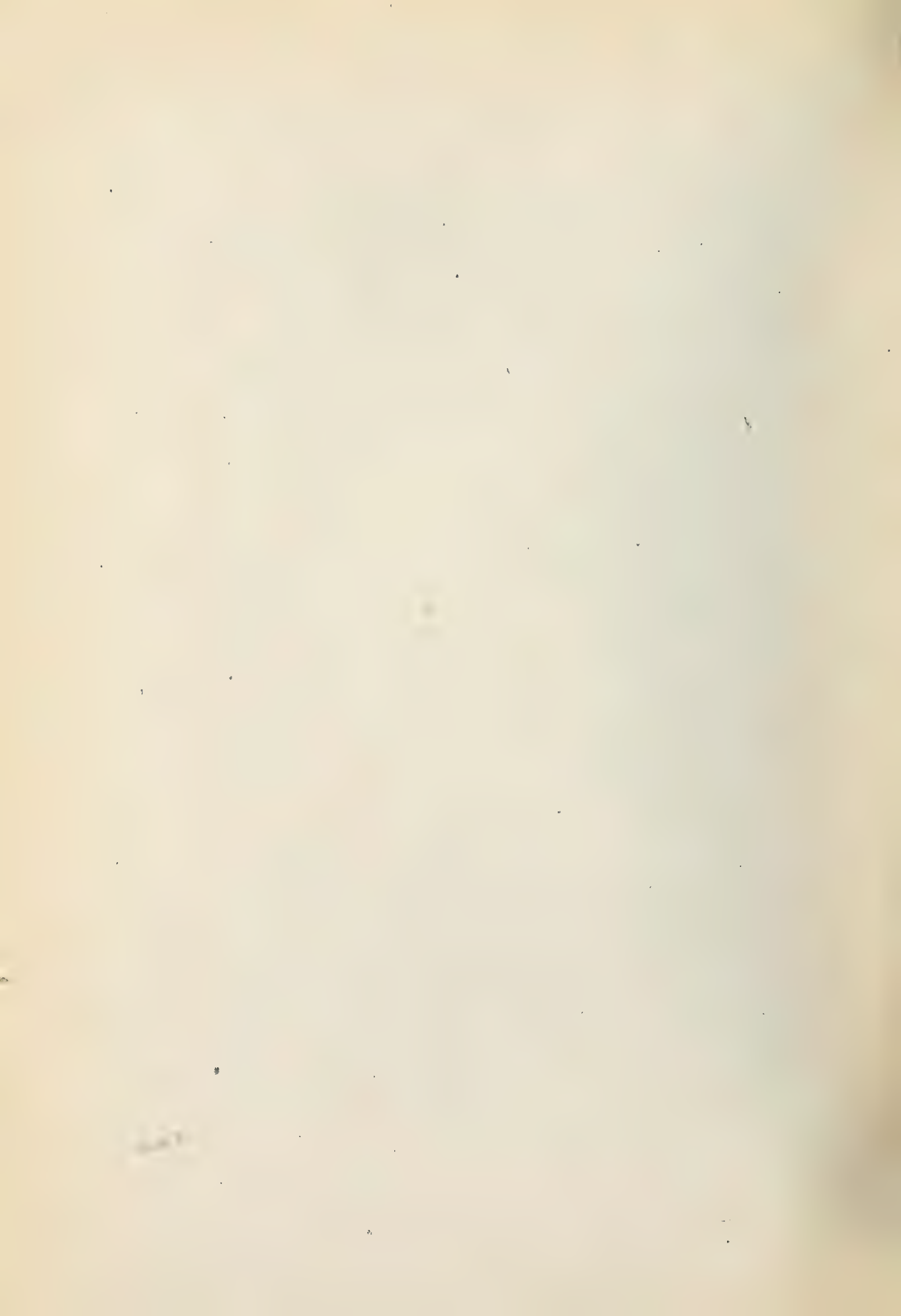
own, appropriate to it, and with his versatility as evidenced by the variety of his paintings at this exhibition, one feels there is little likelihood of repetition in his work, unless the subject calls for a similarity of treatment. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

In the Applied Art section there was considerable improvement, the principal exhibits being painted furniture, gesso work, and decorative drawings, by Miss Mary Newbery (Mrs. A. R. Sturrock). The industrial arts, however, still lag behind in Scotland. In comparison with what was being done some years ago no perceptible advance has been made, and furniture and other household goods from the point of view of design and the pleasure to





FROM A WOODCUT  
BY K. HÄNNY



be derived from them as objects of still-life are still awaiting further development from the artist as well as from the manufacturer.

E. A. T.

Mr. Alexander Roche, R.S.A., who died at Kingsknowe near Edinburgh, on March roth, in his sixtieth year, was a painter with many admirers, not only in Scotland but across the seas in America. Of French descent on his father's side he was born at Glasgow and his early training was at the Glasgow School of Art, where he had as a fellow student Sir John Lavery, with whom he went to Paris in 1881 to study, first under Boulanger and Lefebvre, and later under Gérôme. Influenced at the outset in common with other pioneers of the "Glasgow School" by the work of the French Romanticists, and especially that of Daubigny, he later came under the influence of Whistler; but it was W. Y. Macgregor who exercised the greatest influence on his art. Gifted as a painter of landscapes, seascapes, figure subjects, and portraits, he quickly gained a commanding position, and in the course of his career he saw many of his pictures pass into public collections on both sides of the Atlantic. In the United States, where his work began to be appreciated nearly thirty years ago, he painted a large number of portraits. His career up to 1906 was reviewed by Mr. Haldane MacFall in an article he contributed to *THE STUDIO* in that year.

**B**ERNE.—Among Swiss artists, Karl Hännly enjoys a two-fold reputation. As a wood-engraver his work, of which an example is given on page 199, is held in high esteem, and, in fact, he is considered the leading representative of this branch of art in this country. He is especially successful as an engraver of portraits, his essays of this nature being always characterised by vigour and decision. As a sculptor, too, he stands well amongst those who practise the art, and many are the Swiss towns that possess examples of his work. A native of Twann, near Bienne, he pursued a course of study in steel-engraving and sculpture at the Bienne Polytechnic, and after visiting Vienna and Munich, spent some time in Paris, where he was privileged to work under the great French sculptor, Auguste Rodin, who took a keen interest in him.

Recently he received a commission from the Swiss Government for a military statue at Wallenstadt.

L.

**V**IENNA.—A few months ago a collective exhibition of the work of Richard Teschner was held at the Austrian Museum, and all who visited it were greatly impressed by what they saw, and especially by the remarkable versatility of this highly gifted artist. It was something of a privilege to see his work, as he has always evinced a certain distaste for exhibiting his productions, and, as a matter of fact, none had been publicly seen for ten years. That does not mean that he has been idle—the exhibition at the Austrian Museum was indeed strong proof to the contrary.



"THE YELLOW DEMON."  
MARIONETTE FIGURE IN R.  
TESCHNER'S "NOCTURNE"





"ZIPZIP." MARIONETTE  
FIGURE IN R. TESCHNER'S  
"NOCTURNE"

Among the most interesting of the exhibits was the "Figurentheater," in which all arts and crafts co-operate to form a perfect unity. The artist prefers the term "figure" as better describing his theatre than the term marionette, for both in conception and execution his project differs considerably from the ordinary puppet display. He was first led to this work by the revival of interest in marionette plays which has been gradually growing of late years on the Continent, and particularly at Munich, where the start may be said to have been given. But Richard Teschner wanted to get a step beyond, namely, to a pure mimic in which everything should be expressed by mime, that is by giving life to the figures in place of reading scenes or even putting words, so to say, in the mouths of the players. ■ ■

In the study of his theatre he spent many years. The idea formed itself in his mind on seeing some Chinese, Javanese, Siamese and other eastern marionette figures, for his taste lies towards the oriental. As is well known, these puppet performances of the Far East are gravely witnessed by the wiser generations. The figures are

moved by means of tiny staves from above instead of dangling on cords or wires or being moved from beneath as in European countries. Teschner adopted the oriental method as giving more command over the figures, and has acquired a marvellous dexterity in making them respond to his will. Under his guiding hand they seem to live, faces and limbs gain expression, the observer is drawn under his enchantment and spell-bound follows every movement. The accompanying music played on a lute, of a form invented by the artist, in which the bass string occupies a place opposite to that which it generally holds, contributes to the charm, while the plays enacted, written by the artist and taken chiefly from oriental folk lore, together with the artistic rendering of all and everything connected with the theatre, make it



"THE PRINCE." FIGURE  
IN "THE PRINCESS AND  
THE WATERMAN," A  
MARIONETTE PLAY BY  
R. TESCHNER



"THE THREE MAGI." MARIONETTE  
SCENE IN RICHARD TESCHNER'S  
CHRISTMAS PLAY



MAGIC CRYSTAL TRANSFORMATION  
SCENE IN "THE PRINCESS AND  
THE WATERMAN," A MARIONETTE  
PLAY BY R. TESCHNER

## STUDIO-TALK

really "a thing of beauty," for once seen its vision arises again and again involuntarily. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Everything one finds on a high-class modern stage is present in Teschner's figure performances, except the human voice. That he rightly feels would be a disturbing element. It seems easy at first glance, but like all simple things, it requires much art to reveal the true beauty of simplicity. And there is, indeed, much art in the true sense of this term, in all that Richard Teschner does. The scenery is very beautiful and surely nothing could exceed the loveliness of the transformation scene in the "Princess and the Waterman," in one phase of which, "The Crystal," the silhouettes of the princess and the magician form a fine contrast to the magic scene. In these miniature figures is true perfection of strength and beauty. In the story, of course, good prevails, the magician's charm fails, the prince whom he has placed in durance vile escapes and is united to his beloved princess, whom he awakens with a kiss. The scene is entrancing and the audience is affected as much as by a real play. ■

His Christmas play "The Three Magi" likewise merits all praise. The whole scene is expressive of this old and ever young story, the halo of a true religious spirit is everywhere present in the forms and movements. Here as in the other play each single thing, each detail is thought out with loving care and carried out by his own master hand. The three figures of which illustrations are here given—two of them, *Zipzip* and *The Yellow Demon* belonging to the artist's "Nachtstück" (Nocturne)—serve to show the great amount of thought he has bestowed on every part of his work, for they are indeed wonderfully constructed. He is both an artist and a craftsman, with a command of many mediums and a knowledge of all sorts of materials. He is an etcher as well as a painter in tempera, water-colours, and pastel. The variety and beauty of the exhibits shown at the Austrian Museum aroused much surprise even among those who know and esteem his capabilities. It seems to me, however, that he loves best his "figure" theatre and all pertaining to it. Here he expresses all his

art, for there is scope within it for all branches of art. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

More than once in bygone years I have referred to the work of Hans Frank, a member of the Vienna Secession, who has excelled not only as a painter but also as an etcher and wood engraver, and I have mentioned his partiality for birds as subjects. The reproduction of his colour print, *The White Peacock*, affords at once convincing testimony to his powers of observation and to that feeling for colour which is a marked characteristic of this



SNOW LANDSCAPE. WOOD-  
ENGRAVING BY H. NEUMANN





"WHITE PEACOCK." WOOD  
ENGRAVING BY H. FRANK.  
(FROM A PRINT TEXT BY MESSRS. GOULD & CO.)



artist, as it is also of Hans Neumann, who has produced some exceedingly good landscape prints, one of which is shown on p. 204.

A. S. L.

PHILADELPHIA.—When writing my notes on the 116th Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine



"THE FUTURE." BY  
EVELYN LONGMAN  
(Pennsylvania Academy)



"WHITE BULL." BY  
C. C. RUMSEY  
(Pennsylvania Academy)

Arts, which terminated on March 27th, some of the prizes associated with this display had not been awarded. In the meantime the Fellowship Prize of the Academy was awarded to Mr. Robert Susan for his two portraits, *The Connoisseur* and *The Golden Screen*, both already referred to. Edward T. Stotesbury Prize of one thousand dollars has been awarded to Mr. William M. Paxton for his oil-painting, *Girl Combing her Hair* (reproduced in the last issue of THE STUDIO). The Philadelphia Prize was also awarded to this picture in accordance with the terms laid down by the founder, Mr. Edward Bok, who stipulated that it should be given to the work selected as their choice by the visitors during one of the closing weeks of the exhibition. The object of the award is to encourage the public to look at the pictures with personal interest and discrimination. ■ ■

As I mentioned in my previous notes the two paintings of Mr. John Singer Sargent,





"A MODEL." OIL PAINTING  
BY LEOPOLD SEYFFERT  
(Pennsylvania Academy,  
Temple Gold Medal)

R.A., were neither of them recent works. The portrait of Carolus-Duran, of which a reproduction is now given, bears at the top the dedicatory inscription "À mon cher maître, M. Carolus-Duran, son élève affectionné, John S. Sargent, 187..." The last figure of the year is not visible, but apparently the portrait was painted in 1877 or 1879. It was in the latter year that Mr. Sargent first exhibited at the Paris Salon, and at the same Salon the Master to whom he paid this tribute of regard was awarded the Medal of Honour. M. Carolus-Duran was one of the founders of the Société Nationale, and succeeded Puvis de Chavannes as President.

E. C.

## REVIEWS

*The Life, Correspondence and Collections of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, "Father of Vertu in England."* By MARY F. S. HERVEY. (Cambridge: The University Press.)—Rare, indeed, in the annals of the English nation are personalities of the stamp of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, whose eventful career is set forth in this volume of nearly 600 pages, which at the same time that it commemorates worthily the achievements of a great nobleman in the sphere of politics and art, also forms an enduring memorial of the author's conscientious and painstaking labours as



PORTRAIT OF CAROLUS-DURAN  
BY J. S. SARGENT, R.A.  
(Pennsylvania Academy, 1871, lent by Messrs. M. Knoedler  
& Son)

## REVIEWS

a biographer. Grandson of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1572, and son of Philip, Earl of Arundel, whom Elizabeth kept a prisoner in the Tower until his death in 1595, Thomas, the subject of this biography, was ten years old when his father died, and he was never permitted to see him. His mother, a devout Catholic, suffered with her young son from Elizabeth's revengeful treatment, and their condition was one approaching utter destitution. With the accession of James Stuart, however, a new era dawned, and ere many years passed Thomas Howard became one of the most influential men of the day, his prestige being maintained until, with the accession of Charles I., he had to encounter the enmity of Buckingham. Impoverishment once more overtook him in his latter days as a result of his financial support of the King's cause, but in the meantime he had employed his resources wisely, in the formation of that wonderful collection of masterpieces which earned for him at a later date the title "Father of Vertu in England," given him by Walpole. Miss Hervey's narrative telling of the building up of this collection and the Earl's relations with the great masters then living, *pari passu* with the incidents of his public life, is of absorbing interest and is amply authenticated by contemporary documents in the shape of correspondence between the Earl and his wife, the agent he employed in forming the collection, and others. An inventory of the collection is given in one of the appendices, and among the numerous family portraits which illustrate the volume are those of the Earl and Countess, by Rubens and Vandyck.

*Art and I.* By C. LEWIS HIND. (London: John Lane.) In this collection of essays, reprinted from the *Christian Science Monitor*, Mr. Hind ranges in a gossipy fashion over a wide field of art and expresses frank opinions on a surprising variety of subjects. He writes pleasantly and handles his material with a lightness of touch that does not degenerate into mere flippancy. The essays do not, perhaps, give a very clear impression of the author's convictions; they suggest an inquiring mind rather too much inclined to accept all sorts of novel

effort in art as equally important and a little over-ready to believe that every excursion outside the limits of artistic custom deserves to be taken seriously. But there is much in them that is interesting, and there are numerous passages which contain a good deal of sound and judicious criticism. Certainly, there are many people who will find the book entertaining and helpful. ♡ ♡

*Vision and Design.* By ROGER FRY. (London: Chatto & Windus.) Among the present day writers on art Mr. Roger Fry holds a position of much prominence, a position he has gained to some extent by his persistent advocacy of the more advanced modern movements, but to a far greater extent by his skill in argument and the sound literary quality of his work. This book does justice to his reputation; it includes a selection from the essays on various subjects which he has written during the last twenty years and it affirms his convictions with undeniable power. It reveals, too, in an interesting way the working of his vigorously analytical mind. No doubt, many readers of the essays will disagree with him quite sincerely and will refuse to accept his conclusions, but no one could fail to admire the consistency with which he puts forward time after time the creed that he professes. Whether this creed is one which is likely to be generally adopted it is hard to say, but certainly his faith in it is complete. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

In *How to Identify Persian Rugs*, published by Messrs. G. Bell & Son, Mr. C. J. Delabère May gives in addition to much useful information of a general kind in relation to Persian rugs a series of detailed analyses of the principal types which should prove of great service both to the student of textile art and to collectors in need of reliable guidance in making purchases. Besides illustrations of typical specimens, numerous diagrams of details are given. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

*A Souvenir of the Crome Centenary Exhibition* held last month in the Norwich Castle Art Galleries is published by the Museum Committee of the Corporation and contains, in addition to an appreciation of John Crome by Mr. Laurence Binyon, a catalogue of all the works included in the exhibition and excellent half-tone reproductions of nine of the most important.







THE MARKET STALL  
FROM THE OIL PAINTING  
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.  
GREEN HOUSE, LONDON



PORTRAIT OF MRS. DOUGLAS ILLINGWORTH. BY MEREDITH FRAMPTON

A FEW WORDS ON THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION. BY GABRIEL MOUREY, CONSERVATEUR DES PALAIS NATIONAUX, FRANCE.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

*To the Editor of THE STUDIO.*

KNOWING me to be in London, you were good enough to ask me to give the readers of *THE STUDIO* my impressions on the 153rd Exhibition of the Royal Academy. I had hardly left the train bringing me from Dover before I was taken by you to Burlington House, and you insisted

—very flatteringly—that instead of enjoying the play of the fair spring sunshine amid the green freshness of the London parks I should take up my pen and set to work at once.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

It must be fifteen, or more probably twenty, years since I crossed the splendid threshold of Burlington House. I was thus very curious to discover what changes might in the meantime have occurred in English art, or at any rate in those branches of it special to the Royal Academy. I may as well admit straightaway that I did not find very much to surprise me. The sole fact forced upon me was this : that the big



## ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

canvases of a certain type, with subjects mythological, legendary, religious or historical—subjects which in the already remote days of which I am speaking had far too much space on the walls—are so few this year that they can be easily counted. That, at any rate, is so much to the good. It surprised me further to see not more than five or six pictures devoted to the War: modern military painting has always left me rather cold.

Eventually I noticed that the walls of the Royal Academy which formerly were covered with canvases from floor to ceiling, were now not nearly so much smothered. Nor did that displease me. The Selection Committee, they tell me, has been exceptionally severe and hard to please this year, and therein truly, it has done well. A jury of artists has no reason for existence unless it be severe. The alternative is: no selection at all, and a show open to all the world, as with our "Expositions des Indépendants."

But to discover whether the Committee of the Royal Academy was right in showing so much severity it were necessary to see the works it rejected; seeing those accepted does not suffice to enable one to form a sound and an adequate judgment on the matter. But I find it hard to believe that among the multitude of works rejected there should not be a certain number equal in merit to some of those displayed, and no more than they deserving to have the doors of Burlington House shut in their face.

On all hands I hear, however, that this exhibition is full of daring work, of novel tendencies. Shall I confess, as a Frenchman, accustomed to exhibitions like those in Paris, where works infinitely more audacious, and inspired by tendencies infinitely more novel, are admitted and cause no sort of scandal among the public (which goes to prove in any case, and among other things, that the French public is more *blasé*, more sceptical, than the English)—dare I confess that I have found it difficult to recognise, as I should have liked to do, an atmosphere of freshness in this exhibition? Indeed, I do not for a moment suppose that the most "advanced" works displayed there would have run the slightest risk of rejection

in Paris, even by the jury of the Old Salon, which is considered to be the most retrograde, or, at least, the most conservative of all.

Take, for instance, an artist like Sir William Orpen. The canvas on which he has represented the *Chef de l'Hôtel Chatham, Paris*—a tribute to the excellence of French cooking for which no Frenchman can fail to be grateful—is, to my eyes, far from being the best of the six portraits he is exhibiting at Burlington House; yet this is the picture which has attracted most public attention and won for the artist the most striking success. The question of art, it seems to me, plays but a secondary part in the matter. In my opinion it is perfectly evident that if art played the principal rôle here public appreciation must have been most enthusiastic over the portrait of *Sir William MacCormack*, so diverse and so sure in its execution, or over that of *Mrs. Melvill*, in which the quality of the blues is so brilliant, so refined, so precious; or, again, over the portrait of *Jenny Simson*, in which the artist has found a harmony of yellow and orange tones of incomparable magnificence. Sir William Orpen is a virtuoso of the brush endowed with the true master's touch. His verve is unique, and his knowledge of effect complete. One feels that this man paints with gusto, joyfully and in full freedom; he is so fresh and charming in his audacities. But qualities such as these are somewhat removed from the spiritual and psychological depth one has the right to expect from every portrait painter; moreover, it happens sometimes, as in the two women's portraits just mentioned, that one's interest ends by concentrating itself almost more on the clothes than on the faces of these ladies. I would even venture, using a current expression, to declare that at times, in Sir William Orpen's pictures, "the sauce is superior to the fish."

But to return to the *Chef de l'Hôtel Chatham*. It is possible that some day this may be—or, rather, may become—a masterpiece; everything depends on how the picture ages. I doubt it, however, because the manner in which it is painted gives the impression of being hollow and superficial. The whites in it, particularly,



**"INTERIOR OF A BARN"**  
**BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.**  
(Copyright reserved for the artist by Walter  
Fudd, Ltd., publishers at "The Royal Academy,  
Illustrated")

## ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

are deplorably monotonous ; in fact, there is nothing in this picture which to my mind appears to justify the enthusiasm it has aroused. I hope my frankness may be forgiven ! Sir William Orpen is an artist of too high worth to take offence at it ; besides, no contemporary criticism of a work of art can prevent it from holding its own in the future if it can and should do so ; nor any eulogies help that work unless it bear within it the force to survive its own period. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

However that may be, it is not to be denied that by comparison with Sir William Orpen's live and vigorous canvases many of the works at Burlington House strike me as being—I do not say they *are*—dull and feeble. Evidently, to get a just idea of their real merit, it would be necessary to examine them more closely

and more scrupulously than the space at my disposal permits me to do now. ■

Mr. Lamb's picture, *R.A.M.C. Men with Wounded and Sick, at a Dressing Station on the Struma*, 1916, evokes the liveliest sympathy. Everything in it is combined to produce an effect, the dramatic intensity of which, by its astonishing simplicity and its contempt for convention, is carried to the highest degree. Mr. Lamb hereby conclusively proves that those artists undertaking the task of fixing their visions of the Great War will do well, if they desire to succeed in appealing to our emotions, to forget all the formulas and all the recipes of the war painters of other days. His picture, in truth, owes its poignancy and its enduring merit simply to the fact that it is so true, so simply, so humanly true. Alas ! there



"RAG FAIR, CALEDONIAN MARKET"  
WATER-COLOUR BY H. DAVIS-  
RICHTER, R.I.





**"DURHAM." BY D. Y.  
CAMERON, R.A.**  
(Copyright reserved for the artist by  
Walter Judd, Ltd.)

## ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

are but few works of this quality at the Royal Academy. As for the rest of the pictures inspired by the War I can discover nothing of incontestable interest to mention except Mr. John H. Willis's *Kiwi Hut*, very curious in its simplified and synthetic execution.      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡

What I have written must not be taken to imply that one may not find true artistic pleasure in looking at pictures such as this *Interior of a Barn*, by Mr. George Clausen, so delicate and so fine in its luminous realism; or the landscapes of Mr. Oliver Hall, most harmonious in their somewhat conventional colouring; or those of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, bearing the true stamp of nobility; or those, again, of Mr. Arnesby Brown, which so well express the movements and the play of light over great spaces—I refer particularly to *The Waveney Marshes* and *The Coast Road*. Nor must I forget the exhibits of Messrs. Adrian Stokes, Bertram Priestman, Leslie Thomson, Charles Sims (*Sunset : Romney Marsh*), and Miss Freda Clulow (*Sussex Downs*), whose temperament rather makes one think of Bonington.      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡

Interiors are not numerous, but there are four or five of really excellent quality and rich in their execution, notably the works of Mr. Walter W. Russell, Miss Irene Ryland and Mr. A. Van Anrooy, whose manner, at once strong and refined, suggests that of our own excellent painter of interiors, Maurice Lobre; also the still-life piece, *Household Gods*, by Mr. H. Davis Richter, a very agreeable blend of rich, luscious colour.      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡

As always, in all exhibitions, portraits are in a majority. Having just referred to those of Sir William Orpen, I will not return to the subject, but it would be unfair if I failed to do justice to the work of portraitists of the class of Mr. Charles Shannon, whose painting of *The Hon. Maud Lawrence* has genuine merit; of Sir John Lavery, though not in quite his old form, I think; or of Mr. S. Melton Fisher, who in his portrait of *The Rev. S. Baring Gould, M.A.*, displays a broad and confident technique, and an altogether remarkable delicacy of psychological insight. Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, too, in *Sir Rider Haggard, K.B.E.*, has put his signature to a piece of iconographic work

in all respects deserving of permanence. Then there is Mr. John M. Aitken (*Harry Townsend, Esq.*).      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡

Special mention should be made of two artists like Mr. J. J. Shannon and Mr. Philip Connard. Yet how different they are, the one from the other! Mr. Shannon possesses the most penetrating gifts of charm and suppleness and elegance, while expert beyond all others in conveying the grace of the woman of to-day, and combining with this a very special sense of the traditions of England's great portraitists of the past, modernised by an intimate clearness of vision belonging to the very present, and not to yesterday. As for Mr. Connard, whom I regard as being one of the best painters of men's portraits to-day, he is enamoured of direct reality, of tangible truth, and blessed with a vivacity of brush, a variety of plastic expression recalling in some ways that of certain French Masters of the nineteenth century, and these not the least considerable among them. I must admit, however, my dis-



"PUCK," STONE  
GARDEN FIGURE  
BY ALEC MILLER



"THE COAST ROAD." BY  
ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.  
(Copyright reserved for the  
artist by Walter Judd, Ltd.)

appointment with Mr. Connard's landscapes, especially this *Suffolk Pastoral*, in which he has not succeeded in realising, by means of these violent and lively tones, the harmony after which he was evidently striving. But it matters little: Mr. Connard is an excellent painter--of that there can be no doubt whatsoever. ▀ ▀

More or less at random, I noted sundry bits of painting, full of charm and savour: *A Land Girl*, by Mrs. Mia Arnesby Brown, with a highly successful *contre-jour* effect; *The Lass of Mile End*, by Miss Doris C. Zinkeisen, the little figure of an East London girl out for a walk, strangely striking in her attire of blues and greys and pinks, so charmingly and so subtly blended; *The Green Sun Blind*, by Mr. James Durden, an excellent piece of

*intimité* most happily executed; *The Green Dress*, by Miss Bertha Blunt, who evidently has made a close study of the rare and refined method of Vermeer of Delft. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

I have kept to the end of my notes the exhibits sent by Mr. Alfred J. Munnings, *The Grey Cob*, *Black and White*, and *The Green Waggon*, who reveals himself an artist of the first order. Mr. Munnings has a truly remarkable knowledge of the horse; furthermore, he is an artist endowed with very high gifts. He has the faculty of giving to each thing its right value and character, and of bringing out the mysterious charm residing in the humblest aspects of nature and of life—a faculty possessed by all the really great painters.

GABRIEL MOUREY.





"LES PÊCHEURS." FROM  
A COLOURED ETCHING  
BY ARMAND COUSSENS

THE ETCHINGS OF M. ARMAND  
COUSSENS. BY MALCOLM C.  
SALAMAN.    ♣    ♣    ♣    ♣    ♣

THERE is a little back room in Berners Street which, though part of the establishment of M. Paul Turpin, the well-known decorator, is often more interesting to browse in for pictorial charm than many a picture gallery of artistic pretention. For here one may enjoy the opportunity of handling with intimacy of inspection prints by French artists of quality with whom one does not commonly meet in the London galleries. Here it was, for instance, that I became acquainted with

the talented work of M. Armand Coussens. I had been looking through a number of Steinlen's etchings, and some of the beautiful woodcuts of that remarkably poetic artist, Gabriel Belot, when my attention was unexpectedly arrested by a print in which I recognised the vision and expression of an authentic etcher. In *Les Pins*, here reproduced, one finds a group of half-a-dozen firs stretching in a dark cluster along a sunny roadside, and dominating with a happy suggestion of accidental design a landscape over which the eye travels spaciouly. Now, there is no surer test of the instinctive etcher than the way in which trees appeal to him



"LA FEMME AU POULET" ETCH-  
ING BY ARMAND COUSSENS  
FROM A PRINCE ET LA MÈRE (1871)







"LES PINS." ETCHING  
BY ARMAND COUSSENS

as motives for linear expression. In *Les Pins*, I feel that as soon as M. Coussens's vision had realised the rhythmic relation of stem and branch and leafage with the shapes of the land and the cloud-forms of the sky, and the pictorial conception had taken its place imperatively upon the copper, the very life of the trees responded to the vivacity of the etcher's lines. And those lines in their very sensitiveness of draughtsmanship carry conviction that the trees are actually rooted in the earth, that the stems, for all their sturdiness of upward irregular growth, are yielding with no more than a natural resistance of their strength and weight to the wind-pressure, while the branches are spreading out waywardly for the swaying adventure of the air. Nor are only those trees alive; a pictorial vitality invests the whole landscape and skyscape through the suggestive drawing and skilful biting of

the linear essentials, with the tonal assistance of a little "foul-biting" tactfully allowed.

A true landscape etcher, then, is M. Coussens, and one would fain see more of such prints; but, in asking for more, one finds that after all it is people rather than landscape, the life and character of the peasants of his homeland, Provence, that engage his needle to its greatest activity. For Armand Coussens is a native of Nîmes, and in that ancient Provençal town it was that his graphic instincts were first aroused by the picturesqueness of his local surroundings. While yet at the Lycée he showed innate gifts as a draughtsman, and, fortunately for the budding artist, when he went on to the École de Dessin at Nîmes he found in Alexis Lahaye a master quick to detect the promise of talent. M. Lahaye must himself have been an artist of individuality,



"DÉPART DU MOBILISÉ." FROM  
A COLOURED ETCHING  
BY ARMAND COUSSENS

else he would not have inspired the pen of J. K. Huysmans to critical appreciation. His teaching was in the modern spirit, and it had stirred the artistic enthusiasm of his pupils, so that when young Coussens left the local art school at the age of nineteen, he hastened to Paris with ardent desire to see the works of the Impressionists. That was in 1901, and his artistic idols were then Degas, Claude Monet, Camille Pissarro and Toulouse-Lautrec. For awhile in Paris his studies were ruled entirely by his artistic sympathies, and he worked at the suggestion of his fancy. Then a change came; the freedom of Impressionist utterance gave way to the academic discipline of the antique; for a professor's diploma suggested itself as the best solution of the problem of ways and means, while still leaving the young artist free to work in his beloved Provence. In 1906 he returned as professor to his old École de Dessin in Nîmes, and in the following year he married a gifted Nîmeoise, whose water-colour drawings

of the Paris Quays had already won favour for her in various exhibitions before she became Jeanne Coussens. Since that time the pair have worked together in joyous artistic sympathy, and sunny Provence has been their happy painting ground. With M. Coussens's paintings I am not now concerned, but of his etched plates, with their expressive draughtsmanship in vital fluent lines, it is well that English amateurs should know more than they do, for these are artistically alive, full of character and sensibility, and they are individual. When M. Coussens prints his plates in coloured inks the tones are extremely simple in their harmonies, though one might well be content to let the etching quality speak for itself in black and white. How unpretentiously yet convincingly the Provençal peasants live their lives in M. Coussens's plates one may see in the typical examples reproduced here, *La Femme au Poulet*, *Les Pêcheurs* and *Départ du Mobilisé*, which has a happy companion in the *Retour*. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻



A NOTE ON SOME IMAGINARY  
LANDSCAPES BY CLIFFORD J.  
BEESE. BY CHARLES MARRIOTT.

THE tests of imaginary landscape are that it shall look not invented but discovered, and that you can move about in it with perfect confidence. A glance at the accompanying illustrations is enough to show that the work of Mr. Clifford Beese generally passes these tests. A few personal details may be useful as throwing light on the conditions in which this work is produced. The artist is of early middle-age, of Somersetshire descent, living at Staines, where he divides his time between the cultivation of flowers and fruit and practising his craft. His only regular artistic training was received at the Battersea Polytechnic, and his professional occupation is that of a manufacturers' designer. Thoreau's "Walden" first sent

him to the land, and Keats, Shelley, and Omar Khayyam have all been influences upon his imagination. He owes his command of mountain scenery partly to the fact that he has done a considerable amount of walking in North Wales.

These facts are enough to relate Mr. Beese to the body of English imaginative landscape artists, to which he undoubtedly belongs. He is less a product of art schools than of direct contact with nature under the inspiration of literature, and therefore true to tradition. The names of Richard Wilson, Samuel Palmer and Edward Calvert are enough to remind us that the tradition is peculiarly English. One has only to recall their works and to remember the writings of Edgar Allan Poe, Thomas De Quincey, and Francis Thompson, to recognise a curious similarity in the suggested landscapes of them all. Not only that, but those of us who



"THE LAND THAT WAS DESOLATE"  
WATER-COLOUR BY C. J. BEESE





"THE PASS." WATER-COLOUR  
BY CLIFFORD J. BEESE

are] habitual dreamers cannot fail to be struck by the feeling of familiarity with such scenes. We have been there. The implication is almost that, under the appearance of the world, there is a reality to which all imaginative persons and all dreamers have access in greater or less degree.      ♦      ♦      ♦      ♦      ♦

But whether such a reality actually exists, or is only the result of a certain similarity in the working of all human imagination, its most remarkable characteristic is logic of structure. The landscapes of dreams and of imaginative writers and painters strike us as being more real and consistent than the landscapes we see with our bodily eyes. This, perhaps,

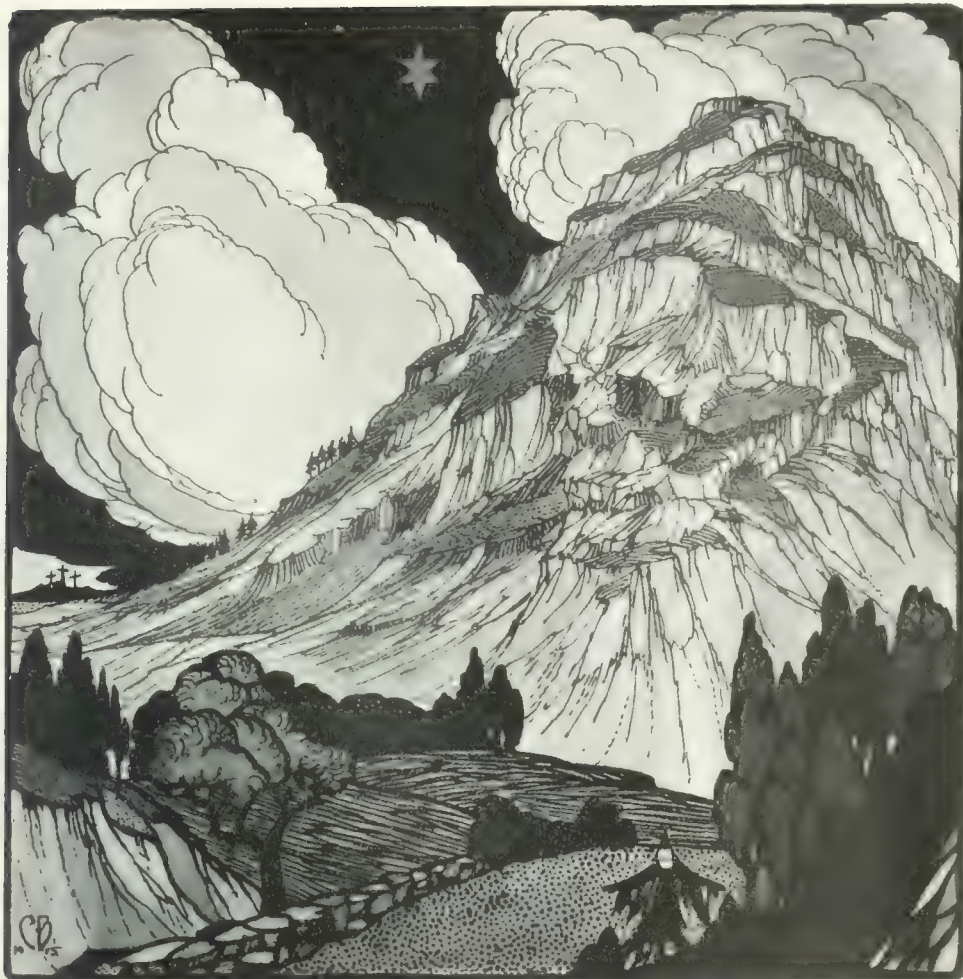
ought not to surprise us. The landscapes that we see with our bodily eyes must of necessity seem accidental and partial in their relations because, as a rule, the physical circumstances of our seeing them only allow us a partial view. We see the mountain, but not its relation to the plain, and the river slides into view with no hint of its origin or promise of its union with the sea. Occasionally, as in the Cheddar Gorge, the strangeness of the fact survives a full view of the circumstances; and, on the other hand, there are landscapes like those of central Spain which are not only perfectly explained to the eye at the moment, but expose the past history of their formation. It is



"THE VALLEY OF ROMANCE"  
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR  
BY CLIFFORD J. BEESE.







"THE LITTLE CORNFIELD AT  
THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN  
OF MARS." WATER-COLOUR  
BY CLIFFORD J. BEESE

significant that these two types should be peculiarly characteristic of dream or imaginary landscapes, which, before everything, combine the elements of strangeness and logic. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

These are, at any rate, the striking characteristics of the landscapes of Mr. Beese. They are strange, yet logical in themselves. So perfect is the reality of the scenes established that it is with the curiosity of a native that you turn to examine the way in which the artist has translated their features into terms of his medium. At once you see that his techni-

cal powers and sympathy are highly developed. Not only is his rendering of the different characters of rocks, trees, clouds, and water perfectly adapted to the medium he is using, but it enables him to suggest the values determined by atmosphere without confusing the characters. ♦ ♦

The general impression left by his work is that he has at his disposal a world of reality transcending place and time in which he can wander at will, and that his technical powers enable him to record his explorations with truth, tact, and decorative beauty. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

## DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

**W**EST HOUSE, St. Andrews, illustrated below, was designed by Messrs. Mills & Shepherd, of Dundee. In regard to the external treatment, the walls are of local sandstone, with windows having wood casements, and roofs set with hand-made tiles, giving to the structure a pleasing appearance, which is a characteristic of much of this firm's domestic architecture. Internally, the floors of the hall and dining room are laid in oak, with stairs and doors leading off the entrance hall done in pitch pine, fumed. For the dining-room a panelling scheme has been carried out in pitch pine wood up to height of door architrave. The walls of the

drawing room, sitting room and bedrooms are finished in Duresco, mostly of a white tone ; and the hall is treated a grey brown. A feature of the design for the latter apartment is that it has been carried right up from ground floor through to the ceiling of the bedroom floor, in order to give as much wall space as possible for the wall ornaments, in the form of heads of stags, as well as other tropical animals ; the late owner Colonel Barry, having been resident in India for many years, where he was a big game hunter, and a great sportsman in general.

The two doorways, of which we give illustrations on the opposite page, were designed by a young Danish architect, Mr. Helweg Möller, who has been very successful in dealing with this important feature in the external aspect of the dwelling house.   ♦



"WEST HOUSE, ST. ANDREW'S." MILLS AND SHEPHERD, FF.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECTS





DOORWAY. DESIGNED  
BY HEIWEG MOLLER

The high cost of building, which in England was until quite recently estimated to be roughly three times the pre-war cost—an advance, however, which seems moderate compared with that which has taken place in Germany, where, according to a professional journal, the wages of some classes of building operatives have increased tenfold—has naturally led not a few architects to devote attention to the possibilities of economic construction. In this connection interest attaches to the designs of Mr. Maurice Adams, of which we give illustrations. In the case of the Sevenoaks bungalow, intended for a ménage without a resident servant, the plan admits of various modifications, but economy both in construction and upkeep

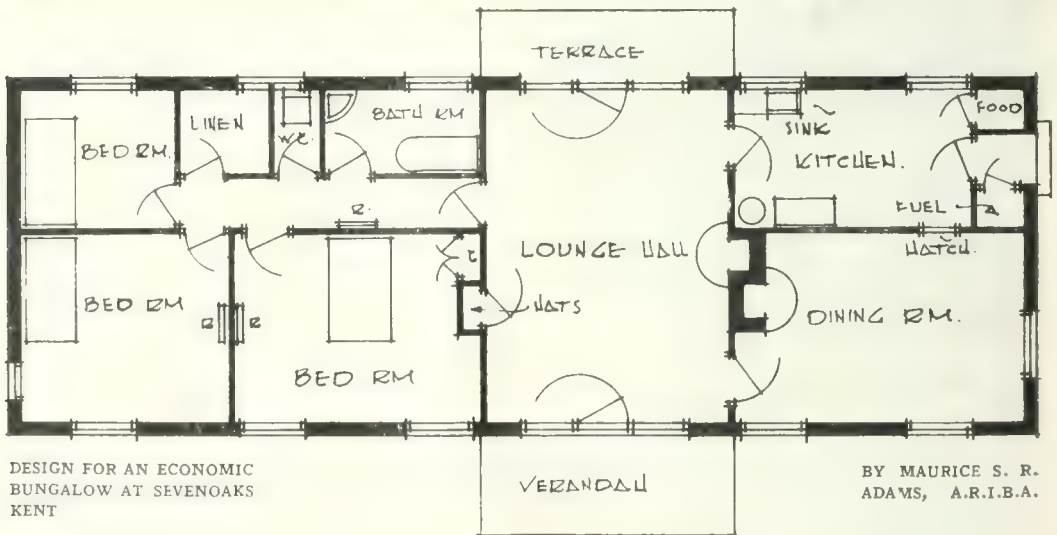
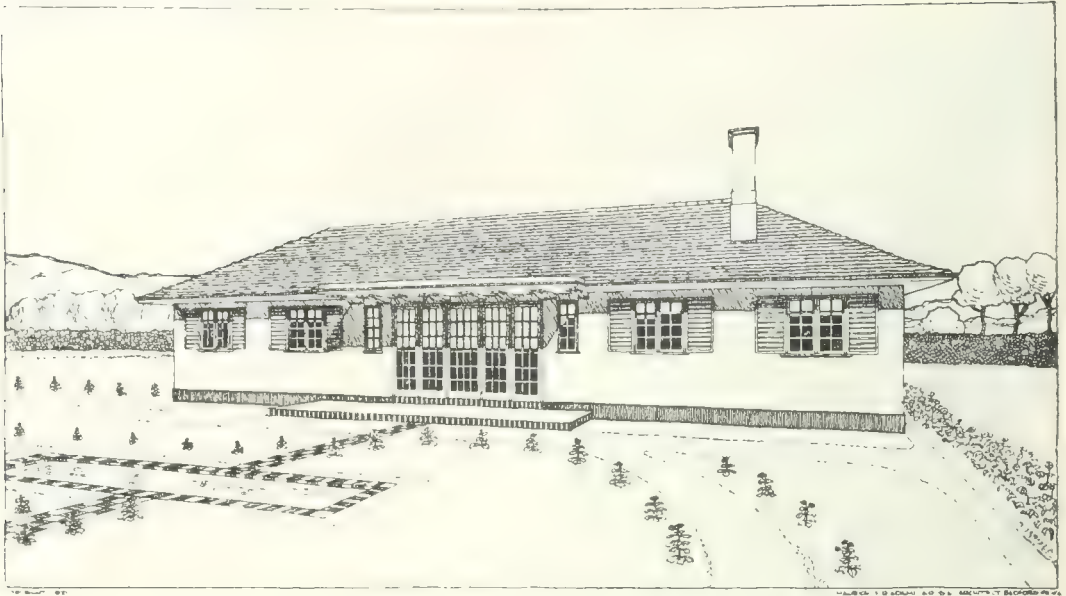
has been kept in view throughout. The lounge hall, measuring 20 ft. by 14 ft. 6 in., is the largest apartment and has a verandah on the south side. The walls of all the rooms are to be panelled in small panels stained and waxed, and the ceiling beams are to be laid flat and left exposed. The elliptical bungalows designed by Mr. Adams, one of which we illustrate, differ widely in construction and design from accepted methods. Construction throughout is with pre-cast concrete blocks, erected after the manner of Gothic vaults, but without ribs, and the buildings are, of course, fireproof. There are, as he points out, no voids or waste spaces, the outer and inner forms being identical. The tiles are nailed direct



DOORWAY. DESIGNED  
BY HEIWEG MOLLER



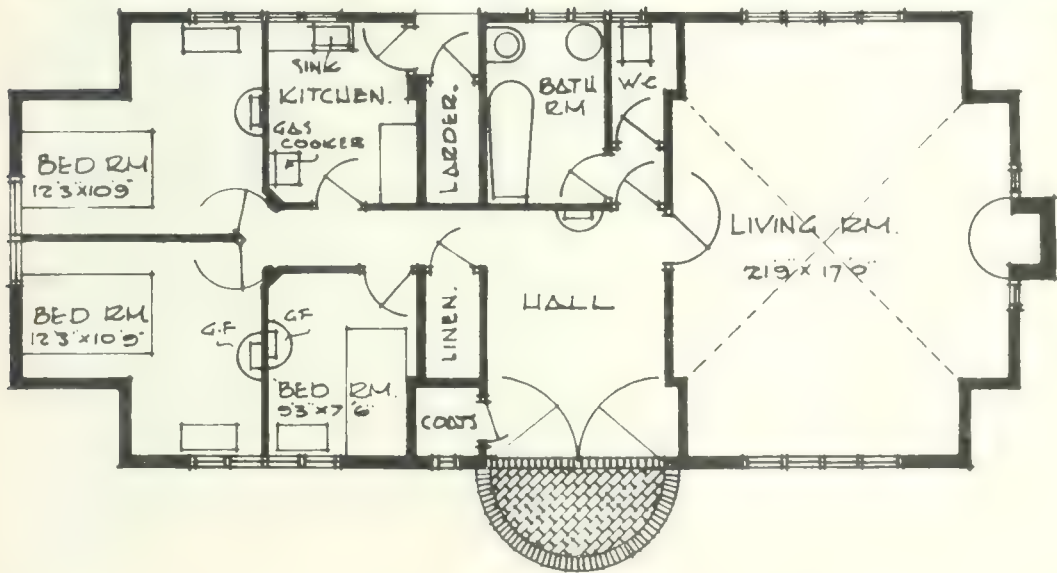
## DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION



to the vaults without laths; floors are solid and boarded; inside walls plastered. The vaulted living rooms form the principal feature, and when suitably furnished prove very attractive. The glazed hall doors fold back so as to combine verandah and hall into a garden room for summer use.

In an attractive brochure sent us by Messrs. Arthur Sanderson and Sons, the well-known firm of wallpaper manufacturers in Berners Street, London, the question of "Picture Backgrounds" is discussed, more especially in relation to

the redecoration schemes recently carried out at the Wallace Collection, the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery, but what is said is of course of general interest to private owners of pictures. The brochure contains a reproduction in colour of an Interior by Jan Vermeer from the National Gallery, exemplifying the effect of grey tones, and another of Raphael's *Madonna Ansidei* (also in the National Gallery) against a patterned background, this being one of the exceptions to the prevailing tendency to use patternless backgrounds.



SEMI-ELLIPTICAL CONCRETE  
BUNGALOW. DESIGNED BY  
MAURICES. R. ADAMS, F.R.I.B.A.



"AVOCAT TRIOMPHANT"  
BY HONORÉ DAUMIER  
(Barbizon House, London)

# STUDIO TALK.

(From our own Correspondents).

LONDON.—We reproduce four works of unusual interest and importance which were recently on view at Barbizon House, London. Admirers of the Barbizon School will be especially concerned with the superb example of the art of Jean François Millet, *Suzanna and the Elders*, which has been acquired by the National Art Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne, out of the funds of the Felton Bequest. This picture was purchased direct from Millet by W. M. Hunt, the American artist, when

he was staying at Barbizon, and remained in his family until it came to Barbizon House. As it had never hitherto been exhibited its existence was only known to a few. Rossetti's *Mariana* (p. 237), which has been purchased by the Aberdeen Art Gallery, was painted in 1870. From H. C. Marillier's monograph of the artist we learn that it was originally intended to be a portrait of Mrs. Morris; but Rossetti put it aside and finished it off later for Mr. William Graham, of Skelmorlie, whose son appears as the page singing to the lute. The picture afterwards came into the possession of Mr.





“ SUZANNA AND THE ELDERS ”  
FROM THE PAINTING BY  
JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET

NO. 1, GALLERY OF ART, MUSEUM





"MARIANA" ("MEASURE  
FOR MEASURE") FROM  
THE PAINTING BY D.  
GABRIEL ROSSETTI  
Aberdeen Art Gallery



## STUDIO-TALK

Francis Buxton. It illustrates a scene from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," and the painter added to the frame the legend from the page's song, "Take, O take those lips away." *Avocat Triomphante* (p. 234) is a characteristic example of Daumier's vigorous and masterly caricature; while as a frontispiece we show one of Frank Brangwyn's most recent decorative paintings, *The Market Stall*, a veritable feast of good things and rich colour. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The three paintings by Mr. A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., which we here reproduce formed part of an exceptionally interesting exhibition of his recent work which has been held at the Alpine Club Gallery in

Mill Street during the past few weeks under the direction of the Chenil Galleries of Chelsea. The largest of the three, *Arrival at Epsom Downs for Derby Week* has been acquired by the Trustees of the Public Picture Gallery Fund of the Birmingham Art Gallery for their permanent collection. The exhibition was notable as including a unique series of pictures of the Belvoir Hunt painted by the artist during a stay at Woolsthorpe with Major Bouch, the Master of the Hunt, and according to a note in the catalogue the work as exhibited was just as the artist finished it on the spot, without any subsequent touching—an assurance scarcely necessary in presence of the pictures them-



“‘CIGARETTE’ AND ‘SMOKE’”  
BY A. J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.  
(By courtesy of the Chenil Galleries, Chelsea)



"THE 'RED PRINCE' MARE" AND "ARRIVAL  
AT EPSOM DOWNS FOR DERBY WEEK." BY  
A. J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.



"THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER"  
A PAIR OF WOODCUTS DESIGNED AS  
END-PAPERS. BY W. R. LAWSON

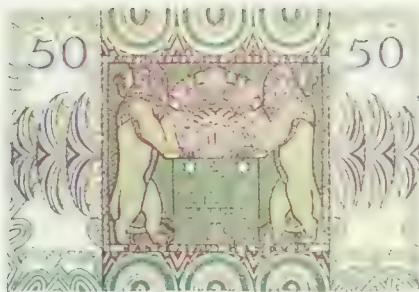
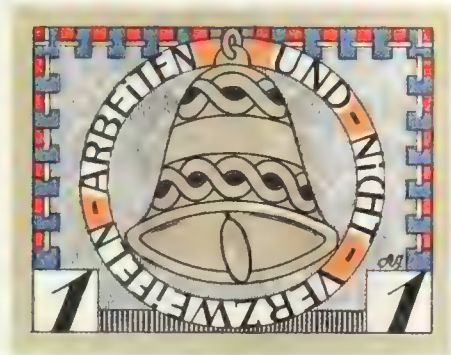
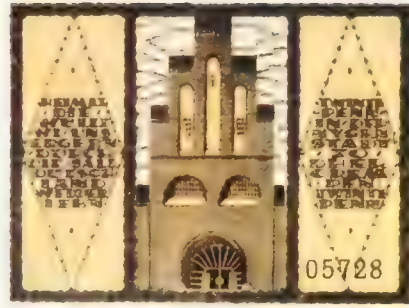
selves, for apart from the interest of their subject matter, the artist's fresh and spontaneous treatment of them could not fail to impress the observer. Mr. Munnings's work has more than once been discussed with appreciation in these pages, and it is unnecessary to say anything further in regard to these latest achievements of his except that they cannot fail to strengthen the position he has gained as a painter of those subjects which he has made his own. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The news of Mr. William Strang's painfully sudden death reached us just as our last issue containing Mr. Furst's article on his work as a painter, left our hands to be printed—the threat of a railway strike having made it necessary to go to press rather earlier than usual—and there was time only to add a postscript from Mr. Furst's pen, making clear the circumstances under which the article appeared. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Strang has been succeeded as President of the International Society by Sir William Orpen, R.A. He is represented in the current exhibition of the Society at the Grafton Galleries, to which we hope to refer more fully in our next issue, by two paintings, one of which *Job and his Wife*, markedly influenced as it is by El Greco goes to confirm what Mr. Furst has said of his painting in general. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

EDINBURGH.—The pair of woodcuts by Mr. W. R. Lawson, reproduced on this page, are end-paper designs for "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." His designs for "The Rime" include illustrations, page decorations, and initial letters—all in the form of woodcuts—and all are remarkable not only for beauty of design and fertility of imagination, but for their designer's sound appreciation of the limits of his medium. Many artists have found inspiration in





GERMAN LOCAL CURRENCY  
NOTES (DEGGENDORF, NEU-  
STADT, AUGUSTENBURG,  
HAMBURG & DONAUWORTH).



CURRENCY NOTE  
CHAMBER OF COM-  
MERCE, GÖTTINGEN

"The Ancient Mariner," but few have proved themselves so much in harmony with the poet's vision, so competent to realize in another medium the glamour and mystery of Coleridge's masterpiece. R. B.

**M**UNICH.—In every European country the War produced a flood of paper money. With the exception of Britain, great issues were made everywhere of notes of very low value. The more desperate the situation, the more the recourse to the printing-press. In Germany especially, cities and small towns, business firms and prisoners' camps issued emergency money, mostly in the form of paper notes (*Scheine*). Many of these notes have high artistic value, due partly to the artists and partly to

the desire to make the notes serve a propaganda purpose and to be attractive generally as well as incapable of fraudulent imitation. The interest and beauty of these notes are so well recognised that a literature on the subject has grown up, collectors and dealers appear, a society and an exhibition have already drawn attention to the subject. The Notes reproduced only represent a few typical examples of local paper currency. The illustrations are only of one side of each note; in most cases each side of the note is equally interesting and elaborate; the originals are all in colour. ♦ ♦ ♦

The coloured illustrations show first a half-mark of Deggendorf, a small town in N. Bavaria, 7,000 inhabitants, with

CURRENCY NOTE  
CITY OF ERFURTCURRENCY NOTE  
HAMELN ON WESER

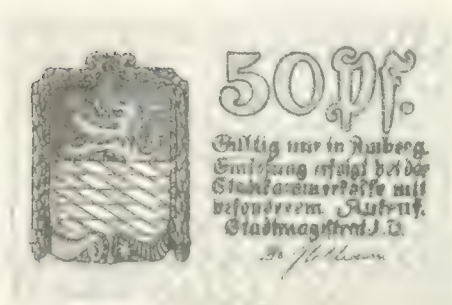




CURRENCY NOTE  
BAD REICHENHALL  
BAVARIA

a design by Heinz Schiestl, a Würzburg sculptor; the town hall is pictured, and on either side steaming bowls of potatoes allude to the staple food of the people in the scarcity of bread. Neustadt, in Holstein, with less than 5,000 inhabitants, issues quite a good design on good paper for a sum not worth a farthing on exchange into British currency! Augustenburg on its 1-mark note has a bell ringing out the tones of "Arbeiten und nicht verzweifeln" (Work and not despair); the fresh colouring being effective, though most issues appear to be on brown or dark toned paper, doubtless to show dirt and wear less. Hamburg has the arms of the city on a square shield, with the crest and supporters (lions) treated

on novel lines of colour and drawing for its half-mark note. Donauwörth, a picturesque town on the upper Danube with 5,000 dwellers, gets a Schiestl design. Passing to the illustrations in black and white, Göttingen has two silhouette pictures on its Schiestl design; Erfurt pictures its two famous churches for its 25-pfennig note design; Hameln, on the Weser (the Hamelin of Robert Browning's poem), uses the motif of its Pied Piper legend on its notes; Reichenhall, the bright South Bavarian watering place, prettily advertises its mineral springs on its *Scheine*; Amberg, in Northern Bavaria (25,000 inhabitants), has the arms of the Royal Bavarian House of Wittelsbach on its notes' reverse (or back); the front



CURRENCY NOTE  
AMBERG, BAVARIA



CURRENCY NOTE  
BIELEFELD

shows a pretty architectural view of the town. Bielefeld, whose 75,000 inhabitants must have suffered in this centre of the Westphalian linen industry, has a bold design: the turnip, relied on for the daily subsistence of the starving population, takes on a facial expression, while a number of lines in small print (unfortunately illegible in the reproduction) cynically suggest a gloomy prospect for the nation. This note issued in 1917 affords, in common with most of these paper issues, significant evidence that a people, even when in economic misery and national despair, need not give up the practice of art, but rather will find therein a solace and the patience to endure and recover.

J. K.

**TOKYO.**—The second annual exhibition of the Imperial Art Institute of Nippon, known as the Teikoku Bijutsuin Tenrankai ("Teiten" for short), recently

held in Tokyo and afterwards in Kyoto, drew thousands of visitors daily. The "Teiten" is the successor to the "Bunten," the annual show organised by the Department of Education. This annual exhibition had come to assume such great importance that it became necessary to stand on a firmer and freer basis. Consequently, it was reorganized after the manner of the Paris salon, and held its first exhibition a year ago. ◊ ◊

The policy of the new committee seems to be to accept works that contain something new—new in conception or in mode of expression. It is thought by the majority of the committee, with that section of the public which considers itself in possession of advanced ideas, that our traditional style of painting has come to the "end of the trail," as it were, and must find a new path in order to hold its own and work out its own salvation. ◊ ◊

The result was that the majority of



"A STORMY BEACH"  
BY KAWAI GYOKUDO

## STUDIO-TALK

the paintings were devoid of features hitherto considered as characteristic of our pictorial art. One could not help observing in them a close approximation to the European style of painting—accidental in many cases, no doubt, but in others the result of conscious imitation. Whatever the motive, it was the result of an effort toward self-expression as affected by the new ideas that have poured into this country from the West. The unrest of to-day is by no means peculiar to this nation only, as I observed a similar state of affairs in Europe and America during a recent tour. It only proves that Nippon, too, is in a close touch with the rest of the world, not only in economic relations, but in artistic matters as well. Indeed, some have gone so far as to repudiate any line of demarcation between the art of this and of other nations, maintaining that art is a universal language to be judged and appreciated from a common ground. But others as strongly hold that as true art reflects the signs of the times and echoes the inner life of a race, and as long as there exists a difference in the mode of thinking and in the habits of life, the difference in art, in the mode and material of expression, is inevitable. However, even those who hold this view feel the necessity of infusing new life into our pictorial art. ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠

A noticeable feature of the recent exhibition was the disappearance of the difference in the works of the Tokyo and Kyoto artists. For many years the paintings of the Kyoto artists showed a finished technique with a decided inclination to a realistic representation, while the Tokyo artists tended strongly to ignore the technical side of painting, giving nearly sole importance to its contents, to what it suggests and expresses. The time has come, however, when the young artists of Kyoto no longer allow themselves to be content with mere technical attainments, and are striving to show what the real painting of Nippon should be, while the Tokyo artists, who are in closer touch with the new movement, begin to recognise the value of technique in expressing and suggesting the thought with which they try to imbue their work. ♠ ♠ ♠

Of course the foregoing is the inference drawn mainly from the works, some two hundred, shown at the second exhibition of the Imperial Art Institute, and it is by no means conclusive. A fairer conclusion might have been obtained by an examination of all the 2,770 paintings submitted to the judges. But it is a fact forced upon us by many other less important exhibitions. It should be noted that as the result of the indulgence shown to new efforts, the exhibition contained



"A MERMAID." BY  
KABURAGI KIYOKATA





"A COOL MOON"  
BY ISHIDA BAISO



"BURNING INCENSE ON  
A CALM NIGHT." BY  
NAKAMURA DAISABURO

not a few paintings of questionable merit from the æsthetic standpoint. A stranger must have been puzzled to understand what it all meant, and wondered what the future of painting in Nippon was going to be. It is, indeed, in a chaotic confusion that the pictorial art of Nippon finds itself in its efforts to discover, or create, a new path for the future. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

The sculpture section, too, was confronted by problems somewhat similar to those troubling the section of Nippon painting. Sculpture here has remained for

ages as an ornament on the *tokonoma*, a recess in the guest room, where the size and material, as well as subjects, have been very much under limitation. Now the prevalence of foreign architecture has necessitated a change, and the new requirements are not satisfied with the ways of the old. There is a sort of contention between woodcarvers of the old school and sculptors of the new. Among the best works shown may be mentioned Asakura-Fumio's *The Cheek*; Yamazaki-Choun's *A Zen Monk*, in wood; Nakatani-



"AIZEN." BY MIKI  
SOSAKU

"FROGS." BY KITA-  
MURA SHIKAI

"SONGS OF INSECTS" (WOOD)  
BY NAKATANI KANKO

"A ZEN MONK" (WOOD)  
BY YAMAZAKI CHOUN





PORTRAIT OF HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV  
BY HORATIO GAIGHER

Kanko's *Songs of Insects* in wood, coloured; Ishimoto-Gyokai's *After the Rain*, in wood; Kitamura-Shokai's *Frogs*, in marble; Sasaki-Taiju's *About a Year Old*, relief in wood; Kimura-Takeo's *Under the Trees*, in wood; Shinkai-Taketaro's *Fudo* (immovable), in plaster relief; Kitamura-Seibo's *A Spring*; Miki-Sosaku's *Aizen*, in wood; Asakawa-Hakkyo's *Wooden Shoes*, and Ikeda-Yuhachi's *Evening in the Highlands*, a plaster relief.

HARADA-JIRO.

**M**ERAN, TYROL. — Dr. Horatio Gaigher, whose portrait of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. is here reproduced, qualified and practised as a medical

man ere he yielded to early inclinations and gave himself to art. He studied for two years at Bushey under Herkomer, who thought highly of his talent. ■ ■

**C**RACOW.—The stained glass window illustrated opposite was designed by the Polish artist, Witold Rzegocinski, for the Faculty of Physics in Cracow University, and the artist has found an appropriate motive for his design in Slav mythology. He was one of the founders of the Society of "Independants" who, with Malczewski and Kowalski as their leaders, set out to further the development of a national art, and held their first exhibition some ten years ago. ■ ■



"PERKUN, GOD OF THUNDER"  
STAINED GLASS WINDOW,  
CRACOW UNIVERSITY. DE-  
SIGN BY W. RZEGOCINSKI



## REVIEWS.

*The Arts in Early England.* By G. BALDWIN BROWN, M.A., Watson Gordon Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh. Vol. V. (London: John Murray.) This new instalment of Professor Baldwin's exhaustive study of the beginnings of art in England is almost wholly occupied with a comprehensive examination of certain monuments and a famous illuminated manuscript which, according to his contention, are to be referred to the same period—namely, to the seventh century of the Christian era. The monuments in question are the carved cross at Bewcastle in Cumberland and its sister monument at Ruthwell in Dumfries-shire, and the manuscript is that known by the name of the Gospels of Lindisfarne, now preserved in the British Museum. His detailed examination of the crosses is supplemented by two chapters on the Latin and Runic inscriptions on them, contributed by Professor Blyth Webster. The Lindisfarne manuscript is also the subject of detailed analysis and comparison with the Book of Kells, as the result of which the author records his conviction that "while Kells as a human document is far more wonderful, Lindisfarne is more satisfying to the sober aesthetic judgment." The volume is abundantly illustrated in half-tone and line. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

*A Book of Ceilings.* By GEORGE RICHARDSON, F.S.A. (New York: W. Helburn; London: Technical Journals, Ltd.) George Richardson was for eighteen years assistant to the famous Brothers Adam, and published the folio of which this is a reprint in 1774. The forty-eight plates of the original edition were etched as well as composed by him; all the designs being "imitations of those much admired compositions" which he found in the remains of the baths and palaces of the Roman Emperors in Italy, and in which squares, circles, octagons, etc., were essential ingredients, while the subjects of the pictures and bas-reliefs which figure in all of them are mostly derived from classical legends. The designs would, he hoped, not only be "an accept-

able amusement, but a considerable acquisition to the Nobility and Gentry of distinguished taste," and foreseeing that some of them might be thought "rather too profusely decorated," he pointed out that they were capable of variation, and especially of simplification. ▯ ▯

*A History of Architecture.* By FISKE KIMBALL, M.Arch., Ph.D., and GEORGE HAROLD EDGELL, Ph.D. (New York: Harper and Brothers; London: B. T. Batsford.) Though following in the main the same lines as most histories of architecture, beginning as it does with pre-classical structures, and treating successively of Greek, Roman, Early Christian, Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, etc., this work of two American University professors brings the history of architecture right down to our own day, and thus we see discussed and illustrated many notable American buildings—amongst others the great Woolworth "skyscraper." The volume, which is one of Harper's Fine Art Series, is copiously illustrated, and the summaries and bibliographical notes at the ends of chapters will be found useful by students. ▯ ▯

*Collecting as a Pastime.* By CHARLES ROWED. (Cassell and Co.) Mr. Rowed chats in a pleasant way about all sorts of old things in this book, intended, he tells us, to "inspire, inform, and amuse amateur collectors." There are 68 half-tone illustrations, embracing a multitude of objects, such as clocks, pewter, brass and copper articles, pottery and china, old mortars, horse amulets, etc. ▯ ▯

*L'Art Français depuis vingt ans* is the title of a series of illustrated monographs published by MM. F. Rieder et Cie, of Paris, in which recent developments in the various departments of fine and applied art are reviewed by writers of authority. In *Le Mobilier*, a recent addition to the series, M. Emile Sedeyn discusses the work of the modern French designers of furniture and the movement towards a style more in harmony with the conditions of to-day than those formerly in vogue, while conforming to national susceptibilities, and shows that this movement has been at once progressive and regular. ▯ ▯







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